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Letters from Jerusalem

LONG LOAN

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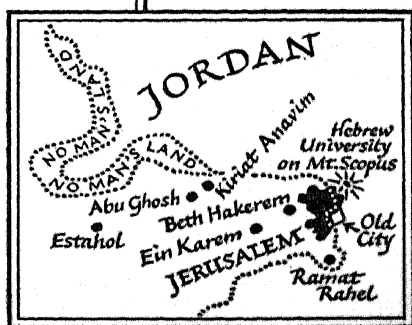
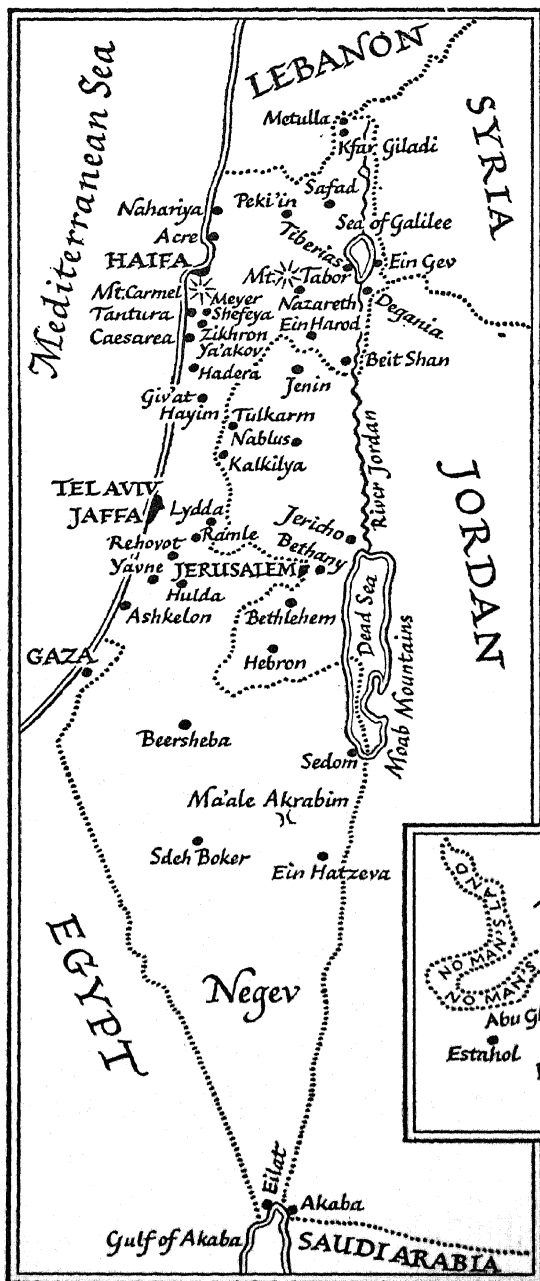
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LONG LOAN

NOV 20 1962

LETTERS *from* JERUSALEM



LETTERS FROM JERUSALEM

by

MARY CLAWSON



ABELARD-SCHUMAN
London and New York

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To Danny, Patrick and their Abbale

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Introduction

This is a most delightful book of letters depicting life in Israel as lived by an American woman whose husband was employed in Jerusalem for some time. The author has captured in a most remarkable way the feeling of the country and its people. Her own relation to the difficulties and the various almost impossible situations that a housewife in Israel meets are quite delightful and in many ways, I am sure, similar to those the Israeli women must feel.

Making a home in Israel is a challenge and an achievement, and you feel the joy of traditional background, the growth of a nation, and the personal identification with a very remarkable spiritual atmosphere.

I think everyone will enjoy this book as I have and I hope it will have a wide distribution for it will make many people understand better the life and the people and the spirit of Israel.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Preface

I went to Jerusalem in June, 1953, with my husband and our two young sons. Oscar Gass, a consulting economist in Washington, D. C., had a contract with the Israeli government to help it plan for maximum use of the country's resources. He hired a team of experts, assigned to the Prime Minister's staff, and my husband Marion, previously Director of the Bureau of Land Management in the U. S. Department of the Interior, went along as agricultural economist. When we left Washington my innocence of Jerusalem was profound. I didn't even know the city was split between Israel and Jordan. I had no preconceived ideas about Israel—I had no ideas.

These letters were written during the first year of our two years' residence, from June, 1953 to June, 1954. It is now some years later and some things have changed, but the differences are not ones in the people or in the way they live. David Ben-Gurion is no longer at Sdeh Boker but is now Prime Minister; Golda Myerson is not Minister of Labor but Foreign Minister; General John B. Glubb has left Jordan. The list could be expanded, but why be tedious? Israelis are the same.

The letters are published because many people helped me. Renée Gallop of Arlington, Virginia, first urged me to edit and publish letters I had sent her. She has given me friendly encouragement and frank criticism. Alice Klein of White Plains, New York, has also given me frank criticism and excellent advice. In Jerusalem the people to whom I owe particular thanks include: Helen and Ralph Goldman, Esther and Shabtai Rosenne, Alisa and Yohanan Beham, Deborah and Don Patenkin, Tillie Silman and Pnina Grader. In Ashkelon I owe thanks to Alisa Baer. Many of the letters are based on information given me by my husband.

To one person I am indebted beyond hope of adequate thanks. These letters would never have been published without the constant advice, editorial assistance and general encouragement given me by Ruth Calé of Jerusalem. If this book has any merit, it is because of her.

TO MY MOTHER / *June 21, 1953*

The plane trip here from Rome was very pleasant. Pat slept most of the way; Danny all the way. Mrs. Gass and an assistant in the office met us at the airport at Lydda and we had breakfast there. At the table out of doors there were no napkins and lots of flies. There was a sprinkler on the lawn, which the boys found entrancing; Pat wanted to walk right in the middle of it.

I love this land, even more than I expected. The countryside looks very much like California. Near Lydda is like the part near Sacramento, and the road to Jerusalem, as well as Jerusalem itself, is California foothill country. The road winds through rocks, pine, carob, olive and fig trees and huge expanses of bare hillsides burned brown or yellow. The first glimpse of Jerusalem is breathtaking; it is Jerusalem the Golden. The sun turns the stone buildings set high on the hills into the color for which this city is famous. Close up, Jerusalem looks wretchedly poor, rather like a Mexican village, though some buildings are quite good. The hotel, where we spent the night on June 18th, is handsome and has a beautiful court which is Mexican-like or Californian. The afternoon of the day we arrived we took several short walks. Almost everyone looked poor; I did not see a single woman wearing hose, and the men wore no neckties; I must say I

think the lack of hose and neckties are both excellent ideas. There seemed to be an astounding number of good book-stores around.

The next day, June 19, we moved into our flat. The Gasses (Oscar Gass is Marion's present boss, head of the Economic Advisory staff) thought we were slightly odd to want to move into the flat right away instead of resting peacefully in a hotel. They ought to try the kind of rest we got. Two-and-a-quarter and almost five are not the ideal ages for children to travel halfway around the world. Danny cried when he discovered we were going to spend even one night in a hotel in Jerusalem; he had counted on settling down. The apartment is in many ways not unlike our old home in the Fairlington housing development just outside Washington. There are sixteen families who live in two buildings; each family (except us) owns its flat, but various facilities, such as water, heat and so on are managed on a co-operative basis. To our joy and surprise there is a great deal of closet and storage space and three bedrooms, if we use what was meant to be the dining room as a bedroom for Marion and me. There is also a magnificent view of the Judean hills. We are out at the extreme western edge of Jerusalem, only one other building between us and space, so it is quiet and beautiful on all sides. The major disadvantage is that it is on the fourth floor; the steps are difficult for Pat, Marion's mother and me, especially as Pat simply insists on being carried part of the time.

We blew fuses three times yesterday as only one heating unit can be on at a time. If the one-burner (no oven) electric stove is on, the water heater must be off and no ironing, etc., etc. If the iron is on, no stove or heater, and it is difficult to remember, especially with three adults doing things.

We have no ration cards yet, so no coffee, eggs, meat, margarine, sugar, soap, etc. The neighbors have been unbelievably helpful and friendly and given or loaned us precious rationed things to help us eke out our meals, though

I have been eating a huge amount of plentiful bread. I have never met so many people I liked in so brief a time. Danny is shy, but lots of children have come in to play. Patrick flourishes.

A partial explanation of the people's generosity and kindness was given Marion by one of the neighbors who said the Jews have been guests in every land until Israel was established. Everyone gets tired of being a guest, and now they are hosts, they want very much to be gracious hosts. They most certainly take the gold cup and blue ribbon for efforts in that direction.

My German is useful for shopping around here. I can speak it some still, which is pretty good after sixteen years' total neglect, and can understand amazingly well. The stores must be seen to be understood, or else a poor Mexican store must be seen; they are similar in darkness, dirt, flies, scarcity of things to buy.

We get a car probably this week; it would really help, though if our neighbors manage without cars, we can too.

I may put Danny in a Hebrew nursery school next week until the end of July when summer vacation begins. He'll suffer but will be happier in the long run, I think.

TO HELEN HAMMARBERG / *June 30, 1953*

I wonder if you realize exactly, or even approximately, where Israel is on the map? I am not insulting your knowledge of geography; I only ask because I did not know until we actually arrived here. Israel is part of Asia; unless you know this you can never understand this country or appreciate what it has done so far and what it is trying to do. Israel is just on the edge of Asia, but even so it is not a part of either Europe or Africa; it is the Near East or the Middle East, and it is the traditional crossroads between three continents. Israel should be judged in terms of Asian, or at least Middle Eastern standards, not those of the United

States or of Europe. If you judge this way, this country has accomplished a very great deal.

The population has nearly doubled since independence in 1948; in these six short years about 700,000 immigrants have come in. A third of them have come from other Middle Eastern countries, Iraq, Yemen, Turkey and so forth and about another sixth have come from North Africa. Before this great influx there were quite a few people already here from these countries; the result is a large Asian or Middle Eastern population in present-day Israel.

Do not misunderstand me, though, not all of Israel is Asian; about half of the immigration since 1948 has been from Eastern Europe, and before independence most of the immigrants came from Eastern Europe, from Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Balkans and from Russia. Very few people have moved here from the United States or from the Western Hemisphere generally; I have to keep reminding myself of that, as our neighbors are among these few and they are the people I see and know best so far. It surprised me to realize also how little immigration there has been here from Western Europe, including Germany. In the early days, when Jews were coming to Palestine as pioneers, Jews from Western Europe generally preferred to stay where they were. Between about 1932 and 1938 a fair number came here from Germany, those who were bright enough to see what was ahead, but about half of the German Jews remained where they were until it was impossible to get away. Also, in those days immigrants outside the small "quota" had to produce a thousand pounds sterling—a great deal of money then—to get an entry certificate from the British Mandatory authorities. That money served as a guarantee that they could cope here unaided.

Despite the Middle Eastern and Eastern European population, Israel is being developed as a country with a Western culture; in many ways it is being modeled after the United States. There are all kinds of American magazines in the bookstores. The autos are mostly American-made, Chryslers,

De Sotos and Dodges particularly. The clothes and shoes in the stores, the drugs and many other material things are very much like those in the States. Marion, who has met many more professional people here than I, says that they have wide interests in many foreign countries, but especially in the United States. It is also Western in more important things: in the independence and dignity of the individual, the emphasis upon individual freedom and due process of law, the more or less equality given to women—equality for a Middle Eastern country certainly—the democratic form of government, the high standards of health, sanitation and nutrition.

Israel is poor in many ways as far as natural resources go, but she is determined to apply human knowledge and all the ideals that go with it to building a decent way of life for her citizens. For Asia, for the Middle East, this is revolutionary; it is unheard of; it has never been tried in this part of the world. The only remotely close parallel is what has happened in Turkey in the past thirty-five years, but admirable as Turkey's accomplishments have been, they are far outranked by Israel.

The greater part of the population live in cities or villages. The percentage in agriculture is almost the same as in the United States, roughly twenty per cent. The three largest cities are Tel Aviv, Haifa and Jerusalem, but there are some smaller cities and many villages. There are all types of people from ash blonds to the very dark, almost Negroid and during the summer, at least, almost everyone has a beautiful sun tan. In this short time we have all acquired fairly respectable coats of tan. Most of the middle-class and professional people are absolutely indistinguishable in appearance from people of the same class in the States. But there are quite a few, especially in Jerusalem (I am told not so many outside this city) who would be a spectacle in the States. Most of these people live in a section called Mea Shearim, which means The Hundred Gates. They are the ultrareligious: the men generally let their beards grow as

nature will, and the men and boys both let the hair just in front of their ears grow several inches long, or even completely uncut. This hair is called earlocks, and it is a sight to see an ash blond, blue-eyed, pale two-year-old with earlocks and a little skullcap. The religious men dress with a coat which comes below the knees, which they wear in the hottest weather, and also heavy black hats of fur or velours. Then there are all sorts of miscellaneous costumes on both men and women, probably about what they wore in the countries from which they came, and they come from sixty or so different countries. Most people are lean and wiry, probably the result of walking and carrying so much. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *July 4, 1953*

Fourth of July and a holiday here as it is the Sabbath when everything stops; no gas sold, no buses run, no telegrams delivered.

We are gradually getting settled. We got a three-burner gas stove with oven, and I could bow down before it. The electric monstrosity we had took half an hour for half a small pot of water to boil and we blew out all our fuses constantly. We have heard that in winter electricity fails often, but now we can cook even so. Also we got our Henry J this week; fine to have a car again. I drove us all to town once and drove again with one of the neighbors. Pedestrians here are a hazard; they look you in the face and continue on their way.

The weather continues to be perfect. We drove around the city yesterday, right up to the Arab frontier marked by barbed wire, stones piled up and a large sign in English, Hebrew and Arabic: FRONTIER. STOP. NO PHOTOGRAPHS PERMITTED. This morning also we drove around, this time further west past groves of olive trees. Frontier police are very much on the alert at every point. We stopped on a dirt road under an olive tree to look around and in a short time a husky

young man with a rifle and binoculars came up to see what we were doing.

I seem to have no spare time; perhaps later I will have more. Everything takes ages and there are innumerable complications. I enjoy it all though.

Danny objected to school for a few days, then a neighbor whose son is in the same school told me why: the teacher talks to him only in Hebrew to force him to learn it. He knows a few words now and went to school happily yesterday. . . .

TO MY SISTER GAIL / July 10, 1953

At the moment I feel toward this place like the verse in the Song of Solomon—"Thou art all fair my love; there is no spot on thee." I can't bear to hear anyone say anything derogatory about Jerusalem; my hair rises and I begin to prickle. That is a silly reaction, I know, but I have it.

The book written by Gass, Creamer and Nathan has a few sentences on Jerusalem that I think are good as a description. The book is *Palestine: Problem and Promise*, and was published in 1946 so it is out of date, but you might like to read some of it. Gass, of course, is Marion's boss. Nathan is an independent consulting economist and Creamer is an economist, too, now working for the Falk Foundation. Anyway, Gass wrote:

"Jerusalem, the capital of the country, is a city of hills rising on Mt. Scopus to 821 meters (2,693 feet) above sea level. It is a city of barrenness and beauty, of wide aspects, modern quarters and decayed slums. . . . Standing two streets west of the central government offices and looking east, one can see the Old City of Jerusalem below and the hills of Transjordan in the distance. Flocks of goats come down the city streets, nibbling at the grass on the thin soil and

mounting low stone walls to eat the branches of trees. Down the street there is the junction of two modern motor roads, and a shingle holds the name of a specialist in children's diseases from Vienna."

That gives some idea. In the first glimpse I had of the city from a distance, it looked like a small town on hills; close up, I thought of a shabby Mexican town, but now I do not know why I did. You asked for first impressions. The first walk we took around, the day we arrived in Jerusalem, I was struck with the poverty of the place; now it looks quite prosperous and flourishing to me. The better residential districts are lovely with gardens and trees; the downtown shopping center is a mixture of old and new—Arab-looking men riding donkeys down the street; bearded men with long earlocks and large felt hats, driving horses and wagons filled with kerosene; women shoppers with string bags like mine; bicycles, motorcycles, cars, horses moving helter-skelter through town; beggars squatting on corners offering to give you every blessing you can think of if you will give them a few piasters. And there are wonderful and beautiful corners. The School of Arts and Crafts and the Museum has an informal, easygoing courtyard I shall never forget. There are olive, fig, eucalyptus, pepper trees. Students work out of doors. The Museum has marvelous exhibits inside. All this is half a block from my automatic laundry too, most conveniently situated, I would say.

Daily living is hard work, but work I seem to enjoy. I am absolutely sure I will have no desire for any outside work; probably will not even take the correspondence courses in education I had planned to take. I love the shopping, which some of the other women who have just come, find such hard work; I do not even mind the daily hour's or two hours' washing by hand plus two trips a week to the automatic laundry. I love hanging up the clothes on our front balcony with the magnificent view and the wind often whipping at me. I am so demented I do not like to have people complain

about the many flies (which are a nuisance). We do not have screens yet, though we will soon, as Marion has made frames out of our packing boxes.

The furniture in this apartment might ruin the whole thing for you; such things bother you more than they do me and heaven knows I find it difficult enough to rise above. I am planning to make a few helpful changes; only hope they do not make the place worse. My one comfort is that that is almost impossible; it is pseudo mid-Victorian with patterns everywhere, all different, and then olive-green, brownish velvet cushions on the two-seated davenport and two large chairs—ghastly. I hope to cover the cushions with monk's cloth when ours arrives; the monk's cloth is worn out but at least it is not velvet!

TO MY SISTER GAIL / *July 20, 1953*

... The other fifteen families in this building and the next one are all English-speaking. The literal translation of Beth Hakerem is a place, or town, or village in the vineyard and Shikun Hakerem thus means Settlement in the Vineyard; apparently Beth Hakerem was famous in Biblical days as a place of vineyards near Jerusalem. Locally we are dubbed "Shikun Anglo-Saxon." If any of us wants a taxi, we have to say we live in Shikun Anglo-Saxon or the driver does not understand.

Mostly so far I know just the neighbors. I don't know when I have met a group of people I like as much; they are all different and yet they all have quite a bit in common. Certainly they all have gumption. They are not a representative Israeli group at all, I suspect; they are professional people with good educations; most of them come from families with some money, and most of them have children, many, young children. They come from England, Scotland, Canada, Australia, and one from the United States. One couple were originally from Belgium and then lived in the United States

for about eight years. Three of the families are from Israel, though they speak English. Many of the neighbors have spent from one to five years as members of kibbutzim.

Unlike our "Anglo-Saxon" neighbors, the people in Israel as a whole come from all parts of the world. There is some amalgamation of customs from various countries here, but not a great deal. I doubt whether the religious customs and ties make a universal cultural base. They may pretty much for the Western Jews but there is a wide gulf between the Western Jews and the Oriental Jews and the African Jews; also apparently there is a gulf between Jews from North Europe and the Sephardic (or Spanish) Jews. Though Hebrew is spoken with a Sephardic accent, apparently the Jews from Spain, embracing, actually, all Mediterranean countries, are looked down upon a bit. I had always thought Spanish Jews were the aristocrats. The gulf between our neighbors and Oriental and African Jews though, as far as I can see, is wide indeed. I think that Marion and I have much more in common with them, despite different religious backgrounds, than most Oriental Jews would have. The big ties in common are, of course, that the people are Jewish and that they speak the Hebrew language. Marion has been inclined to think, or at least he did at first, that for everyone in Israel to learn Hebrew instead of some better known and more widely-used language was rather silly, but I am inclined to think it was smart. I can see the language does tie people together. The schools and the Army also are two educational forces which are doing much to level off differences in the new generation.

There are wide variations in the Jewish religion, as you probably know better than I. They are wider than I had realized. Jerusalem has many fanatics and the *Post* was filled with stories a week or so ago about autos being stopped for driving on the Sabbath; also the papers are currently full of the dispute caused by several sections of religious people, headed by the Chief Rabbi. They are violently opposed to the Israeli law compelling girls to serve two years in the Army at

the age of eighteen. Jewish tradition in some sects believes that girls should stay at home until married. Some sects even keep girls in purdah until married, or never allow them to leave their houses.

Because Jerusalem is noted for its fanatics we have been dubious about what we can do with propriety on the Sabbath; we would hate to offend people. Oscar Gass told Marion to do whatever he would do at home on Sunday, but that does not apply to the more orthodox section of Jerusalem. In Mea Shearim it is better to keep away altogether, else you risk being stoned or mobbed for driving a car. Tel Aviv, on the other hand, looked wide open to my Jerusalem-accustomed eyes the one time we were there. It was on the Sabbath and cafes were booming, radios blaring, cars driving.

You asked about recreational facilities. Jerusalem is not noted—quite the contrary—for its gaiety. Mostly people talk about the YMCA swimming pool and children are not permitted in it until they are quite a bit older than ours. We keep talking about driving to the beach near Tel Aviv to go swimming but that means about two hours' drive each way, which is really too much with our boys the ages they are, and it is hot in the middle of the day, naps to cope with and so forth. I feel no need for recreation; I have it living here and looking out over the eight ranges of Judean hills we see from our terrace and windows.

Tel Aviv has good concerts and there are some in Jerusalem in the winter; I think this is the so-called dead season. I doubt whether I will get to many; you know Marion and concerts. There are several movie houses with English and French movies. Some of the advertisements read as if they would be quite good movies, but I have not been yet and probably will not go much. The only one I could make is 9:15 P.M., and that means such a late hour to bed for my 6:30 rising that it is not worth it often unless Marion liked it, and you know his opinion of movies.

With one or two exceptions, recreational clubs do not play much of a role in Jerusalem life. There is a Sports Club

which is a hangover from the British Mandate, and I have been told that we probably would not have much in common with the people who go there. There is a picture of the last British High Commissioner still hanging in a prominent place in the Club and Britishers have been known to comment about how unprejudiced it is of the Israelis to leave it. It is more likely that in good Jewish scatterbrained fashion they have forgotten it; or maybe there is a large stain or hole back of it. The Rotary Club is an important feature of some men's lives; many of the prominent men about town belong to it. And there are also the Masons.

You also wanted to know about magazines and newspapers, and whether there are several dailies or one major one. Each political party in Israel has its own daily; there are about eighteen morning papers and three evening. Judged by Pacific Coast standards, I would say that every one is excellent; judged by the *New York Times*, or even the *Washington Post*, some of them are quite good. They are small because of paper shortage, four pages. We take the English *Jerusalem Post*, which both Marion and I consider an excellent paper, though our next-door neighbors are snobbish about it; they say it is not good by British standards. By United States standards it compares very well with the best—for a four-page paper, eight pages on Friday (none on Saturday, the Sabbath). I know nothing whatsoever about Hebrew magazines, except there seem to be a good many for sale. There are quite a few of the leading American magazines on sale here. They're all about six weeks late, except for *Time* and *Life*, which comes by air. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / July 28, 1953

We have had a taste of the very worst summer weather Jerusalem can produce, and if this is the worst, the natives do not know much about heat.

It is a common belief here that Jerusalem is hot in the

summer, and that during a hamsin, life barely verges on the bearable. All I can say is, try a summer in Washington, D. C., New York, Chicago, Little Rock, or any one of a dozen other places in the States. In Washington I dripped, my clothes were soaking wet soon after I put them on, my hair was plastered to my head, perspiration would fall from my face on reports I was writing, on hapless ironing or on food I was preparing to cook. I would get up two or three times a night to dash cold water on my face and most of the summer slept naked, without even a sheet; many times our boys woke crying from the heat. In San Francisco, on the other hand, as you know well, it is actually cold most of the summer; you are apt to feel cheated, as if summer had passed you by.

Jerusalem has all the advantages of a summer hot enough to leave you in no doubt as to the season, but not once have I dripped, and never once have we slept without at least one blanket.

I had read and been told about the dreaded hamsins. They are not pleasant, but they rarely last more than a few days. "Hamsin" is an Arab word which has become part of the Hebrew language, despite valient efforts on the part of newspapers and purists to have Israelis use instead the Hebrew word "sharav." It is a hot, dry, southeasterly wind, supposedly blowing straight off the desert in Saudi Arabia. You cannot mention summer in Israel without highlighting the word hamsin; it would insult Israelis if you did. Any distressing break in a conversation can be enlivened by discussing the latest hamsin, or the worst hamsin in memory and so on and so on. Most of our neighbors come from England where I suspect the summers strongly resemble those of San Francisco. During a hamsin, they simply cease all activity, and even strong Zionists are apt to be heard muttering about the horrors of tropical life. The hamsin's effect on people's tempers is noticeable; it does have an influence on the nervous system. Husbands and wives quarrel; children quarrel; housewives are short with greengrocers and clerks in town and they, in turn, are short back. I suspect bosses are even more

unreasonable than usual about letters lost in files and secretaries or file clerks burst into tears and offer to resign. . . .

I do drag heavy buckets of water out on our balcony, however, and let the boys play naked or in swim suits all afternoon. In desperate moments the past week, I have let them wash our tile floors, splashing water all over the house. Dr. Rabinowitz, a physician who lives on the first floor, tells me that as far as the boys are concerned we should take a hamsin seriously. She showed me a chart where infant deaths were recorded month by month; deaths in the summer months were higher than in the winter because of hamsins. If an infant does not get enough liquid, inside and outside its body, during a hamsin it can become dehydrated and die in a short time. There may be something in the constantly repeated warning that the first year you are in Israel, hamsins affect you relatively little, if at all, but that they are cumulative; the longer you live here, the more unpleasant is their effect on your system: your throat gets dry, your eyes water, your temper deteriorates even more rapidly than usual and you become more and more susceptible to various illnesses during hamsins. We shall see. I suspect it may be they bother you more the further away you are from the horrors of a Washington or New York summer. . . .

TO RENÉE AND MILLARD GALLOP / *July 30, 1953*

I am not sure, Renée, whether you would like it here as I do, but I would guess that Millard would. I feel about Jerusalem the way you once said your mother does about New York: "I live in Jerusalem, why go anywhere else?" I never thought I would reach that stage about any place; it is not old age either.

Almost all of the New City is fairly modern; the oldest part was built about seventy-five years ago. I believe that not very much of the Old City is modern except maybe the American quarter. The New City has quite a few Arab houses

which are fairly old, but mostly it has many apartment houses. The YMCA is famous as the most magnificent building in town; it is all right, but I prefer the less obtrusive buildings and gardens. The shops are small, some are not very attractive, though many appeal to me. There are some lovely clothes stores and gift shops, and dozens of bookstores. The local shopping center (meaning Beth Hakerem, not Jerusalem center) consists of a few small, darkish, fly-ridden stores, by American standards. There is little industry here: mostly Jerusalem is a city of government workers and religious centers, agencies of various kinds and the university.

Transportation in Israel is something. There is a railroad system which carries people who are not in a hurry and want to see the scenery, but this does not include very many. The country is so small that flying is not a widely used means of internal transportation. Nearly everybody and everything moves on rubber on roads. There is frequent bus service from Beth Hakerem downtown; buses run every few minutes. They look much more like Mexican buses than like ours, shabby but not bad. Like Mexican buses they are not high; Marion has to stoop if he stands, I can just make it; in Mexico I couldn't begin to make it, always stooped. The fare is the equivalent of about three cents and everybody rides buses and carries everything. It is not at all uncommon to see someone, including well dressed matrons, carrying home a basket which includes a live chicken along with other edibles. Plumbers, electricians and similar craftsmen, responding to calls, are likely to be taking their materials and tools on the bus. The poor man who took a whole lot of cleaning from us and our next-door neighbor's carried it all by hand to the bus stop and then on the bus, I discovered to my horror and amazement. He was simply covered with perspiration, and no wonder. There are some fancy combinations of people and their burdens at times and buses can get crowded. But almost always everyone is good natured, though there may be much oratory over some disputed matter.

There are a good many private cars, though nowhere

nearly as many as in the States, of course. And lots of trucks, of all sizes, from the smallest to the largest. There are also motorcycles and bicycles, and either one fixed with two wheels and a large flat-bottomed box in front. Also there are a good many animal-drawn wagons, two and four-wheeled, mostly rubber-tired, with either mules or donkeys for motive power; also some carts pushed by human power, usually by the Orthodox, gentlemen with beards, long earlocks, and large hats. It is not at all uncommon to see a long line of modern cars and buses and trucks slowed down to a slow walk behind a mule-drawn wagon until oncoming traffic gets thin enough so the line can pass. The mule is not in the least disturbed and most of the motorists take it calmly; even I am getting resigned to it.

As far as I can see, in Jerusalem pedestrians pay no attention whatsoever to cars; pedestrians go where and when they please, and they stop where and when they please. They are the lords of the road. I am not resigned to this; it scares me half to death at times. The children who get in the way of our car do bother me. Children here are not brought up to be car-conscious as they are in the States; not enough parents have cars to be fully aware of how dangerous they can be. The little devils will surround our car and refuse to budge; I am not a good enough driver to step on the accelerator and frighten them away as Marion does, so I have to sit and fume, to their enjoyment. I have to cope with them almost every time I go to town. Someday I am going to get out of the car and give as many of them as I can catch a sound drubbing. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *August 7, 1953*

It has been in the low 90's for the past couple of days, but cool at night. Today, Friday afternoon off for Marion, we drove to Ein Karem, ten minutes from here and with beautiful views on all sides. We visited the church erected on the

spot where John the Baptist is supposed to have been born; also the church called Visitation of the Virgin Mary, erected on the same spot the house stood where Mary came on donkey-back from Nazareth—a three-day trip by donkey, three hours from here by car—to visit Elizabeth, her cousin, just before John was born. The churches, both of them, were first built in the fourth century, destroyed by Samaritans, rebuilt by the Crusaders in the twelfth century and rebuilt again—St. John's three centuries ago and the Visitation of the Virgin Mary only in 1937. There is a spectacular view from the latter church, and it has a wealthy, well kept-up appearance, with a handsome courtyard and a well and many flowers in the garden. We also visited the French convent, which has a lovely garden with flowers and fruit trees.

We went to the Biblical Zoo yesterday, as we have several times this summer. In some ways it reminds me of Tilden Regional Park in Berkeley. Every time I have mentioned the Jerusalem Zoo someone is certain to say: "Oh, but have you seen the zoo in Tel Aviv?" I have not, but I have a suspicion that the Tel Aviv Zoo is much like ones in the States; it undoubtedly has more animals and more variety than the Jerusalem one but I cannot believe it has the same charm. The Jerusalem Zoo is built around the Bible; it attempts to have only animals mentioned in the Bible. There are not a great many animals, and some of them, especially three brown bears, look a little scraggly this time of year, but the Zoo has an informality which is most attractive. Much of it looks more like a Northern California park than a conventional zoo; there are many eucalyptus, pepper, olive and carob trees. Visitors clamber over the gray Judean hill rocks and scramble up and down small dirt paths. It has not been crowded any time we have gone, so the children have had plenty of opportunity to watch the animals without being shoved and pushed and in general harassed. From many places in the grounds there are intriguing views of nearby Transjordan....

TO ELEANOR AND WARREN ENGSTRAND / *August 9, 1953*

... The view from our flat is to me, as I think it would be to you, one of the most beautiful on earth. One of our balconies overlooks a wadi, an Arab word for canyon or ravine, and across the wadi on the top of a hill is Giv'at Shaul Beth, a former Arab village and picturesque as it can be, at least from this distance. On the right we look out to range upon range of rocky Judean hills. Directly in front across a wide field is the highway that goes to Herzl's tomb on the summit of a low hill, and then on to join the main Jerusalem-Tel Aviv highway. On the other side are pine trees, the Teacher's Seminary and another view of the wadi. Everywhere are the gray rocks of the Judean hills. I have never thought I would find a view completely satisfying without high mountains or an ocean. It looks and feels like high country though—rocks, barrenness; even the crows resemble Clark nutcrackers, which you find only at about 7500 feet in the Sierra.

The sunsets are like mountain sunsets; many different kinds and all of them spectacular. I find it difficult to get away from the balcony at sunset time, even if the dishes are not washed or the boys are screaming about something or other. It is beautiful also when the large, bright stars come out.

About ten o'clock, or even earlier, the jackals in the wadi begin to howl. It sounds to me as if there were hundreds of them, and their shrill howling certainly gives an illusion of being far away from anything to do with a city. There are jackals all over Israel, so we have been told, but we have also been told that they are nicknamed "the Jerusalem dogs," so there must be more of them around here than there are most places. I like them for the lonely, faraway feeling they give. Those of our neighbors across the lane who keep chickens say they could live happily without the howl of jackals in the night; it seems they are as fond of chicken dinners as Danny is.

You remember that I wrote you that my mind was made

up firmly on the question of Hebrew for the boys? Well, I've changed it; changed it after the first week we were here. Instead of thinking that it will be confusing for Danny to learn to read and write in the exotic Hebrew language, which doesn't even have the same alphabet as English, I think he will be much happier here if he can speak Hebrew and not be isolated language-wise from the other children around. Most of them in our neighborhood understand English, but they do not speak it, or prefer not to speak it in some cases.

We are lucky, for there is a nursery school open most of the summer just down a rocky lane from us. The teacher Ahuva Ory, is a Sabra, born of Russian parents, and she speaks several languages, including English. (Native-born Israelis are called Sabras after the cactus fruit which flourishes here and is tough and prickly on the outside, sweet inside.) She has a son just Danny's age and about ten other pupils. They play out of doors in a garden which has fig, carob, olive and pepper trees. There used to be pepper trees in our garden when I was about Danny's age, and I love them. The school also has a sandbox and three swings, and Ahuva keeps chickens. Danny is enthralled with the chickens and Ahuva lets him gather eggs. Last week she even gave him an egg to take home. She told me after the first week she can see that Danny is the kind of child who will not speak until he can do so fluently and perfectly. She may be right; that is the way Marion would probably act, but it is not much like me....

TO MY BROTHER TOM / *August 13, 1953*

... What inspired this letter is that you taught me to drive, and you were sweet and patient and kind about it, as I will never forget. You would have enjoyed it beyond words if you could have been with me not so long ago when Marion and I got our drivers' licenses for Israel. I think Marion will chuckle for the rest of his life at the very thought. To get a license

in this country you have to get three passport photos, go to the Health Clinic and get your eyes tested and fill out a form of some kind, and then go to the Road Transport Department, to take the written or, in our case, oral tests required. I had dutifully memorized the international motor vehicle signals, all forty-seven of them, and as there never has been anything the matter with my memory I sailed into the office happily, having just been told no driving test was necessary, as my license from the States was still valid.

A stocky, handsome man, wearing a rakish Israeli-looking beret, escorted us into the testing room, sat us down, looked at us solemnly and said: "Neither of you can read or write?" Ph.D. Marion looked at Ph.D. Mary, we grinned sheepishly, and admitted that neither of us could read or write. Whereupon the tester, with the faintest of gleams in his eyes, announced he would give us oral examinations.

He started in on me and tested me on the international signals; I got 100 per cent with no effort at all. Then he tested Marion, who also got 100 per cent. At that point I got up to leave, assuming all was over. That is what I thought. The tester pulled out another sheet of questions and announced that now he would examine us on the mechanics of the car and would start with me. Marion is usually hard-boiled about my deficiencies in various lines, but even he gave me a sympathetic look at this point. No one had warned me; we were the first of Gass's office to try for drivers' licenses, and a ten-day-old kitten knows as much about the insides of a car as I. The gentleman with the beret, as I will always think of him—he was most attractive, I should add—started off with: "What would you look for first if your car stopped dead on a road?" My reply was the honest truth. I told him I would look for a telephone to call for help, or else I would try to flag a passing male motorist to see if he could do anything. The gentleman with the beret gulped, and went on hastily to the next question; Marion claims he never saw anyone so anxious to pass a person, but I did not help him a bit. He asked: "How would you know whether you have too little

(or too much) oil in the car?" I told him I had not the remotest idea; I would ask the nearest garage if the question became important. He asked me several other questions, which I understood so little I cannot remember them to save my life. All this time the poor man was looking more and more harassed, perplexed, even astounded. Finally he wiped his head with his handkerchief and asked whether I had ever raised the bonnet (as he called it—he meant hood in American) of a car. Again I came out with the honest truth; I had not, and what is more have not the faintest idea how to go about it.

I wanted a driver's license so I was extremely respectful, but I could not help adding that most of my feminine friends in the States knew as little as I about the insides of a car, and moreover many of their husbands knew little, if any, more. The poor tester looked as if I were daft, quite daft, when even Marion added that I was speaking accurately, and that with modern cars almost everyone got them fixed up in garages instead of tinkering with them themselves. The tester wiped his head again, and proceeded to ask me several intelligent and easy-to-answer questions about what I would do if faced with certain situations driving in town or on a highway. I came out fine with those questions, which the dear man had made up on the spot, probably to be certain he was not giving an Israeli license to a low-grade moron.

To this day he is undoubtedly sure he gave one to a high-grade moron, and maybe he even has nightmares about it whenever he hears of an accident. He was so exhausted when he finished with me, Marion just got his license by courtesy. The tester was not up to coping with any more Americans at that point, though Marion probably knows more about the insides of any car than the tester does.

We found out afterward what nine people out of ten do is go to one of the driving schools in town and pay to read over the set of questions they keep there. If they have respectable memories they can learn the answers to most questions in one session. Needless to say they emerge as ignorant about

a car's insides as I, or almost as ignorant anyway, but they sound more or less informed. If I had known, I would have gone too, which would have been a shame, because, as it is, I'm sure I gave the gentleman with the beret a lifetime memory. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *August 19, 1953*

Danny got the birthday card you sent him and was really pleased; went around carrying it, saying: "I don't usually get mail, do I, Ima?" (Ima means Mommy.) We gave him a gun which cost the equivalent of about 55¢, and which will break as it is not well made, but I could not find any sturdier ones.

His birthday party was an unqualified, howling success. I really racked my brains about the kind of party to give him, as he wanted a large one, to my astonishment. Of course, we always have made a fuss over his birthdays and so have Marge and Margie so I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised. But language is a problem, particularly with Danny's natural shyness, or at least reticence. We had read him about planting trees in Israel, and I had the idea that we should plant two trees on his birthday. He was delighted and to my pleasure and astonishment, the neighbors were also delighted.

We invited all the children from both buildings, and as many adults as wanted to come late in the afternoon when we had ice cream and cake and juice. We had a small gift for each child, streamers around the house and a large angel cake. The carob and pine trees to be planted were wrapped in green paper and stood in the center of the room as additional decorations. Marion brought home carob pods from Tel Aviv, and we had enough to give one to each guest. (Carob pods make fine jam, among other things.) Then we all went to the garden, where the trees were planted amidst great excitement, picture-taking and general celebration. The

non-guests all came out on their balconies to watch and cheer. Mostly English-born, they love trees, and these were the first to be planted in our shikun. I had worried that Danny's fifth birthday party would disappoint him; it was in fact the best he has had. The guests were told to bring no gifts, but two or three of them did anyway.

TO MY SISTER GAIL / *August 22, 1953*

... When we leave here, if we have to leave, I know already that I shall miss the Jerusalem Sabbath as I have never expected to miss the Lord's day of rest, whether it be on Saturday or Sunday. The quiet that falls over Jerusalem on Friday evening is the peace of the Lord that passeth all understanding; it is like snow falling gently and quietly; it is the meaning of serenity. Buses stop running; all stores close; no money passes hands, at least legally or openly; few private cars can be seen on the highway, though some godless taxis run between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv; even the children quiet down considerably. Saturday morning you see men and boys returning from synagogues; women rarely go. The non-religious sleep late; around 10:30 or 11 in the morning, fathers take their young for a walk. Late Saturday afternoon all Jerusalem, as far as we can judge, goes for a Sabbath stroll, dressed in their Sabbath best. It is truly a day of peace and quiet for almost everyone, with the possible exception of parents of young children.

Friday morning and early afternoon is the busiest time of the week for the women. Good housewives give their homes a special cleaning on Thursday and do most of the week-end shopping. Thursday morning they see what can be found in the way of fish or chicken; meat is usually so impossible to get no one even tries. Friday morning women have a good time doing special baking and cooking delectable-smelling dishes for dinner. Everyone is busy and there is a pleasant sense of companionship. On Friday morning

grocery stores sell coffee cake and the twisted bread called hallah, and there tend to be more vegetables and fruits for sale than on ordinary days.

You would laugh if you could see me grab the *Jerusalem Post* on Friday morning so that I will be sure to know just when the Sabbath begins. It is supposed to begin twenty minutes before sundown, but unless the *Post* is leading me astray, it begins well before that; it ends supposedly when you can see three stars on Saturday night, but again, if the *Post* is correct, I can see a lot more than three stars by the time listed as the Sabbath's end. Anyway I have to know so I can be sure to have all our wash in before the Sabbath begins; you should see me scurry at times.

On the Sabbath, as far as I can judge, most Jerusalemites really do rest. The words "Shabbat Shalom," which mean "May you have peace on the Sabbath," have taken on a special meaning for all of us. Even with two small boys, a Jerusalem Sabbath means peace and contentment; the silence that falls on Friday evening I find particularly moving, in the same sense that I find high mountain country moving.

TO RENÉE AND MILLARD GALLOP / August 26, 1953

... We have summer visitors with us in Beth Hakerem. Our part of Jerusalem is a resort center; the guide books list us as "the garden suburb of Jerusalem," and visitors flock here during the summer to get away from the heat of most of the rest of Israel. Because Tel Aviv is a large city, and because it is close, a majority of the summer visitors come from there. Even I, as a newcomer, can spot someone from Tel Aviv immediately; the women are especially conspicuous. They dress up. They do not go so far as to wear hose; I do not think any woman wears hose during the summer in Israel, unless it is an American visitor over sixty, but Tel Aviv visitors wear little flowery hats and carry fancy handbags, and they wear expensive-looking shoes and dresses with very

short sleeves. A few of the hussies even wear backless dresses. The first time I spotted a summer visitor when I was with our next-door neighbor, we both said "Tel Aviv"; then I added: "Oh, heavens, do I look like that? Could you recognize me at first glance as an outsider?" She exclaimed promptly, too promptly, really: "My, no. You look just like Beth Hakerem; you have from the first day you arrived. I have never seen anyone look so much at home so quickly." I was flattered, but also just a little worried, and I still am. It is as if you had told someone who had moved to the university town of Berkeley that she looked just like Berkeley and not a bit like a woman from San Francisco. One reason I'm writing you, though, is that it made me think of you, Renée; you too would look right away as if you had always lived here. Perhaps it is one of the reasons I have always liked you so much.

A few days ago we drove to the kibbutz Ramat Rachel on the edge of Jerusalem. On the way we could see the Dead Sea with the Moab Mountains rising back of it. According to many people, Ramat Rachel should be given a large share of the credit for holding Jerusalem. Woman and children were evacuated to the center of the city and heroic settlers, aided by Haganah men, kept capturing and recapturing this kibbutz. Losses were frightful, and the kibbutz was ruined when the war was over, but Jerusalem was also saved by the heroism of these men, as well as by the heroism of the whole city and the kibbutzim on the road to Jerusalem, I should add. Ramat Rachel is now almost completely rebuilt, except for a few walls or parts of walls, which are riddled with bullets and saved so that newcomers will be reminded of the brave men who fought there, and who died there too.* Such memorials are fine, except for the parents of young boys. Danny drove us almost mad by his constant reiteration: "Ima, what would happen to me if I dashed under the barbed wire?" "Ima, would the Arabs put me in

*Ramat Rachel was the site of the shooting episode on September 29, 1956, when members of an archeological group were wounded and some killed by Jordanian gunfire across the lines a short distance away.

jail?" "Abba (Daddy), would the Arabs put me in jail?" "Ima, did the Arabs shoot with real guns to make those holes?" "Abba, were any people killed right here?" He wouldn't stop, and my head really did begin to ache, something it never does.

We were fascinated by the view of Bethlehem we got from Ramat Rachel, especially the view when we stood right next to the most bullet-ridden wall of all. There was Bethlehem so near and so far away that it was frustrating. We could see an Arab herding sheep, just down below, a truck going sedately along the highway, and a car zooming past it; we could even hear the car honking at intervals. I think what really annoyed us, though, was the group of men who had come to Ramat Rachel and who were looking into Jordan at the same time we were; they were apparently diplomats and were talking in French about what it is like on the other side. It is really difficult for anyone who has not experienced it to understand what a sensation it is to be so close to a place and yet as far away as around the world; farther really, because with enough money and time anyone could get around the world, but you cannot get to Jordan if you are a Jew in Israel. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *September 8, 1953*

Our freight arrived last Wednesday. The boys were entranced with their toys; so were, and are, all the other shikun children. I foresee a social winter in our flat! I am very glad we brought the two and a half bookcases full of books we did; just wish we had brought more. Such a joy the shikun is; unlike Fairlington, the books are the first thing they notice and comment on approvingly. You know me and how unlivable I think a room looks without books.

That is one thing I like so much about the people here; the interest they have in books. We have seen more good private libraries in Jerusalem than we ever saw in the United States, except in professors' homes. A person of average pro-

fessional position is likely to have an excellent library, infinitely better than the average person of comparable position in the United States would have, and, moreover, he will have read the books in his library. Marion says that even some of the poor immigrants on the land have more books than many American farmers.

Both Pat and Danny are learning quite a bit of Hebrew. Their guns have led to a constant neighborhood soldier playing, saying "Hands up" in Hebrew and stopping all passers-by, not to the pleasure of all either. . . .

TO MY BROTHER TOM / *September 10, 1953*

People who write me keep asking about Marion's work. I will tell you as much as I can about it. He works on agriculture and irrigation problems as part of a general economic advisory group. The group as a whole is supposed to advise the Israeli government on various knotty problems. How much they will get done remains to be seen.

When the Turks ruled this land before 1919, and again under the British Mandate rule, which lasted from 1919 to 1948, Jews had a hard time trying to buy land; all sorts of restrictions were set up to hinder them. And the land they did manage to buy was sold at exorbitant rates; many an Arab made a fat profit at the expense of the Jews. On the other hand, all kinds of Jewish international organizations sent money to develop the land the Jews did buy. They were given money to build houses and equip their farms with machinery and livestock. Also the Arabs raised some farm products, especially grain, which the Jewish farmers could and did buy at low prices, and there was a fairly good market among the Jewish urban people for farm products.

Two types of farms developed here: a highly specialized citrus farm, which usually grew nothing else and exported almost all the crop; and the diversified, or mixed, farm, with an emphasis on vegetables, dairy and chickens. This kind of

farm bought nearly all its grain from the Arabs and sometimes part of its hay too.

Since 1948 all this has changed. Almost all the Arabs in the rural part of what is now Israel fled during the War of Independence, leaving unoccupied large areas of farm land, or potential farm land. As a result, in the past five years about 300 new farm villages have sprung up; there were just about this many older farm villages. The new ones have been settled almost entirely by people who knew less about farming than I, and by people who have not even had a farm tradition back of them. It has been a terrific job to locate 300 new settlements, select people to live in them and get them there, build houses, get land under cultivation and teach former city dwellers something about farming. The new settlers usually built their own houses, by the way. According to Marion, who could never be accused of overpraising, the job has been very well done.

Right now there is plenty of land, at least compared to the time before 1948 when it was so hard to get, but capital is scarce. There is enough manpower, but it is almost unbelievably unskilled in anything at all to do with a farm. Also there are relatively few Arab farms in present-day Israel and most of them raise olives, rather than cheap grain, so Jewish dairymen, of whom there are a great many, must either raise their own grain or import it from abroad. There is twice as much irrigated land now as there was five years ago, and five years from now the area might again double—at least that is what the powers that be hope. Production has gone up amazingly, so that now Israeli farmers send to market enough dairy and poultry and fruits and vegetables for the country's needs. Now, however, farmers have to consider what they can market, as well as what they can raise, and they will have to pay a whole lot more attention than they have done to producing at lower cost. Marion tells me that most of the new farms are not more than half developed.

There are two main types of agricultural settlement here: the *kibbutzim* (plural of *kibbutz*) and the *moshavim* (plural

of *moshav*). Perhaps the best description of the kibbutzim is that they are complete co-operatives. The farm is run as one big enterprise, theoretically with everyone working where he or she is needed most. There is a community dining hall where everyone eats, community laundries, a school and children's houses, where the children spend most of their days, and where, in most kibbutzim, they sleep, though in a few they now sleep in their parents' rooms. The members have small private apartments or rooms and relatively few personal belongings.

Most of the kibbutzim have about 100 families, but some are much larger and some are smaller. People who join are free to leave any time they want to, but in most kibbutzim they are allowed only a small cash payment, less than \$100, when they leave. This makes it difficult for those who have spent much time in a kibbutz to strike out for themselves. Each member gets a vacation once a year and a vacation allowance; the rest of the time he sees very little cash. There is no need to save for one's old age; the kibbutzim take care of its members after they can no longer work, or if they become ill, even if they should become invalids for life. What is more, members' parents may live completely free in a kibbutz; they work if they can, but if they are too old or too feeble they do nothing and receive special care. At the moment, the kibbutzim as a group are having trouble getting new members and many are only half full, which means extra work for everyone and also lowered production.

Articles in newspapers and periodicals are forever discussing why kibbutzim now have problems recruiting members, and all sorts of reasons are advanced. I think a major reason is that the people who started the original kibbutzim were pioneers, and bold pioneers in the true sense, filled with ideals, courage and passion to settle their land. In the period when Palestine was governed by the Turks and the British, and when the Arabs far outnumbered the Jews, when there was often violence, it took courage to start a new settlement. The group spirit of the kibbutzim was without

question a major factor in their success. And in the War of Independence, some of these kibbutzim played critical roles; many had appalling losses of life; all of them displayed fantastic courage. Furthermore, men and women from the kibbutzim have gone on to major jobs in Israel and abroad; heretofore, whenever there was a tough job to be done, searchers looked over the kibbutz membership. Now that Israel is established, even though there is border tension, it does not take the same kind of selflessness or courage to enter a kibbutz; minor problems and self-interest assume more importance and fewer people are willing to live this kind of life. This is my own analysis; perhaps it is way off, but I do not really think it is.

Moshavim are limited co-operatives. Each family has its own house which it runs in the usual way, and each has its own plot of ground which it farms for itself. People who live in moshavim market most of their products co-operatively, and they buy the same way; also there is often, but not always, co-operative use of the larger items of farm machinery and part of the land for crop farming. Even the moshavim are agricultural villages and the houses are close together; some are very much like the suburban fringe of an American small town. As a result, part of the fields are some distance away from the house. In Israel right now farmers have to live close together in most areas for mutual self-protection; Arab infiltrators are no joke. Moreover, many of the people who have come here have a long tradition of living in villages and would feel most peculiar living away from neighbors; in fact, most of them probably could not be persuaded to do it, even if there were no Arab problem. I have not yet seen moshavim, but, according to Marion, who has been in a good many, they differ widely; some look and are quite prosperous and the members live in houses which we would consider quite acceptable, and some are very poor indeed, and members live in what I would think of as huts, with outside toilets, the only running water a tap outside, and the whole surroundings drab and run-down. Many of the people

in them have come from far worse conditions, however, and here they have hope and are farming their own land in their own country.

You wanted to know what I could tell you about farm problems. Anything I know has come from Marion, but heaven knows that is an accurate enough source, even if what I have absorbed is far from comprehensive. As I wrote you just above, irrigation has increased greatly in the past five years, doubled in fact, but unfortunately it is very expensive irrigation. Water costs from five to ten times as much as in the most expensive areas of California, and Easterners scream that for Californians to develop land at such expense is insanity. Water must be pumped considerable heights and long distances, from the place where there is a supply to the places where it is needed. As agriculture expands and farmers try to grow products which are now imported but which could be grown here, this high cost of irrigation is going to be a first-class headache.

The moshav farms are really inefficient; the same crops take about four times as much labor in Israel as they do in the United States. Of course, moshavim are settled by people who knew nothing whatsoever about farming to begin with and they have to learn. Many of the crops are grown almost like small gardens. Just to give you an idea of the kind of inefficiency which is rampant here: when a tractor plows, in some cases it spends most of its time turning around and around on a small plot.

Most people think that the kibbutzim are going to have more and more trouble recruiting new members and, in an attempt to solve the shortage, many kibbutzim are buying farm machinery, especially tractors. The theory is that the tractors will make work easier. But the result is that many kibbutzim have more machinery, in relation to their size, than even the most highly mechanized California farm, and California farms are the most highly mechanized in the United States. Machinery here costs just twice as much as in the States for the same machine, and labor is less than half as

well paid. This gives you some idea of the effect of frantic machinery buying on farm costs.

This is beginning to sound like a chronicle of troubles, and Israel does have them; it has not started out with the most fertile soil on earth. But this country has had severe problems in the past five years and it has managed to meet most of them too. There is lots of hope for the future.

TO RENÉE AND MILLARD GALLOP / *September 14, 1953*

... Marion hasn't adjusted the phonograph yet; Jerusalem is on 50 cycles and the United States on 60, but the radio works and, as I suspected the programs are excellent, good music. The Hebrew words, of course, we do not get, but no advertising, so not so much gobbledygook between each concert, just an announcement.

I indulged in my first extravagance in Israel, where I slave to save money. Went into a very good gift shop to see whether they could fix the beautiful myrtle-wood bowl Marion gave me for Christmas in 1951, which got cracked in moving (I ended up gluing it at home), and saw a plaque, brown, with hand-carved figures of Noah and his wife and animals entering the ark, by a well-known local artist-sculptress, Shoshana Heimann. It is just right for the boys' room, so I bought it for them for Rosh Hashanna. They also got apples dipped in honey to make the New Year sweet.

Over New Year's we went to Nahariya and had a wonderful trip. Nahariya is about 150 miles north of here on the Mediterranean. It is settled almost entirely by Jews from Germany, and the result is a fascinating combination of a town that is like a German one, an Israeli one, and Carmel, California, spotlessly clean everywhere, wonderful food, meat three times a day! The ocean was really rough on Thursday. We found out later this was a result of the earthquake in Cyprus, but there is a beautiful swimming pool right on the beach, and the next two days the ocean was perfect, warmish

water and waves. The first day I didn't realize quite how rough the sea was, and also that we were supposed to swim only directly in front of the lifeguard station. I got whistled at and whistled at before I realized I was the culprit. By that time I had been thoroughly shaken, had wrenched my back and was struggling to get out anyway. Danny had a fine time in the sea on both Friday and Saturday; he has been afraid of water at times before, but this time he went in quite a distance and loved it, so much that other parents looked enviously at me as their young held back. I felt triumphantly and smugly that it was the result of patience on my part; I have never even asked him whether he wanted to go in.

We went through Haifa on the way to Nahariya, and it is a beautiful city, just as everyone has said. I still prefer Jerusalem, though.

I was scandalized at the Sabbath in Nahariya; I am not joking, I really was. After three months in Jerusalem it was quite a sight. Cafes open, singers in clubs; people in general amusing themselves, cookies and other things sold. Such a godless town! I guess it is true that Jerusalem is a particularly holy place. I really like it here, though, as I have written before, the quiet and peace that comes over Jerusalem at sundown on Friday night is like snow falling gently in Virginia. What next Saturday will be like in Jerusalem, though, I shudder to think; it is the Day of Atonement. Anyone with any pretensions to religion, and many with no pretension at all, fasts for twenty-five hours, and men go to synagogue for about a thirteen-hour service in addition. It is the one day we have been told it would not be wise to drive our car. I am intimidated enough to wonder whether the boys will be allowed out, and, if not, what on earth we will do with them. Do you remember last Day of Atonement we went to Gifford's for ice cream and you commented: "And on Yom Kippur too!" I thought I appreciated the remark; I did not; I am not a bit sure you realized the enormity of your sin as seen from this Holy City.

We drove to Acre, about ten minutes away from Nahariya, and found it the most fascinating place we've seen so far, certainly from a tourist standpoint. Acre is an old town. If not built by the Crusaders, it was developed by them as a main base. To the old town, now largely Arabic, has been added a considerable new town, largely or wholly Jewish. The old town has high stone walls, a real moat; the streets are narrow—we drove down some that you could just wriggle a car through, and there are some you cannot get through at all with a car. There are buildings which come out over the streets, even the narrow streets, and little narrow stairways leading up here and there, all smelling of urine and filled with dirty urchins. We went into the Great Mosque, which our guide told us was damaged during the Arab-Israeli War and which the Israeli Government donated money to have repaired. There were several orange trees in front of the entrance and an old well in the courtyard. The mosque inside was simple and, to my taste, quite handsome. Then we went into a place for a drink where we could look out on the water and over to Haifa. The children were fascinated with boys swimming and diving to show off and the divers were quite good too. The place itself is Arabic, entered by a hole in the wall down a filthy alley, and then you come into this wide room with the magnificent view and quite clean, too, all of it. . . .

Patrick is cute these days. He was hugely admired in German Nahariya for his sassiness and blond good looks and healthy appearance. Here in English Shikun Hakerem sensitive-looking, serious Danny is the one who is admired, though the mothers all sigh and tell me to enjoy him now, he will give me fearful headaches only too soon. When scolded Pat now points his finger at the scolder and says: "Ca-ca-ha-ca-ha—" or something like that, obviously meaning that he is telling us off in Hebrew. The first time he did it I really struggled to keep a straight face, and when he did it first to Marion I thought for once Marion would lose his self-control.

TO MY MOTHER / *September 20, 1953*

... Yom Kippur has come and gone; except for next year here, I very much doubt that I'll ever see a holy day of any religion so faithfully observed as Yom Kippur was yesterday in Jerusalem. All day we saw one motorcycle, the heathen thing that it was. Even the least religious of our neighbors fasted for twenty-five hours. The going without food for that time does not impress me so much, but going without any water, or any liquid at all, certainly does. In order to do it, everyone stays very quiet, except the most religious men, like our next-door neighbor Shabtai Rosenne, and they go to synagogue for thirteen hours! Then at sundown it ended and everyone had a sumptuous feast. We kept our boys quiet by means of some ingenuity. It was quite an experience, and I really enjoyed it. Certainly wherever we may be on Yom Kippur hereafter, I will remember Jerusalem.

Shabtai Rosenne is legal adviser to the Foreign Ministry. To some extent he is very much like an upper-class Englishman: his voice, his mannerisms, some of his ways of living he will never change. In other ways, he is intensely Jewish: his quiet, unostentatious observance of religious customs, his knowledge of Jewish history, his love of books, his sensitive charm, his devotion to Israel. I have heard, and suspect it is true, that he was brought up in a non-Jewish atmosphere; some event, or series of events, brought home to him his Jewish ancestry; and, as a result, he became as completely Jewish as possible. No matter how hard he tries, however, he will never shake off his English upbringing; it is part of him. His wife, Esther, is also English, but not as deeply so as her more intense husband. She was raised in a Jewish atmosphere; perhaps that explains the difference. They came to Jerusalem with two small boys just before the War of Independence began, and, despite the rigors of the siege, never once did Mr. Rosenne relax his strict kosher standards.

As I was sure it would be, it is an interesting and instructive experience to be a member of a minority group. I

shall feel a little odd about Christmas, and it will be somewhat hard to cope with the boys about Santa Claus, for instance. Marion, of course, will not get a holiday but will take the day on annual leave as Jews must on Yom Kippur, Succoth, Rosh Hashanna, in the States. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *September 26, 1953*

...I went to tea at Ahuva Ory's (Danny's nursery school teacher) last week and took the two boys. Her aunt and uncle who were there invited all of us to have lunch with them at their kvutza today, and we have just returned. (A kvutza is another kind of collective settlement, much like a kibbutz.) It was interesting going there; quite a mob in our tiny Henry J: Ahuva, who is not small, her husband, Shmuel, their five-year-old, and "Hannale," their two-year-old, plus the five of us. We went to Kiriat Anavim (which means Village of the Vines), a twenty-minute drive from here. It is a beautiful kvutza, and the boys had a busy time. We walked all around, admiring cows, chickens, and other livestock. Pat was fascinated to discover that a cow can urinate.

This settlement is right on the road to Jerusalem and, therefore, during the siege was exposed on all sides. Kibbutzim and kvutzim were established all over Palestine, as Israel was called then, with strategic considerations uppermost in mind, and though there was criticism from various quarters at the time, it turned out to be extremely clever. These settlements must be given a huge share of the credit for the Jews' victory over the Arabs in the recent war; certainly Jerusalem would have fallen without their help on all sides.

Ahuva's aunt and uncle were among those who founded Kiriat Anavim about thirty years ago. They escaped from Russia when they were eighteen and twenty; their first child, a son born in the kvutza in the early 1920's, died at seven months for lack of proper food. It must have been pretty

rough going and living conditions were far from ideal. The aunt and uncle have for several years had two rooms to themselves, with their own shower and toilet and a beautiful garden in front. Before they had these rooms, they had to go about 300 feet to a communal toilet and shower. They have three daughters, all born and brought up at kvutza. The two eldest, married and living there, have four girls between them. We met one daughter and visited her room too; they have had it only two months and the husband was busy working in the garden, digging ground, preparatory to planting. Each family takes care of the ground in front of its own room.

Formerly, children slept away from the parents in the Children's House; now, after the first year or so, children sleep in the parents' rooms, but still eat separately. We saw the place for the children from two and a half to six years of age, and then the dining room for the children from six to sixteen. There are about 400 people in this kvutza, a large number of them children. Parents see their babies from about 4 to 6 P.M. That is all they used to see any of their children, except on the Sabbath. There are certain mothers, trained in infant care, whose job it is to look after the babies for eight hours a day on a twenty-four-hour shift; kindergarten teachers look after older children in the same way; other women work in the kitchen, in the laundry; a few garden or teach. No one works more than eight hours, except when there is pressure of work and members must put in overtime.

As you can imagine, the arguments wax hot and heavy in Israel on the pros and cons of bringing up children in a kibbutz or kvutza. Several families in this shikun used to live in kibbutzim. A contributing factor to the reasons every one of the families left was having their children brought up in the Children's House. There are, of course, hundreds and thousands of other families who swear by the system. It is easier on the mother, certainly, if she does not worry herself to the point of exhaustion about how the children are being

raised. Most of our neighbors who have lived in kibbutzim say it is fine if you have implicit faith and trust in the people taking care of the children, but if you disapprove of them, that is a different story. The kibbutz children we have seen are certainly happy and healthy looking, and they never lack for companionship....

TO GRACE AND JOHN OHLSON / *October 3, 1953*

... It is an experience to be living in a country which is not really at peace with its neighbors. The closer one is to it, the more sensational it seems that this bit of country fought all the Arab countries. The result was a draw, however, not a definitive victory; thus no peace treaties have yet been signed. This means all kinds of things: no citizen of Israel may cross the border into any neighboring country, nor may any citizen of those countries cross into Israel. Tourists, with proper visas, may cross, but only once and in one direction. In several places there is what is called No Man's Land; up to now I have always associated such words with poetry; I never will again.

There is a United Nations mission here all the time, to supervise the armistices, signed in 1949, and to investigate border incidents. Members of the mission do not lack for work; there are few mornings when the newspapers do not record some infiltration incident, and every week a few people are killed. It is not a restful situation. At the moment almost all the incidents are between Israel and Jordan; the Lebanese, Syrian and Egyptian borders are relatively quiet.

This country has other things to worry about too; there is, for instance, a serious problem of inflation. Prices increased about thirty per cent in the past year alone, and they are still going up. Wages for many workers are tied to automatic cost-of-living clauses, but this turns into a vicious circle; with inflated prices you get more money, but getting more money means that prices again go up. The result is that there

is a strong temptation to spend all you earn, even to borrow what you can, because you know perfectly well that inflation is apt to keep on and you may have to pay back less than you borrowed; that is, you know it will probably take less goods or less labor to pay back your debt.

We have had the purchasing power of our money almost doubled since we came, which was a pleasant surprise, as we had not counted on it. When we first came, our \$1.00 bought one Israeli pound; now it buys I£. 1.800. But to give you an idea of the cost of living here, at this new rate, we find that things cost about the same, or a little less, than in Washington—some things are a great deal less, other things much more.

Then another worry for Israel is the problem of foreign exchange. Her exports are just a small part of her imports, which is no wonder, but it does complicate life. Because foreign exchange is so tight, there is strict government control, meaning that no matter how much money you might happen to have in Israel pounds, you still may not be able to get the dollars to buy an American car or washing machine or Mixmaster. This situation has every chance of continuing for some time; Israel is making large-scale capital investments in irrigation, in farming, in industry, in housing and in many other things and will probably continue to do so for quite a while. There are several sources of foreign exchange, mostly American dollars, in addition to the earnings of exports....

TO ELEANOR AND WARREN ENGSTRAND / *October 5, 1953*

...The Succoth festival is over. Succoth is celebrated in memory of the time the Jews wandered in the wilderness on the way from Egypt to Canaan when they had no permanent homes for forty years.

Army Simon, a young bachelor from Canada, who lives on the first floor of our building, and who is certainly not religious but loves tradition, heard that Marion had brought pipes to

make a clothes closet, which goodness knows we do not need here, and that the pipes were wasting away on our smaller balcony. So Army borrowed the pipes to make a succah.

It is traditional during Succoth to build a hut (or succah), consisting of four poles, walls made from cloth, and the top covered with leaves or boughs of trees, so the sun or stars can come through to remind the Jews that they had no real homes during the years of their wandering in the desert. Men are supposed to eat all their meals, in fact to sleep and study, too, in the succah for the seven days of Succoth; women may, if they wish, eat in it. That is all right here, but it must be rugged in England or Scotland. Army is a part-time rug merchant and donated his rugs for walls; then the top was lightly covered with eucalyptus and pepper branches. The result was a handsome, sturdy succah. The shikun youngsters decorated the inside and the whole effect was wonderful. I have always thought that Jewish children missed a great deal by not having Christmas trees, but a succah is just about as good, decorated inside the same way, and then you have it for a week and eat in it, every bit as good as an extra-special playhouse.

The position of women in the Jewish religion appalls and intrigues me. Mr. Rosenne explains it away neatly, saying how high their true position is, and that Jewish law decrees that no woman is required to perform any religious duties at a fixed time, and that is the reason for most of what looks like discrimination. According to Mr. Rosenne, the theory is that a true woman is too busy taking care of her husband and children to do the required study for many services or to attend synagogue and so forth on time. According to others, however, it is not quite that simple. Some people I know, including you, Eleanor, would certainly like the idea that no woman is ever required to do anything at a fixed time!

How did I digress? What intrigues me about Israel is that here where Jews no longer need to abide by religious

traditions to be sure they keep their Jewishness, certain former quite religious customs are becoming festivals, but nonreligious ones. It scandalizes certain Jews, and others find it a healthy sign that Israel is really a nation and not just a religion.

If you ever see it anywhere, get a copy of Meyer Levin's *In Search* and read it. I don't really warm to Mr. Levin as a person, but I like his book, and he has some good things to say. One thing he says that is applicable to Succoth and especially to people like Army Simon in this shikun:

"Even the most unbelieving Jew, raised in a home where religious folk-customs were retained, still longs for hamentashen on Purim, still feels a faint guilt at failing to fast on Yom Kippur. These fundamental symbols, connected with eating, link us to our horde, and it is interesting that the new Jewish civilization in Israel has detached them from religion and restored them as folk tradition. Purim and Passover, as celebrated in Tel Aviv...are feasts of the folk, rather than religious occasions."

In other words, Army here treats Succoth as I treat Christmas. It had a religious background once, but we celebrate these events as folk traditions. Succoth seems more like Christmas than anything else in Israel.

On the last day of the festival, called "Simhat Torah," Army took Marion and me on a synagogue tour of Mea Shearim. Women cannot go with the men, so Army got the sister-in-law of one of the men in this shikun to go with me. She was born in Jerusalem, but had never been to synagogues on the last day of Succoth, at least never to ones in Mea Shearim. This day is supposed to mark the end of the annual cycle of the reading of the Torah. In case you don't know, the Torah consists of the first five books of the Bible. (I astonished Army by knowing the books, astonished myself too, I must admit: Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy—impressed?)

Like all Jewish religious days, it began at sundown the previous day and ended at sundown. On Simhat Torah Eve, there were crowds of visitors in Mea Shearim, and, for once, the residents did not mind them, for this is a day of great joy, when the devout dance and sing for hours, and they gladly let anybody who wants join in the rejoicing.

Other times many of them glare at outsiders in what I find a frightening way. As the story goes, these people are so religious that when the convoys were trying to get through to Jerusalem, when it was under siege, and a convoy arrived after the beginning of the Sabbath, they lay down under the tires and had to be removed forcefully, so the trucks could go on. Also they are the ones, it is said, who tried to go with white flags of truce to the leaders of the Arabs to give up Jerusalem; they were stopped. These are the people who oppose the State of Israel and speak only Yiddish. Hebrew, the sacred tongue, should be reserved for religious purposes only.

Synagogues have special little alleyways or passages for women over twelve (girls under twelve and boys under thirteen may enter the main synagogue). Boys of all ages must cover their heads; married women, too, must cover their heads. Usually the women wear scarves. The typical synagogue in this section, at least, is quite bare with a raised center platform and a little vestibule or pulpit on one side.

The men and boys, even some two-year-olds I saw, danced round and round with arms locked, singing and chanting and stamping their feet. The faces of some of them reflected their ecstasy. The married men among them wore their traditional fur-trimmed hats and robe-like garments coming almost to the ankles and bound with girdles around their waists. The men were bearded and had long earlocks. Five or six men in each synagogue we visited carried Torah scrolls. The children on the side, waving little flags, would reach out and kiss the scrolls as they passed. In the first synagogue we visited were the ultrareligious; they probably went on dancing all through the night, while most of the others ended well before midnight.

If Hollywood had shown it, it wouldn't be believed, and I very much doubt that anything like this could be seen outside of Jerusalem or maybe Safad, another extremely religious city in Israel. . . .

TO MARGIE GALLINA AND MARGE ADAMS / *October 10, 1953*

Danny's school was supposed to start last Sunday, and we went every day until Thursday when, at last, it did start. In this land of few phones, most people simply walk to wherever what is going to happen is located in order to check for themselves. It is time-consuming, like everything else, but fun too. His school is called the Workers' Children's Kindergarten of Jerusalem. Is that not a wonderful name? Schools all over Israel are being reorganized so there is chaos everywhere this year. Formerly, the schools were operated by various political parties or by religious groups; this summer the Parliament (called Knesset) passed a State Education bill providing a more or less uniform and compulsory education at public expense for all children over five. Virginia take note, say I. It means fairly extensive reorganization.

The teacher looked harassed when I arrived and even more harassed when I explained that Danny understood some Hebrew and spoke less, and would she please keep an eye out for him. But when I came back to get him at noon, the teacher beamed all over at me and said: "Yoffy," which means, "Everything is just fine and dandy." She said he understood what she said, and that he had played unusually well with the other children. Of course, I like her as a result, and have high hopes it will continue to go well. Yesterday there was another five-year-old Danny has met a few times who is bilingual, Hebrew and English. Marion knows Beebo's grandfather, who was head of the Oil and Gas Division in the Department of the Interior until he retired a couple of years ago, and we have been over to see the family a few times. I like them all very much. Danny was full of school

yesterday, actually telling me all about it, to my amazement. The teacher, I should add, understands English and speaks it fairly well. The equipment and room and playground look fine to me; good blocks, Tinker toys, stuff for painting, everything clean and just whitewashed.

Fortunately, Danny did not mind about school not starting on schedule as Marion took down the succah this week, and then used the pipes to make a jungle gym for Shikun Hakerem. There surely have been superior jungle gyms; after all, this was designed to be an eight-foot closet, but also there have been ones not as good, and the children adore it. Israeli children have far less playground equipment than Americans, and none of the young around here had ever seen a jungle gym. No one had to tell them what to do with it, though. Marion had a difficult time getting it up, as all the shikun youngsters from two to fourteen swarmed over it as each piece went up, long before it was either safe or convenient for long-suffering Marion. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *October 12, 1953*

DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL, ATTENTION

If you appear in public in incomplete clothing, such as in bare arms, you cause deep sorrow and distress to many of your brothers and you evoke a feeling of disgust. Daughter of Israel, please don't be cruel. Where is your sense of shame? Aren't you ashamed to appear in the streets of town in a way that shows that you have lost all sense of moral principles? Throw away your indecent clothing, Dress in modest clothing for the glory of your people and your honor.

Public Committee for Good Women

Thought the above might interest you; it did the members of this shikun. It was put in our mail box (in Hebrew, of course) last week. According to the neighbors, this is the first

time they knew of that the very Orthodox have used such modern methods; though they have had billboards put up along more or less the same lines. "Indecent clothing" means strapless dress or no sleeves or bare back; short sleeves are apparently all right. I asked, to be sure I was not being cruel.

The other day I drove to Kibbutz Yavne, about an hour and a half from here. It is one of the relatively few religious kibbutzim. Most of the married women kept their hair covered and the synagogue is emphasized. Children learn the Torah in school. It is situated on rich land and is quite wealthy, though not an old kibbutz. Very few of the workers have their own rooms with their own baths as yet, though there are some and more are being built. In Yavne all the children still sleep away from the parents, in the Children's Houses. . . .

By the way, did you know that at Jewish funerals in Israel there are flowers in some cases loads of them? Jews do not have flowers at funerals outside of Israel because they are mourning for the land that is lost; here, they are no longer mourning. I was intrigued. Tillie Silman of a leading English Zionist family told me this, and she did not know it until she got here. Chief Rabbi Uziel died two or three weeks ago—that's how this came up—and there were a great many flowers. . . .

Last Friday we took the boys to the Conquest of the Desert Exhibition. This is an exposition, or fair, on a large scale for Israel, and Jerusalem is crowded with tourists; it makes the buses really fun; they are crowded normally, but now . . . We saw every ship in the place and the two airplanes. Also, we found some Arabs with two camels and Pat got on a camel and had his picture taken. You should have heard my negotiations to find where the camels were. I could not find anyone who spoke English, German or French, an unusual state of affairs. Finally, in desperation, I asked a man who spoke only Hebrew, and told him: "Lo sooss," (which means "No horse") but he got the idea after a minute, howled, and said: "Oh, gamal," or something that sounded like that and took us to the camels. I was quite pleased with myself.

Last night Marion and I went to the Exhibition to hear Leonard Bernstein conduct the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra in the open-air auditorium. Jews like music so much, and space is so limited in Jerusalem that it is impossible to get seats to the Philharmonic series this winter; sold out two years ago, and a waiting list of unbelievable length; so this is the only time we hear the Philharmonic or Bernstein unless we are very lucky. It was excellent too. The concert was at 6 P.M., an odd hour, but when it was later people from Tel Aviv froze to death in Jerusalem and it's pitch dark here by 5:30 so it was fine, really, and not cold, just beginning to get cool when we left. They played a first performance by Oedoen Partos, one of Israel's foremost composers and viola players, a work about a kibbutz; then Ravel's *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*, and Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*...

TO GERRY BEE / October 14, 1953

...I keep forgetting to tell you about the shikun guard, Ovadiah. He is as fascinating to us as we are to him. I don't think any of us would be a bit surprised at anything he might do and I suspect he feels the same way about us. He is hired to guard the building materials still strewn around this barely finished housing project. I do not think I will ever forget my impression of him the day we moved into this flat. It was on a Friday, and that afternoon I watched enthralled from our balcony to see and hear a large, dignified, elderly man in a long, dirty robe with a rope girdle, read aloud from the Bible. Ovadiah is bearded, and he always wears a dirty high square black hat. Every Friday afternoon and most of Shabbat (Sabbath), he reads in a very loud sing song chant, squatting on bricks right in front of our smaller balcony.

The day we moved in we decided he must be some kind of a strange Middle-Eastern holy man. Actually, Ovadiah is a Jew from Iraq, a bachelor of uncertain but elderly age, barely, if at all, literate, who earns a living as a guard for various buildings going up in Jerusalem. He has decided that

he doesn't have much longer to live, so he had better pray a great deal and he does. The neighbors have told us that he is convinced that it is due solely to his praying that the shikun was ever completed.

Ovadiah is a firm believer in the efficacy of herbs and the various kinds of thistles, prickles and bushes that grow around here. He gathers them, stews them, eats them and drinks the juice. He has beamed upon all of us in the most friendly fashion ever since he caught me, the boys in tow, gathering thistles and bushes too around the house. We use them for decorations, and they do look lovely, though each bouquet means endless picking out of those very prickly prickles.

He approves highly of the community gardening which members of the shikun have carried on all summer. Our garden is owned co-operatively by the sixteen families in the two buildings, and everyone is supposed to do his share to take care of it. Of course, a few people do most of the work, a few others do some work once in a while, and some just watch. Some of the men and children have worked almost every late afternoon, when it is cool. They have pulled off or dug out thousands of rocks and used them to build a wall around our land. I have done very little work myself but Marion has worked almost every night. The bit I have done has given me a healthy respect for rock terraces and walls. The backaches, the bruises, the prickly thistles on hands and legs which those terraces and walls all over the Middle East represent are appalling.

Ovadiah comes on duty at three in the afternoon, and he leaves about seven next morning. Until the gardening started, he saw most of the shikun residents only on the fly, and, as far as I could judge, his principal entertainment, aside from praying and devoted Bible study, consisted in asking any passer-by what time it was. We were a great disappointment to him because it took me, the first to learn, at least a month to know what he was saying when he inquired hopefully: "Ma sha'ah?" which means: "What time is it?" He asks this

regardless of the hour or how long it has been since some one else has told him the time. At 3:30 P.M. or 1:30 A.M. Ovadiah can be found asking "Ma sha'ah?" Once the rock moving began, Ovahiah has had complete entertainment for two hours a day. Once in a while he picks up his long black skirts and helps carry rocks, and always he superintends and offers suggestions, advice and comments.

Despite his age, he is a first-rate guard. Soon after we came here I heard a banshee-like yell, leaned over the balcony, and there was Ovadiah in hot pursuit of a young man who thought a few bricks might not be missed. Handicapped as he was by his long robe, his years and his bulky figure, he lit out after that would-be brick owner at an unbelievable clip, yelling at the top of his excellent lungs. He caught him too and made him return the loot.

The dear man intimidates me; I think almost all of us are a little afraid of him. I wanted a few bricks to put between boards to make a bookcase like the one we had in Berkeley. The foreman of the crew who works on the building going up next to us speaks only Hebrew, so a neighbor asked him for me whether I could have some bricks. He gave permission immediately, but even he suggested that I had better take them before Ovadiah appeared on the scene.

What is really funny is to see Ovadiah and Patrick chatting away in a language unknown to anyone else. They are the best of friends; for one thing, they share a devotion to any kind of melon. Have I written you that I caught our poor underfed thirty-eight pound Pat scavenging melons from the shikun garbage cans not so long ago? Ovadiah has a meal about five o'clock each afternoon, and he often shares it with Patrick; he has about a dozen tomatoes and almost as many melons every day, and Pat can't resist turning up to see what he will get out of it.

I was told just the other day that Ovadiah is due to leave us soon to guard some other building going up in Jerusalem. If he leaves, it will not seem like home, and the Sabbath certainly will not be the same without his prayers....

TO CELE AND MAURY RUBEN / *October 15, 1953*

... One aspect of Israel cannot be emphasized too strongly: there is no such thing as a typical-appearing Jew. People familiar with Jewish and other religious groups in the United States know this to be true there, but many people think they can tell who is Jewish by appearance. One day on the streets of Jerusalem would show them how absurd this is. In Jerusalem you know that everyone except a small minority of Christians and a somewhat larger, but still small, minority of Arabs, who are usually distinctive in dress but not in appearance, are Jewish. I defy anyone on earth to walk down a Jerusalem street and tell which people are Jews and which are not; it cannot be done. I think, without exception, everyone I have met, Jew or Gentile, assumes that, of course, I am Jewish, and the same thing is true of Marion and the boys. This is true of adults, but even more true of children. Our blue-eyed, straight-haired blond sons could just as easily be Jewish as any of our neighbors' children, and I would give any amount of money I have, or am apt to have in the future, to anyone who could walk into Danny's school and point out which child is a Gentile.

It had not occurred to me until recently, but it is fitting that I should come to live in Israel, and that I should like Jerusalem so much. It could be the result of early training; perhaps I was conditioned to like this land. I do not think I ever told you, but like many people in the States, or all over the world, I was brought up with a Jewish prejudice, only mine is the ordinary one in reverse. I was taught by my mother a long list of Jewish characteristics. According to my mother, all Jews are sensitive, imaginative, highly intelligent, eager for education for themselves and their children. I was also taught that all Jews are clean; they are fond of children and spoil them, and they will do anything on earth for their own or other people's children. Jews have beautiful sensitive hands and eyes, and many of them have lovely hair; most of them are physicians, professors, lawyers or musicians. All

Jewish women are wonderful cooks, and all Jewish men are extremely good to their wives. I could go on to enumerate other Jewish characteristics, but this gives a general picture of the prejudice instilled in me from the time I can remember. Any generalizations, good or bad, are ridiculous, but I do think if you are exposed to them, the ones my mother taught me about Jews are better than some I could name. . . .

Do you know why Danny was born alive? When we came to Washington, and I was six months pregnant, we knew no doctors. A friend gave me a list of ten highly recommended obstetricians. None of the names meant anything to me. I had decided I would close my eyes and put my finger on one name, but when I saw the list I changed my mind. After one name only was the word "Jewish" written; no other name had "Dutch" or "Scottish" or "Italian" or anything else. I was so indignant at what I thought might be prejudice that I called the doctor labeled Jewish. Danny's birth was an extremely difficult one; I have been told time and again that had he been born dead, the doctor could not have been blamed. It was brilliance, intuition, devotion to his work and my Jewish prejudice that gave us our Danny.

TO MY MOTHER / *October 18, 1953*

. . . At last it has begun definitely to be fall; I even put the boys in long cords yesterday. . . . Danny continues to like school and the teacher; the other day, when I asked how much Hebrew he understood, she told me that he understood just about everything and was beginning to try to talk a little.

With the coming of fall, beautiful clouds have also arrived. We have golden sunsets, and then all day heavenly white or white and gray or black mountain clouds that scurry by.

A few days ago I was invited to the circumcision of Ahuva's baby son; she was Danny's nursery school teacher and this is her third child, second boy. I was flattered to be invited, also I was fascinated. It is very much like a christening.

There is always a godfather, and sometimes a godmother, though the latter has no particular religious importance. There was lots and lots of food and wine to drink. As in any Jewish religious ceremony, women are supposed to stay outside and look in, but two other women stayed in with the men, so I did too. I thought I might never go to another such event and wanted to see it all. The men have to have their heads covered, and since most of them forgot about it, some, including very well dressed and workmen, put dubiously clean handkerchiefs over their heads. The general effect was funny. The godfather, who was oldish, according to Jewish tradition, I am told, held the poor baby who had been dressed to the hilt. Then the "mohel" blessed the baby, undressed his lower parts, and in an amazingly swift movement cut off the foreskin from the penis. The poor child gave an unholy shriek and didn't get even a sip of wine for quite a few minutes while the penis was beng dressed. In hospitals in the States the baby actually gets a whiff of chloroform first, at least so I understood when our two were circumcised, but not according to Jewish tradition. I was relieved when the sips of wine dipped in cotton quieted him some; I felt so sorry for him. Then wine and drinks were passed and congratulations given all around and everyone was joyful. I enjoyed it too. I was glad a neighbor also came so I had company, though I had had every intention of going alone if necessary.

Sometime or other last week, Marion and I went to the Grosses' home—Bert Gross is in Cass's office too—to hear the head of the Israel Research Council talk about research in Israel. The thing that impressed me most is the shortage of scientific personnel here, and the problem caused by the lack of children who get more than primary education. Great stress is laid on education from five to fourteen; but only 1,600 children graduated from secondary schools in all Israel last year, out of a total population of 1,500,000. I don't know how many children were eligible, but obviously lots more than 1,600. Parents simply can't afford to send them to secondary schools, though education is relatively cheap, it seems

to me. You can see the problems that raises. All, or almost all, of the 1,600 do two years' Army service, girls as well as boys, then very few go on to the university and fewer yet graduate....

TO ELEANOR AND WARREN ENGSTRAND / *October 20, 1953*

...I have just returned from shopping at our local center, and today I got to thinking how much you would enjoy it too, in the same way I do. The Beth Hakerem center, across an open field from us, has a "Tnuva" shop, one of the hundreds of outlets of the largest dairy and vegetable marketing co-operative in Israel; two miscellaneous grocery stores, side by side and each selling exactly the same items; a greengrocer in the rear, selling exactly the same vegetables as Tnuva; a barber shop and a kiosk, which dispenses candy, plastic toys, drinks, general neighborhood information at all seasons, and in the summer, "Artics," the equivalent of Good Humors or Eskimo Pies. Also in the rear, by the greengrocer, is an elderly man who mends shoes and other items, and an orthodox-looking gentleman who kills chickens when he has them. Down the road, the equivalent of a city block or two, is the chemist. This shop has no flies ever; it is the cleanest, sweetest-smelling, most intriguing pharmacy I have ever seen or could imagine. It is surrounded by flowers and is owned by a former Russian as pleasant as her store, also a highly intelligent woman.

This kind of center is typical of Israel in the small size of the shops; there are rarely more than two or three employees in Israeli shops, and also it is typical in their really cutthroat competition. If I buy vegetables from Tnuva, where I am registered to buy eggs, the greengrocer in the rear looks as if I had stabbed him to the heart, whereas, if I go to the Tnuva shop only for eggs, carrying a string bag bulging with vegetables, the Tnuva couple look at me sadly. And the very nice elderly couple, who manage the grocery shop which I

do not patronize, speak to me so reprehensibly that I feel like running every time I pass them.

The amount of time and energy that Jerusalem women must spend on shopping would run the Parent-Teachers Association with time left over for the League of Woman Voters and your Unitarian Church, or whatever other cause you wanted to espouse. One woman after another keeps saying, and it's true: "My husband has no idea what I go through to get such and such." The number of rationed items has declined in the past couple of years and is still declining, but I find the list long enough. Just to give you an idea, some of the items now include: flour, sugar, rice (available for children only), jam, farina (for children only), eggs, oil, cheese, butter, margarine, coffee, tea, meat, chicken, fish fillet and carp. And you needn't think for a moment that all these items may be purchased at one or even two stores, or all at your local shopping center. And also do not think, just because it is the first of the month and your flour, sugar, rice, jam, butter and other rationed items should be available, that they will be; they will not. I will be lucky to get them the next month; I never know when and just keep asking the grocer hopefully: "When will you get flour?"

I do not mean to say you would enjoy all this, but you would be interested in it and enjoy it in a way too. Two or three other little matters help to make shopping unforgettable. Just as I am halfway down my list, into our small and usually crowded grocery will come at least once or twice a week the tradesman who delivers eggs to the grocer. All interest in me ceases promptly, while Adon (Hebrew for "Mister") Roccah, the grocery-owner, carries on heated arguments with the egg man about how many eggs he should get this week and why; once the eggs are finally delivered, Adon Roccah must count them carefully, argue with the egg man about how much is due him and shake his head over inflation. If it is not the egg man, then the bakery truck thunders up to the joy of Patrick, who is outside directly in the truck's path; Patrick has to be rescued and bread somehow squeezed into

the close quarters of groceries and people. Or maybe soap, canned goods, wooden coat hangers or bottled juice is being delivered, checked off, paid for, while I wait, holding an already heavy string bag, promising that blackmailer Patrick still another package of gum if only he will stop stealing raisins or rolls or lentils from open bins and throwing them at the customers.

There never is any place to put even a string bag. Soon after we came, I got desperate once; the bag I was holding weighed fully twenty-five pounds, and I decided I must put it somewhere. Recklessly, I put it on what I hoped was a firm barrel top; it wasn't firm at all and I wish you could have seen the mess. The barrel held salted mackerel, and I guess oil too, or maybe it was the mackerel which were oily; anyway I've never done that again. Just think of me the next time you go through your neighborhood supermarket; not that I'd trade with you for anything, you understand.

Despite all the trials, I love to go shopping, even with Patrick in tow, or maybe especially with Patrick in tow. Almost every day we met the same old man riding one donkey, driving another before him. As far as I can judge from the lead donkey's loads, they do some kind of business with rocks and dirt. Also I like walking across the field, filled with rocks and thistles and bordered with pine trees. And I like the shopkeepers and the small-town friendliness, without the small-town meanness and gossip.

I have never heard of, much less lived among, such honest people as the Israelis. Several times, when particularly harassed, I have left my purse in one of the local stores; always it has been returned promptly, with not a piaster missing.

The method of adding a customer's account is typical of the general trust everyone has in one another. I ask the grocer for some of the things I want, others I ferret out for myself while waiting, still other things Patrick is apt to stick in one of our bags. Finally comes the time to add up what I owe; the grocer and I rack our brains first as to how many

"pieces" I bought, and then I peer down into jammed bags in order to tell him what these "pieces" are. Sometimes when we get home I find I forgot to list something, so I report it the next day; or just as frequently the next day I am told that I paid for something I did not take and am given a refund or credit. The whole system is really fantastic, and I am convinced it could happen only in Israel.

Many people in the States harbor the idea that Jews are, by nature or race, or instinct or something, good businessmen. If Jews in Israel are at all typical, that is the craziest idea I have ever heard. Israelis are trusting, tactful, slightly scatterbrained idealists. How any Jew makes money in business is something I will never understand. They are just as optimistic, just as impractical and much more trusting than most Irishmen I have met. Even Marion, who goodness knows is hard-headed and cautious in his judgments, laughs and says the entire economy of Israel suffers from an unbelievable lack of business sense. . . .

TO NORMA HAZELTINE / *October 25, 1953*

. . . The recent difficulties here with the neighboring Arab states are not a joke. I do feel sorry about the Kibya episode, where the Israelis went over to Jordan and killed some fifty people, but though it is deplorable, it is understandable. Ever since we arrived, there have been reports in the papers of a constant series of Jordan raids, with consequent killings in Israel. Whether there are an equal number of such episodes in Jordan by Israelis, I am in no position to know, but I rather doubt it, though that may be my Israeli prejudice. Anyway, a woman and two children were killed by Arabs the night before the Kibya raid, though that does not excuse it, of course. Mostly, it was stupid from the Israelis' own point of view, I think. But then the Arabs are being stupid back now, derailing a train yesterday, though no one was killed fortunately, and also there are huge masses of Arab soldiers in the Old City of Jerusalem and around Mount Scopus.

You can see them from many parts of our side of Jerusalem. I guess it is the most serious situation since Israel became a state. My chief worry is that if there were fighting, we would not be allowed to stay but would get sent home. I would stay and fight for Jerusalem, even with the boys, if we could.

I really envy the people who went through the siege of Jerusalem. If you had lived here through the siege and fought, if you were a man or young woman, or done what you could if you were not, you would feel forever that Jerusalem was yours in a special sense, and I would like to have that feeling. It would be in a larger sense like bearing a child in great pain; you feel that it is yours in a special way. . . .

Last week Marion and I went to a reception given by the Director General of the Prime Minister's Office in honor of Professor Sune Carlson, who has been head of the United Nations Technical Aid Mission here, and who is leaving soon. With the rest of Gass's office we were the only Americans, as Americans and British are under official orders not to attend any meeting or even dinner parties in Jerusalem. As you may know, our State Department does not approve of the Israelis' having made Jerusalem their capital. As a result of this edict, for once in a foreign country I am thrown constantly with non-Americans; that, plus living in this shikun, means that I will know far more about how Israelis live than most Americans who have been here a similar length of time. All Americans and British, with the exception of consulates here, are stationed in Tel Aviv.

Professor Carlson is a charming Swede. He has a cute sense of humor and charm, and his speech of farewell was short and good; he ended with the remark that never had he and his wife met so many people with such bad manners and such kind hearts. It is the popular thing to say of Israelis that they have bad manners, but I cannot see it, and neither can Marion. Most Israelis themselves think their manners are bad; the remark made whenever a child does not say "Thank you," or when he does something he has been told explicitly not to do is: "Sabra." At a tea to which we took the boys a

couple of weeks ago, for instance, the hostess offered Danny a cake or something, and he simply said flatly: "Lo," meaning "No," minus any "Thank you" or anything else. She shrugged her shoulders, grinned, and said: "Sabra." When Shmuel Ory, the son of Danny's former nursery school teacher, absolutely refused to listen to her command to wait for her before crossing the busy highway, Ahuva groaned and said to me: "What can you do—Sabra." . . .

TO DOROTHEA AND PAUL TAYLOR / *November 5, 1953*

. . . Westerners hear a great deal about the Arabs who fled Palestine during the Israel-Arab war, and who are now living in a sad plight as refugees. Not much is said about the approximately 180,000 Arabs still in Israel, and they are an interesting part of this land. As soon as the fighting ceased, Israelis set to work to restore the shaken foundations of what was left of Arab life. Schools were opened; as many jobs as possible were found for the men; assistance was given to agriculture and health clinics were set up. There are well over 100 Arab villages in Israel, apart from the many wandering Bedouin tribes in the Negev and Galilee who tend sheep, goats and camels and live in black, long-slung tents.

Arabs help to make Israel as picturesque as it is. The tan or dark faces of the men are framed by their long head scarves which are held in place by two bands of tightly woven black goat's hair; sometimes these scarves, or kaffiyas as they are called, are black and white checked but most of them in Israel are white. The scarf is about a yard square, is doubled cornerwise and put on the head with the fold in front. It is functional, because it protects men's necks and most of their faces from the sun and dust in summer and from cold in winter; for Negev dwellers it is also useful as protection in a sandstorm. A woman's dress is called a tobe, and it is made with one width of cloth for the front and another for the back. A girdle wound around the waist allows the dress

to blouse in front. Many dresses are black, but there are white ones, with insets of various colors; all dresses have embroidery down the front of the waist and on the sleeves. Women also wear head scarves of thin, white material, which falls down the sides of the face and is quite becoming and graceful, though it seems to me it must be a nuisance. The women also wear a lot of jewelry: silver or gold bracelets, rings, necklaces and sometimes I have even seen a fringe of coins around their foreheads or a bunch of coins hanging from their headdresses.

Israeli Jews believe in schools, and this has caused some difficulty with Israeli Arabs. Low enrollment and irregular attendance plague Arab schools, and Jewish authorities have not yet decided how to tackle the problem of enforcing for its Arab population the Israeli compulsory education law, passed in 1951. Many Arab parents would rather send their boys to work than to school, especially when they live near Jewish cities where work pays reasonably well. The problem of girls is still too much for Jewish authorities. In Arab countries, education for women is not considered essential, and Arab tradition certainly does not favor such modern ideas. In Israel, less than one-third as many Arab girls as boys attend school, despite heroic efforts on the part of Israeli officials to encourage girls' education. Some Arab sections have accepted gladly the idea of educating their girls and some are resigned to the new state of affairs. But many still object, firmly though politely, not so much against the teaching of girls itself, as against the principle of coeducation. There are not enough teachers to divide village schools into separate classes of boys and girls; it is not feasible to have a class of fifteen boys and five girls divided into separate classes with separate teachers. Even if it were feasible, it would be next to impossible to get enough Arab women teachers required by all-girl classes, and the Arabs who object to coeducation want Arab teachers.

The Arab way of life is very different from the Jewish, and almost as different are the customs of the Christian Arabs

and the Moslem Arabs. The latter, by law, may have as many wives as they wish, but certain sects forbid more than four wives; other sects permit as many as a man wants to keep. Very few have more than four wives, however, and many have only one or two. The wife of a rich Moslem Arab does almost no work at all; the housework is done by servants, who are often ruled with an iron hand. She may cook a little, if she so desires; she embroiders; she takes some care of the children. Most of her time is spent in gossip, handwork, sitting about and eating. Such women tend to have few interests outside their immediate families.

The wives of wealthy Christian Arabs lead somewhat the same kind of lives as their Moslem sisters, but they are apt to have had more education. Many of the younger generation are quite well educated, though they also do little work and they also seldom leave their own houses.

Arab husbands, rich and poor, Moslem and Christian, have absolute power over their wives. A few clever and attractive wives manage to get around their husbands, but most of them are well subdued. Moreover, Arab tradition not only permits, but encourages, a brother to kill his sister if she "dishonors" the family name before she is married. Every once in a while there is a short report in the *Jerusalem Post* stating that so and so in Acre or in Nazareth or some other Arab town has been brought before an Israeli court of law, charged with the murder of his sister. The report will go on to say the boy's defense is that his sister dishonored the family.

The wives of the poor Arabs work extremely hard; they do all the work in their houses; they work in the field and they carry huge loads on their heads—old gasoline tins filled with water, immense loads of brush for firewood. They take the children along to the fields; babies are set down in the shade, if there is any, elder children help with the work. The women must not eat until after the men have eaten, and they must be satisfied with whatever is left; if the family is poor, that may not be very much.

Men, if they can possibly avoid it, do no work at all; it lowers their prestige. If they must work, they do not as a rule strain themselves. Much of their time is spent in cafes, chatting with other men and smoking narghiles (rubble-bubble pipes). The one exception is the shopping; men do that. The poorer families do no shopping to speak of; they live on flat bread they bake themselves, tea, olives, with perhaps some leben (a sort of sour milk), and the women weave the material for their clothes.

Women are married early; some of the poorer ones at twelve and the richer ones between fourteen and sixteen. This is against the Israeli law, which sets a minimum age of seventeen for marriage, but in Arab communities there is a certain amount of evasion. It is a terrible disgrace for a woman to remain unmarried; she then lives with her parents or brother and leads a sad life indeed.

It is easy to distinguish Arab villages in Israel; even our boys recognize them immediately. They are made up of groups of one-or two-room houses, made of sun-dried mud bricks in the plains, and of rough stone in the hill sections. Usually there are no gardens, though there may be beautiful fruit trees a short distance away from the village and tended by the women. As a rule there is no water, gas or electricity available in the homes; there are also few, if any, toilets. The houses are huddled together, with crooked, picturesque, but impractical small cobblestone or dirt lanes for streets. I have peered into a few houses in these villages, and every one I have seen was dark and very sparsely furnished.

The wealthy Arabs, on the other hand, have large mansions, with many spacious high-ceilinged rooms. The kitchens are primitive by American standards; bath and toilet facilities tend to be sketchy. The houses are built for summer weather, and during the winter, I have been told, it takes true fortitude to visit anyone living in an Arab house. Homes of wealthy Arabs usually have large, well cared-for gardens.

Israel has its problems with its Arab minority, but it seems to me it is managing better than might have been

expected. Each thinks the other is slightly mad, but each tends to respect the other's peculiarities. I read the other day that the few Arabs who know Hebrew are besieged by their neighbors for lessons, and there are a number of Arab students at the Hebrew University and the Haifa Technion. From what I can learn, Israel is not perfect in its treatment of its Arab citizens, but, on the other hand, there is no doubt that it has done more to raise the Arab standard of living than its Arab neighbors have done for their own countrymen....

TO MY MOTHER / *November 9, 1953*

Alisa, the former teaching assistant to Danny's teacher Hanna, came to call on Danny last Monday. He was so overcome he flushed all over with pleasure. She has been transferred to another school, thereby almost breaking Danny's heart, and she is apparently fond of him. A neighbor and her two sons came by, and I had just made coffee and had cakes, so it worked in well. I have bought some children's records in Hebrew for the boys, and they like them. So do I, for they have a strong Russian sound which appeals to me. I remarked on it to the neighbor, and she said: "Of course, the early settlers were chiefly Russian."...

It rained a little last Tuesday, to everyone's great excitement; the rainy season will probably start pretty soon, but no one can tell just when. We have our winter clothes out and all ready to wear, though it is still so warm that I can't bear to wear a jacket downtown. Almost everyone else does, chiefly for looks because it is November, and they swelter. Serves them right. Pat got a cold last week and threw it off in a day and a half; world's record for him, which I attribute to the wonders of Jerusalem.

Danny is, I gather, a social success at school. There is a young man aged five who runs the place; all the children talk only of Be'eri. Danny has claimed that Be'eri is fond of him and yesterday, lo and behold, Be'eri and one of his two

older brothers came to call. They speak only Hebrew, and Mr. Be'eri is reputed to be a holy terror, but he was on his very best behavior, so all was a huge success. Be'eri has twinkly, devilish eyes and is very bright, and the others apparently do anything and everything he suggests. I am told that Danny is, for the moment, his chief pal; greater social success no one could have in this Gan (Hebrew for "kindergarten"). . . .

I keep getting more and more impressed with the list of things which are not according to Jewish religious laws. I had thought I had a general idea; I had not. Do you know that no really Orthodox married woman ever shows her hair in public? The upper-class ones wear wigs; the others wear various and assorted kinds of covering. Also, did you know the truly religious do no writing at all, do not even strike a match or light electricity or use a doorbell on the Sabbath, or take a shower or bath? And there is a certain kind of wool-cotton material which is not kosher to wear; also it is not kosher to eat fruit the first two or three years a young tree bears.

Of course, margarine must be kosher margarine; ditto junket or else you cannot use it. This is in addition to the things I knew about already. Most of our neighbors have four separate sets of dishes; even many of the ones who claim they are not religious keep their dishes kosher to please parents or parents-in-law. They claim all this is simple to observe if you have been raised that way, just second nature. Naturally, you do not travel on the Sabbath, though walking is not only permitted but almost everyone takes a Sabbath stroll. But the very religious may walk only specified distances on the Sabbath. And I am about two-thirds the way through Kinsey's volume on women and am impressed with the rules for sexual relations in the Orthodox Jewish religion, as he reports them. I am also impressed with how many of our sexual taboos come from Judaism. Like Kinsey, I do not approve, though he is too academic to say so flatly. Incidentally, I find the book excellent; the best sense I've read

for years, just as most of the commentaries I've read are the worst sense. If there is one book you should not judge by a commentary, it is that, and as one recent *New Yorker* article points out, most people are as qualified to judge of the accuracy of Kinsey's statements as they are to judge the accuracy of the statements in a book on pretensile concrete. . . .

TO MARGARET AND HERMAN THAL-LARSEN / *November 12, 1953*

. . . I visited Knesset, Israel's Parliament, the other day. It does not seem very much like our Congress, except for the general hustle and bustle and the feeling an outsider gets that here is the center of government. The most memorable characteristic of the Israeli government, from the Prime Minister to the messengers, is its informality; an informality which is combined with dignity. This trait reaches into many aspects of the government: in summer, few men, including cabinet ministers, wear neckties; high and low officials have coffee or tea together in the same cafeteria; no official I have heard of finds it beneath his dignity to stop and chat in the most friendly way with all kinds of people. In what other country can one find a famous Prime Minister, such as David Ben-Gurion was to Israel, resigning in order to tend sheep in a settlement in the Negev, where he and his wife do all the regular work of other members and do it in the desolate, barren, pioneer atmosphere of Sdeh Boker? In Israel this is not a particularly astonishing phenomenon. I cannot imagine it happening anywhere else in the Middle East, or anywhere else in the world, for that matter.

There is only one house of 120 members, including at present nine women and eight Arabs, representing fifteen political parties. Mapai, which is more or less moderate socialist, is the largest party. There are three religious parties, ranging from moderate religious labor to rabid Orthodox. The Herut party is interesting, if far from admirable from my point of view. Herut members have strong Western learnings;

they are chauvinistic in the extreme and the symbol of their party depicts the map of Israel including Trans-Jordan.

The Knesset building is not impressive; it is a converted block of flats and banks in the center of Jerusalem. The building is attractively arranged, but it is too small and there is too little space around it. Knesset has been meeting here since January, 1950. The first meeting was in Jerusalem in February, 1949, in the head office of the Jewish Agency building; later it was transferred to Tel Aviv and then back to Jerusalem. The government is constructing a new and impressive-looking Knesset building not far from where we live in Beth Hakerem, but, like some other projects in Israel, work on it is sporadic because of lack of funds.

We had a personally conducted tour as Esther Rosenne went with me, and her husband's office arranged for an official to take us around; the result was we understood a lot more about what we were seeing than we would have otherwise. Just as you enter, you see an immense menorah (seven-armed candelabra), given by B'nai B'rith of Brazil, on a stair landing; it is quite handsome, but needs more space around it. The conference rooms look very much like conference rooms in the Department of Labor in Washington, not the most elegant ones either, and they are not as spacious or as well furnished as most of the conference rooms I saw in the Department of the Interior; they cannot compare with similar ones in Congress. There was a Judicial Committee meeting going on, with men in open-necked shirts sitting around a table drinking juice or coffee and talking in a serious fashion; there was also a Religious Committee meeting, where all the members whom I could see wore the traditional black skull cap of the Orthodox which, to my non-Jewish eyes, looked odd in a Parliament working room. Oddest of all, however, was the sight of a white kaffiya on the head of someone who looked very much at home in one of the office rooms. I had forgotten that there are Arab members of the Knesset.

There is a good-looking library of between 15,000 and

20,000 volumes in a variety of languages, headed by a man who came from Hebrew University (and aided by a staff of assistants). These people serve the Members of Knesset. There is also a reading room, with all kinds of periodicals and a lending library. It is not the Library of Congress, of course, but handsome nonetheless.

We got seats in the first row of the visitors' gallery, where we could look down on the floor and hear the debate. Members are seated in rising circular tiers facing the Speaker, who is flanked on one side by the Clerk of Knesset and on the other by the rostrum from which Members address the House. Slightly to the rear of the Speaker, there are seats for the Deputy Speakers. Members of the largest party sit on the left of the Speaker, and then go around the floor in accordance with the size of their party's representation. There is a glass compartment near the Speaker where an interpreter translates into Arabic for the Arab members, who have ear-phones attached to their desks.

As we were listening, a member was speaking fairly heatedly, giving what he was careful to say were his personal opinions on the Religious Judges Bill then before the House. He was saying that it was his belief that those who fill the posts of rabbis should not be rabbinical judges. Some woman member kept interrupting him to air her views on the discriminatory laws against women perpetuated by the bill; I thought it not to her own interest to interrupt the speaker, since, after all, he was opposing the bill too, but it made the proceedings more interesting for the spectators. In a short time the speaker was told his time was up. There is no filibustering in Knesset. For major debates the time for the discussion of each bill is decided by the House Committee, and parties get speaking time in proportion to their sizes. They then submit the names of the speakers who will take up the time allocated to each of them.

Knesset follows the British practice of a government's (which is chosen by the leader of the largest party) accepting the responsibility of forming a Cabinet and continuing to

operate so long as the government has the confidence of the House. But the President charges the party leader with forming a government. It also follows the British procedure by which the initiative in the matter of legislation is taken by the government, which submits its bills to the House for a first reading or discussion. The Religious Judges Bill, which was being debated as I visited Knesset, was in this stage. Once a week members may submit questions to Cabinet Ministers and move debates on any topic they wish. Votes are then taken, and if the majority wishes debate on a certain topic, it will be held.

The House sits for about eight months of the year, three days a week. There is a summer recess of two months in September and October, designed to cover the period of the High Holy Days; then there is a month's recess at Passover time and a week each at Hanukkah and Purim.

In addition to the general informality, I was also impressed by the large number of spectators in the visitors' gallery. It was filled to overflowing, and we only got front-row seats through some sleight of hand performed by the official showing us around. He told us the gallery is more often than not just as full as the day we were there. Anyone can get tickets of admission by applying a few hours ahead of time at a Knesset office opening onto the street....

TO MY SISTER GAIL / *November 20, 1953*

... You should have seen me the other day holding forth on Zion Square, the center of downtown Jerusalem. To get a driver's license in this blessed town you have to know all the international motor vehicle signals, and you are supposed to know a great deal about the mechanics of a car, but though I have had a license for three or more months, no one has ever shown me the rules for driving around Jerusalem. I suppose, as at home, ignorance of the law is no excuse, and I should get hold of them somewhere, but so far I have not

done it. Anyway, the other day I parked on a street right in the center of Zion Square for a few moments while I went into a shop, then I left and drove away on various errands and was gone for an hour or more. I parked again at exactly the same spot, where, in my innocence, I had arranged to pick up some neighbors. They were not around, so I went into a cafe to get some coffee; I had not been in the cafe more than two minutes when one of the neighbors came dashing in after me, announcing that a policeman was giving me a ticket for parking over half an hour in Zion Square. I was justly outraged, tore out and told the policeman, with a neighbor as an interpreter, as he spoke no English, that I had been there only two minutes. He insisted he had seen the same car there an hour ago and calmly went on writing out the ticket, whereupon I became indignant. I screamed I yelled, I stamped my foot, to the joy of a gathering crowd in Zion Square, declaring that I had been there only two minutes, that I had a witness who would swear, if necessary, I had been at her house in Rehavia ten minutes earlier. The poor policeman had beautiful large brown eyes with a soulful expression; he was most handsome, mounted on a white horse, and began to look alarmed.

Such a crowd collected that a police inspector came up to investigate, and the neighbor had to tell him what it was all about. I was such a picture of outraged innocence that the police decided to call it all off and tore up the half-written ticket. The soulful-eyed policeman told my neighbor to tell me that I should not talk that way, and he imagined that I would not talk that way to a policeman in my own country. He was wrong; I would, if it cost me \$50. Also he asked her for her name and address so she could be a witness that he had been polite to me in case I sued him. She, the devil, told him to pay no attention to me, that I was a very nice person, but I came from Mexico and all Mexicans are excitable. That he understood, I guess, because to my astonishment, he bowed and rode away.

I had no idea what got into him and didn't know until

we were well on our way home. Another neighbor and I giggled for some time; the interpreter and prevaricator was still too harassed to think it funny. I have since found out that one is not supposed to park on Zion Square for even a minute; I do not know what he meant about my being there over half an hour. Every time I pass a policeman now I scrunch down in the car seat and hope to goodness I am being law-abiding and that I look properly respectful.

I thank my lucky stars almost every day that my States license was still valid when we came to Jerusalem so I did not have to pass a driving test in this city. I would never in the wide world pass such a test. I know because one of my neighbors tried to get a driver's license not so long ago, and I rode in the back of the car while the examiner rode in front with her. She has driven at least 100,000 miles in New York; passed both the international signals and mechanical test 100 per cent, but was flunked cold on the driving test. She is an excellent driver, is calm, has poise and self-confidence and is quick on the uptake. If I had not been in the back of the car and seen how she drove I would have thought that for some reason she went to pieces for the examination, but she did not. According to the examiner she was flunked, among other reasons, because she had too much self-confidence for a beginner (she isn't a beginner, of course); she did not wait long enough for the pedestrians at a busy intersection (she waited a full two minutes; guess next time she should wait two hours, because in Jerusalem pedestrians never pay any attention to cars), and she did not give a "poor donkey" (I quote) enough room. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *November 24, 1953*

Winter struck last week and struck with considerable force. Rain poured from the heavens for four days, one day continuously, the other days intermittently, but hard, and the temperature plummeted to about thirty-three Fahrenheit as a high last Thursday. Most people froze; we did not. Marion

had our two kerosene heaters down; he filled them, and they work beautifully. The dear people in this building had decided it was too early in the season to turn on the heat, but the day after it had been thirty-three in this heatless building for everyone but us, I pointed out the temperature to Esther Rosenne, both in the *Jerusalem Post* and then on the thermometer in her living room. She almost had apoplexy on the spot; shrieked: "And we each spent 2,000 pounds just to install central heating and can't turn it on now!" She was outraged and frozen, and everyone left in the building, that is those who do not go to an office, agreed with her, so on went the central heat for three extravagant hours. Everything was so cold that even after central heat had been on for three hours, it was only 44 in her living room.

The wind blew and the rain came in our windows, so we all had to draw the Venetian blinds and stuff the floor by the windows with diapers. Then to make it really cozy, the main water pipe to Beth Hakerem broke, and we had no water in our taps for about thirty hours; the heavens provided well, however. Marion and I put buckets on our front balcony and brought them in regularly to dump them in the washing machine and then dump them out as needed. Worked fine; much superior to Mexico where we just went without when water failed. Our family was really comfortable the entire time, what with the kerosene heaters and plenty of warm underwear. Most of our neighbors were far from comfortable.

Thursday morning in a driving cold rain I took four neighbors to town with me and we shopped all morning, returned home frozen and sopping. Every one of the women with me was cold and wet and tired, and every one was a good sport about it; we all laughed and stamped our feet and had a good time. One thing I discovered promptly is that umbrellas are useless in Jerusalem, or at least in Beth Hakerem; the wind turns them inside out right away and, moreover, there is so much to carry that there is no hand left to hold an umbrella.

Last week one of the neighbors told us that after the rains there would be lots of mushrooms to pick in the wadi, and I told Danny about it. He was delighted and said: "I just love mushrooms, Ima. Will they taste the way they do in Virginia?" Then he thought a moment or so and asked anxiously: "But, Ima, are mushrooms kosher?" I kept a perfectly straight face and assured him that they are.

Danny is doing a lot of coloring and painting at the Gan. Another American has registered, David Goldman, aged five, and David leans on Danny for moral support. It is bad for Danny's Hebrew, but he likes David a lot; he is an attractive child.

One night last week four neighbors and I went to see the twenty-year-old movie *Queen Christina*, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; I enjoyed it. The place where I bought the movie tickets could exist only in Jerusalem. Here you buy tickets in the morning for the evening performance. To buy the tickets you go by the movie house proper, through a courtyard which had several olive trees in it, up some funny stairs and into a kind of office where an English-speaking bossy woman holds forth. It is all really and truly picturesque, as Carmel, California would give its eye teeth to be, and here it is real and genuine and utterly delightful....

TO GERRY BEE / November 26, 1953

...One reason, among many others, that I like it here is that so many people have my standards. The Rosennes, for instance, want heat but would collapse at paying more than ten pounds a month for it; they would freeze instead, but neither one of the Rosennes, or any other neighbor, turns a hair at spending twenty pounds a month on books, at the expense of food, heat, clothes. I approve completely; Fairlington would rise as one man in horror....

Intellectually, I know that these are not my people and this is not my land; emotionally, I am at home. The sensation

is difficult to explain. If I were a Jew, or if I knew of any Jewish ancestors I might have, I could say my reactions are instinct with racial memory; as it is, I give up, or maybe, as I think I have written you before, perhaps there is such a thing as reincarnation and once I was very happy in Jerusalem? I almost believe it.

People have blossomed out in winter garb, and it is a wonderful sight to behold. Such an assortment of costumes you have never seen. In the first place, all sensible people put so many layers on under their outer garments that it looks as if each person had gained about ten pounds. On a bus you see everything from a sheepskin jacket to a coat with a fur collar that must have originated several decades ago in a part of Europe not noted for its stylish clothes. Last week I saw at least three or four men with scarves tied around their heads in the oddest way; it kept their head and ears warm, I am sure, but the general appearance was a trifle peculiar. Many women have turned up in woolen slacks; and many of the slacks are unhappily a little tight, perhaps because of the layers underneath. And the pullovers and jerseys that have come out of mothballs are undoubtedly warm, but not exactly the latest from Paris. The children look sweet; most of them have long capes and peaked hoods; the effect to my American eye is Russian and exotic....

TO MY BROTHER TOM / *November 28, 1953*

... You and Irena ask about disturbed conditions, and do we not think it is reckless to come here with two small children. Israel does not have peace, that I grant you freely and without reservation. Marion told me the other day he was somewhat startled to see a group of Soil Conservation Service field men, with whom he was traveling, quietly strap on guns as they came to a certain area. No one said anything; Marion had not even been aware they had guns with them. The people whom we know here, and we agree with them,

I might add, are less disturbed by the prospects of being shot by the Arabs than they are by what they read about what is happening in the United States in the way of "loyalty" investigations, anti-Communist hysteria and so on and on.

I think you would be astonished at the number of people who have wondered to us if the United States is not now in the same kind of coma Germany was in while Hitler came to power. McCarthy is one of the most widely known Americans of our day. This is the kind of thing which frightens people here more than the chance of being shot. Most Jews think a few new corpses as a price of defending Israel and its liberties are less serious than the exhuming of an old corpse in an effort to win an election. The next time you read about skirmishes and people being killed in border raids, before you worry about how dangerous this land is, think for a moment of Mr. McCarthy and his shenanigans and how it looks to people in other places. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *December 1, 1953*

I did not do anything about Thanksgiving. I intend here to observe all the Jewish holidays and Christmas and omit the rest. There are more than enough Jewish holidays to satisfy my love of festivities.

We bought a Menorah for the boys for Hanukkah and they will light the first two candles on Tuesday evening; we will give them gifts then. The Franks, who lived next door to us in Fairlington, assured us that children get gifts every one of the Hanukkah nights. Several neighbors here, however, have told us that American Jews, trying to compete with Christmas, give their children gifts every one of the eight nights; here, they give gifts one of the eight nights only; any night you want to is all right.

Ahuva Ory is intrigued with the idea of Christmas; she has never seen a house decorated for Christmas, so we will have the Ory family over then. She probably feels about it

the way I felt about being invited to her youngest's circumcision.

The Sabbath began at 4 P.M. yesterday. You should have seen me scurrying like mad to haul the wash off the porch; the sun was still out too. I need the sun to dry clothes in the winter and I call it an outrage; I was ready to tear up the innocent *Jerusalem Post* which was where I learned of the 4 P.M. deadline. I still scurried though....

TO RENÉE AND MILLARD GALLOP / *December 6, 1953*

The weather is startlingly beautiful today and has been for a few days. Grass is sprouting up, flowers are visible, and we have sunny, sunny days though they are cold. November was one of the coldest Novembers in many years here, according to the papers. It even snowed on November 30, though the only way I knew of it was the report over the radio and in the papers.

Your prediction is quite correct. I will come back all ready to spur you on to celebrate Jewish holidays. Hanukkah was a huge success! The party in Danny's Gan could not have been better. Hanna and her assistant, Shoshana, decorated beautifully. There were about twenty-five different kinds of Menorahs; I liked especially one made of juniper and cypress branches with bougainvillea flowers for the flames; it was large, tacked on a sheet, and covered one side of the wall. Then the teachers had strung wires across the room and had little jugs (symbol of the jug used to pour the oil in the lamp, as you probably know) and some of our Christmas decorations and some decorations made by the children. All the parents came to the party; the children sang Hanukkah songs and danced. Danny participated with gusto, to my pleasure; there was even one dance where the mothers joined in. To open the party, the grandfather of one of the children lit the largest Menorah and sang the ceremony; our boys' eyes were huge as they watched the candles

being lit. Helen Goldman (David's mother) and I subsidized a photographer from town to come, and he took quite a few pictures. Each child wore a Hanukkah crown made of paper which they had colored themselves; even Pat wore a crown. I could not persuade him to keep it on, but Shoshana's charm did the trick. We had good cakes and candies at the end, and it was all most festive and pretty and fun.

For the life of me I do not see why people in the States who object to Christmas for their children do not have parties like the one at the Gan and invite their children's friends, Jewish and Gentile. Maybe they do, but I have never known of one. The one at the Gan was as good as any Christmas children's party I have ever been to, and heaven knows I am a specialist on them. Danny and Pat loved it all.

The trouble with Hanukkah is that it goes on for eight days; I will be exhausted by Tuesday night. The first night the boys lit the first two candles, and I played the Hanukkah record we bought of the ceremony; we have done that every night since, only adding one more candle a night. There have been festivities of one kind or another almost every day.

I made potato pancakes and had applesauce with them for lunch yesterday, a traditional Hanukkah dish. Also, we have had lots of doughnuts, something that is supposed to be eaten at Hanukkah time. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *December 13, 1953*

The last day of Hanukkah Danny and I went to a wonderful party downtown that Shmuel Ory's father took us to; it was an experience. I do not know whether it was Jewish, but it certainly was Israeli. We were told it would start at 2:30, so we were there then. The people responsible for the party did not even begin to arrange the stage until after we arrived. Such a wild lack of organization I have rarely beheld and everyone happy and having a grand time. Long before the

show ended, Danny claimed he was tired and wanted to go home. As he had gone without his customary nap and had been in his seat for nearly three hours, I didn't think that was unreasonable for a five year old; moreover, I had to get dinner. So we left while the best act was on, an excellent juggler, and missed the presents which were distributed later, but by the time we left we had had doughnuts already and a bag of fruit and candy, so Danny was satisfied.

The boys so far have had the healthiest winter of their lives; their baby book records bear me out. I cannot say the same for the three adults; we have had an assortment of ailments. The result is that I have listened finally to Marion's pleas that we get a maid. One of the secretaries in Marion's office is at present interviewing people for us; we want a maid who can speak English, and it looks as if we will get one too. She will come five hours a day and do the heavy work, except the washing which I will continue to do and, best of all, she will cost only about \$27.50 a month. The report we read in Washington on living conditions in Jerusalem said that servants were just about unobtainable here and were very expensive. I would recommend to the author of that report that he spend a short time in Washington, D. C. We paid from \$27.50 to \$32 a month for a girl to come for six hours once a week....

Marion and I went to a cocktail party in Tel Aviv last Thursday. Tel Aviv is a different world; lots of fun for an occasional party, but give me Jerusalem. The Moholons (he was regional director of the Bureau of Land Management in Billings, Montana) were also at the party, and we visited them in their flat for an hour or so before the affair. They live in a large apartment building where all but one of the other tenants are also Americans, working in the Embassy or for the United States Operations Mission (the Israel branch of the International Cooperation Administration). It is just like a good apartment building at home, most convenient in every way, but I would feel cheated living like that. For them to see an Israeli or visit one is an experience; they live

almost entirely with one another and with one another's numerous parties. They talk about Israeli ways of living as if they were strange customs, not part of their own daily lives. . . .

TO GRACE AND JOHN OHLSON / *December 17, 1953*

. . . Hebrew, which in the past few decades has been raised from the dead, or at least from a vehicle used principally for prayers, is every bit as fascinating as one would expect in such a reincarnated language. It is now the mother tongue for Sabras my age and younger, though for the many immigrants it is an acquired art, sometimes a precarious art. Three things about Hebrew I find especially captivating: the many expressions in everyday use which take you back 2,000 years; the Yiddish expressions and the English words, descriptive of objects or events unknown in Biblical times.

When Danny tells a friend apropos of a piece of cake, a book, a ride in the bus: "I like it," what he is saying when translated literally is: "It finds favor in my eyes." An art or handicraft is "work of thought" which came from the time artisans put decoration around the Temple. If you cannot sleep, "sleep is wandering away from from you," and if you serve guests you "honor" guests. A bitter man is a man "who is bitter of soul," and both English and Hebrew use commonly the Biblical expression "stiff-necked." But if I do drive myself to learn Hebrew, it will be largely because of the current songs that are popular, especially with teen-agers. There are four I know of right now, which are sung on all kinds of occasions, and which come directly from the Song of Songs. One Danny sings in his Gan, and I have played the record for over two months in complete ignorance of the words. What Danny sings is: "The voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. . . ." This is one of the more common kindergarten songs. Three current teen-ager favorites are: "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem. . . . Look not

upon me, because I am black, because the sun has looked upon me. . . ." Another one begins: "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes. . . ." And the last one sung today all over Israel begins: "My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies. . . ." These songs are set to beautiful Oriental music and are popular dance tunes.

Then there is the Yiddish, now a part of the modern Hebrew slang. Israelis, and probably Jews in general, find it hard to believe, but neither my husband nor I had ever heard the word *nu* until we came to Israel. Jews are under the impression this word is used internationally; it may be, but it had passed me by, though it is now a Clawson family word. You would find it amusing to hear Danny say: "Nu?" and shrug his shoulders and hold out his hands expressively, because Marion helped him put on some clothes but got sidetracked somewhere with his shoes. It is such an easy way to say: "Well, why don't you hurry?" or "When will we get going?" or "What shall we do next?" The girl who explained the meaning of the word to me told me she has a friend to whom she had not written for months. Finally a postcard came with only one word on it—"Nu?"—meaning in this case: "What's the matter with you? Why haven't you written me and when are you going to do it?" There is also the Hebrew word *nudnick* which means "pest," and maybe it is derived from *nu*; I guess a pest is someone who keeps asking: "Now what?" The "le" added to the end of words as affection also comes from the Yiddish. Our neighbors were entertained when Patrick started to call me "Mommyle." Children here call their parents "Abbale" or "Imale" constantly, that is, when they feel kindly toward them, or want something they have a suspicion they should not have.

It has been a problem to bring the old Hebrew language sufficiently up-to-date so it can be used effectively now. A body of experts work on the problem almost constantly, so we are told. And many are the stories about the favorite Israeli pastime—discussion of fine points of Hebrew grammar, or

discussion of which words are best to use for modern terms. Marion tells me that once in a while a conference on agricultural problems that has been tending to drone along, suddenly comes to life, with heated arguments flying back and forth. His assistant, who interprets for him, almost always whispers at this point that the members have started to argue about a fine point of grammar or use of a word.

There is quite a list of English words in constant use in Hebrew; I suspect there are even some Sabras, with no English connections, who are unaware of the derivation of these words. Here are just a few: *cocktail party*; *baby sitter*; *puncture*—this means any kind of a breakdown, whether of a car, or a burned roast, or cake; *tramp*—which means a ride, such as a ride to Tel Aviv (a *trampist* is perfectly good Hebrew for hitch-hiker); *television*; *telephone*; *racketta* is a rocket ship. *Primus* is anything that makes life miserable, a general nuisance, in other words. This comes from the *primus*, a kerosene stove which works on pressure, is noisy, hard to keep going, exploding at the slightest provocation; almost any other kind of a stove is preferable. I am told that in the kibbutzim any time a third person is put in a room, which formerly held two people, he is called a “*primus*.” Every once in a while Danny tells me with surprise: “You know, Ima, it is almost the same word in Hebrew that it is in English.” There is *sandvich*, *svetter* (sweater), *giraffa*, and lots more.

It is not a musical language to my ears; it is rather guttural; but I like to hear it spoken, and especially I like to think of the Biblical expressions being used in an everyday sort of way. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / December 23 1953

Our party on the nineteenth was a success; about fifty to sixty people came. It snowed three or four inches that day for the first time in four years in Jerusalem, and earlier than anyone can remember. We had excellent food; I put out

my soul in decorating the house, and when I put out my soul for Christmas the result is apt to be fairly good. I am so thankful that I broke my neck and exhausted my patience in Washington last May, persuading a store to dig up an artificial Christmas tree for us. The one we have is about three feet high, and we put it on a barrel painted green, with red stripes for Christmas. Then there is a small artificial tree in the boys' room. I insisted that we bring all our Christmas tree decorations, so both trees are loaded with lights and ornaments and every room in the house is decorated with pine boughs, juniper boughs, Christmas cards we have received and an assortment of ornaments. Marion groans, as he does every year, but the boys and I glory in it all and the party guests either liked it, laughed at it, or thought I am quite mad.

The highlight of the party to me was that the entire shikun, fifteen families, got together and bought us a beautiful cloth and ashtray for Christmas presents. The cloth is made of material grown in the Negev; it is linen, and the embroidery is the handsome Yemenite kind. I do not think I have ever been so touched, particularly as so many of the families resent Christmas. No one says so to me, but that is the kind of thing you can feel. Oddly enough, it is the Israelis and the most religious of our neighbors who do not send out waves of discomfort at the thought of Christmas celebrations. For instance, the Silmans and Mrs. Yoffey, and, to a slightly lesser extent, Dr. Fanny Rabinowitz, are genuinely interested in Christmas and the idea of it does not seem to upset them. Mrs. Yoffey's husband was Chief Rabbi of Manchester, in England, and the whole family has always been religious. Fanny comes also from a religious family. Perhaps the secret is that if you have all your life lived only in a religious Jewish atmosphere, you have never known Gentile intolerance, at least applied to you personally. So often intolerance hurts the worst when the person being bigoted says something and is not aware that he is talking with a Jew. That may not be an explanation, but it is a possible one. The thought of Christmas makes others a little uncomfortable; I was surprised that it

did, but I can feel it. It is for this reason that the gifts and the spirit back of them touched us so deeply.

Then this afternoon we had our children's party with sixteen children and about that many adults. It was also a fine party, though right now I am somewhat too exhausted to be a good judge. Each child had a gift and a plate with another gift on it, plus candy in red or green paper, plus chocolate candy made up into various shapes—fish, pipe, dog, etc.—wrapped in colored tinfoil. I do not think any of the children had ever seen a Christmas tree or Christmas decorations before, and they were interested and somewhat puzzled. It was not Hannukkah because Hannukkah is over, but just what was it? It was not even Danny's or Pat's birthday, because several of them asked me and I said so. Two student teachers at the Gan cornered me this morning and asked when was Christmas, December 25 or January 1; they had been arguing about it. They were so interested I invited them to the party, and they came and were delighted with it all.

Also I made cookies and candies by the dozens and hundreds and filled jars with gifts for each family, with a gift for each child in the shikun. I wrapped the whole business in Christmas paper, or as near to Christmas paper as I could concoct, and Marion and the boys will take them around on Christmas afternoon.

Finally, we got a maid. Her name is Genia X; she is good-looking and seems highly intelligent. She is a joy and a treasure, at least so far. She is thirty-three and looks it or even younger, but how I don't know, as she spent three and a half years in concentration camps in Auschwitz, Buchenwald and Kassel. She is Yugoslav originally. Her husband has been out of work for six months, and they have been living on what she made working for some family in Rehavia, another residential section of Jerusalem, three hours a day, about thirty pounds (\$16.50) a month. She makes only fifty pounds (\$27.50) with us, trade union wages, but I throw in breakfast and lunch, if she wants it, and then she will have some overtime. We gave her a pair of nylons and five pounds for

Christmas. She likes all the Christmas excitement— the decorations and the parties. Such a pleasure to have her around.

The only catch is that Genia is far too intelligent for housework; she does it beautifully and without a murmur but it's such a waste. Her husband just cannot get work here. His face is horribly scarred, according to Marion who met him the other day. They are trying to go to São Paulo, Brazil, if they can get the required permits and visas. I have not told my neighbors, as I have a feeling they would not approve, and therefore might not like Genia as well, but she and, I guess, her husband too, are Catholics. Genia's whole family turned Catholic when she was a little girl; I suspect strongly they did it thinking it would help them in case of a wave of anti-Semitism. I would not do such a thing myself, or at least I think I would not (one never knows until faced with the same situation) but I wouldn't stand in judgment on anyone who does. As it turned out, it was not very bright; a worse faith I cannot imagine than being a Catholic of Jewish ancestry in a fascist country. (The Neumeyers, with whom I stayed in Munich, were in the same dilemma, you may remember, and they died in a concentration camp.) Anyway some Council of Churches has offered to pay half their fare to Brazil, and then an old friend of her husband's now in São Paulo, will pay the other half. The friends runs a television station there and has promised the husband a job. I hope for their sakes it works out all right. What people go through in this world gives me the utter horrors.

Even now Genia is happy some of the time; she was meant to be a vivacious, happy, well-adjusted person. She was married in 1946, and their first son lived a few months and died of a weak heart; their second son was stillborn in 1948 after hard labor; Genia was in the hospital for a couple of months after his birth, and weak for a long time after that. She has what I call a European woman's acceptance of life and willingness to do her best, but not waste energy railing against the unfairness of the world or in being a martyr. And she has pride and determination. . . .

TO NORMA HAZELTINE / *December 27, 1953*

Just before Christmas we had become practically resigned to a refusal to cross to the Old City, so it was a double thrill to be told that the Arabs had approved our names. We were determined to say as little as possible and really kept to it all day. For one thing, that would be Marion's policy in any event, as you know, and for another, the American Consulate has a sign posted to be read by those who are allowed to cross: "In crossing the lines from the Jewish-held section of Jerusalem to the Arab-held, you are advised to be close-mouthed and as noncommittal as possible about what you've been doing in Israel.

"Also, carry with you as few souvenirs of obvious Israeli origin as convenient. The Arab authorities do not appreciate any evidence of pro-Israel sympathy on your part.

"Remember the Arabs and Israelis are still technically at war."

We were in suspense until we got through the Arab check station, as you can be turned back, if after having completed all the preliminaries, your name, probably through a clerical error, does not appear on the list against which the Arabs check your passport or, in our case, your form. We could not use our passports as they have Israeli visas in them, so instead filled out a special form, signed by the American Vice-Consul. An English girl just ahead of us in the line got turned back; the last we saw of her she was striding off in a rage for the nearest phone to call the British Consul. Mandelbaum Gate is not a gate at all, merely a small house, once belonging to an unfortunate Mr. Mandelbaum. We got approved by both sides without any trouble, and I was so delighted I beamed all over as we left the Arab station and headed for the Old City walls. To spend months looking at the walls and not be able to get inside is frustrating.

We hired a car and a guide, practically a necessity to get around either at Christmas or Easter because of the mobs, and we saw just about everything we wanted to. It is an

experience to go through Mandelbaum Gate; you go back at least 2,000 years in time. The Old City is picturesque as Algiers is, or as people say Cairo is, but it is also a disgrace when you think what lies on the other side of the Old City. Many children are barefooted and in rags, men bowed in two under huge loads. people begging everywhere. And there is also the Eastern servility in hopes of getting a little money. In Israel any shoeshine man, or garbage collector, or what have you, figures he is every bit as good as you, if not a little better, and lets you know it too, very much like the western United States, and I love it and laugh. But in the Old City, people bow to the ground in politeness, which I assume is far too often false.

In contrast to the New City, there has been some kind of a city on the site of old Jerusalem for at least 3,000 years, and various cities have been torn down and another built from the ruins or on top of them during all that time. During a large part of its history, the city has had a wall, or walls, around it, the exact location of the walls varying from time to time. The present wall, which is mostly high, twenty feet or more, encloses an area roughly square and roughly a mile on a side. In some places, particularly on the west and east sides and across part of the south, the wall rises from the edge of a steep wadi. This adds to the apparent height of the walls, and gives the Old City a fairy tale appearance in places, like an illustration from the Brothers Grimm. There have been many gates in the present wall, some of which have been sealed up for many years. The New City within Israel is larger than the Old City itself, but there is a considerable built-up area of newer city outside the walls on the Jordan side. After we got around the closed-in corner known as Mandelbaum Gate, there were the walls of Jerusalem and there was Damascus Gate. Just outside this gate, buses from all over Jordan and neighboring countries stop to let out their passengers. It is evidently always a busy center: taxis were honking like mad; donkeys went by loaded high, some of them braying; there were policemen with spiked helmets;

dozens of men wearing kaffiyas, red and white, black and white, all white; black-veiled women, dressed all in black; little barefooted children begging from the tourists; and even a couple of disdainful camels picking their way through the traffic.

Once we got inside the walls, I kept thinking, "Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem." But though I was rejoicing at being within the gates, I also rejoiced that we lived outside them in Israel. Within the walls there are only three or four "main" streets north and south and an equal number east and west, and these are from ten to twenty feet wide, some just wide enough to let a car go by, if pedestrians and animals hug the walls. There are no sidewalks as such. Other streets are too narrow, too steep or have too many steps for auto traffic. A large part of the way these main streets are lined with shops; the shoppers were standing in the street as they shopped, although there are some fairly large shops too. I was impressed with the number of shops making shoes; usually one or two cobblers hammering and stitching in a dark little cubbyhole. I was even more impressed with the beautiful looking fruit and vegetables (such apples as they have in Jordan!—none in the New City of Jerusalem, at least this time of year) and with the delicious pastry shops. I bought a flaky kind of pastry, filled with honey or honey and nuts, and my mouth still waters at the thought. The pastry is made right in the shops on huge wood stoves. There were also many open meat markets, or rather small shops, displaying their wares to customers, dirt and the open air. There certainly does not seem to be a meat shortage in Jordan.

The streets in the Old City are so narrow that even the main ones are apt to be arched over by stone arches from one building to another, to a degree that the arch supports the buildings. Mr. Rosenne told Marion there are some magnificent legal tangles over who has the right to move as much as a stone under these circumstances. From the main streets all sort of narrow little passageways branch off, suitable only for pedestrians, but many hundreds of people live on or

above them. Almost every house within the walls is of stone. The Old City used to be divided into four districts: the Christian, Armenian, Jewish and Moslem. During the Israel-Arab war a large part of the old Jewish quarter was destroyed, and there are, of course, no Jews in Jordan; the other three districts are about the same as they were before 1948.

We went all along the Via Dolorosa, the fourteen stations from where Christ was sentenced to where He was crucified; this way goes right through the various main streets of the Old City. The Holy Sepulchre to me is far from an object of beauty; Marion says it is just that my taste does not lean to such elaborate decorations as this church has everywhere. As you probably know, it is supposed to be built on the site of Christ's crucifixion and on the site of the tomb where he was buried. I say "supposed to," because the spot was not marked for 300 years after Christ's death, and there are competent archeologists who think the actual site was to the north, outside of the present wall near Damascus Gate, in a place known as Gordon's Calvary. The site of the Holy Sepulchre, however, is respected by all Christian Churches. The church was damaged in the 1927 earthquake and is propped up still on the outside by huge steel beams. The whole church is fairly large and dark, subdivided into many smaller churches and filled with ornate altars, statues, places for ceremonial candles and chandeliers of shimmering glass. As we went through the building, up and down steep steps, by the light of long narrow tapers we each held in our hand, I felt truly medieval.

What I had not realized completely (and I think most people, with the exception of sophisticated residents of the Holy City of Jerusalem, do not realize) is the gulf between the various kinds of Christians. In most places in the Holy Sepulchre, and for that matter in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, which we also visited, there are either separate shrines, or separate candle holders, or both, for the Greek Orthodox, Armenian Catholic and Protestant groups, and some times for the Copts as well. As you may know, I have always

said that I am nonreligious, truly nonreligious in the sense that I do not get emotional during a religious discussion or have to keep guard on my temper or tongue, as I do, or fail to do, in so many other kinds of discussions. And I have always said I envy the religious; it must be comforting to have some higher authority decide for you what is right and wrong, what is black and what is white. My smugness on this score has been upset somewhat, I must admit, by our December 24 visit; the warring Christian sects in the Holy Sepulchre and the Church of the Nativity bother me. I suspect that if I were as nonreligious as I think I am, I would be merely tolerant, amused and superior as are Moslems and Jews.

What did impress both Marion and me was the major Moslem holy area of the Old City, known as the Temple Area. The main structure is called the Dome of the Rock, and it centers over what is usually called the Rock of Moriah, (or the Rock of the Foundation, according to the tradition that this is the foundation of the world, the point at which God began to create the world). It is some fifty by sixty feet in size and perhaps twenty feet or more in depth, immovable with ancient machinery, so probably in the same spot throughout the ages. It was an ancient Jewish sacrificial altar, and it is believed by some that here Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son in compliance with God's bidding. Marion's guide book says that human sacrifices were apparently not unknown, though more usually it was a lamb. Here is also the site of Solomon's Temple. According to the Moslems, it was from here that the Prophet ascended into heaven on his white horse, and our guide showed us the place on the top of the Rock where the angel Gabriel put his hand—the finger prints are still there—to keep the Rock from sailing right up into heaven after the Prophet.

This area has had sacred buildings on it for many centuries. The present structure has been rebuilt many times, as it was damaged by time, earthquakes and maybe vandals. The present building traces back to about A.D. 700 and was

built by the Moslems. When the Crusaders ruled Jerusalem (which, I was reminded, had been for 200 years) they converted it into a church and some of the iron grillwork was their addition. The Dome of the Rock is a huge octagonal structure, with a double row of columns and pillars, the inner one around the Rock, the outer one farther out, culminating in an impressive dome. In contrast to the Holy Sepulchre, it is in excellent condition, freshly painted and cleaned up throughout. Since we have come back, many people have expressed surprise that we were allowed to go inside the Dome. Very few Jews indeed (unless they succeeded in concealing their Jewish identity) have been inside this building. Attendants put special shoes over our regular ones; it is either that or go, as the Moslems do, in your stocking feet. Though I am not fond of Persian rugs as a rule, they look beautiful all over the floor; it seems they belong in a mosque: instead of looking cluttered, they look simple and rich and handsome. Directly across from the Dome of the Rock and still in the Temple Area is El Aqsa Mosque. The walk across between the two buildings gives a feeling of space and beauty which I find difficult to describe. El Aqsa is an impressively beautiful building on the inside, not on the outside, with enormous columns and a tremendous hall. About 10,000 Moslems worship there some Fridays, kneeling upon the magnificent Persian rugs which cover the floor. This was used by the Crusaders as some sort of hall, or even residence. Outside of El Aqsa lies what is known as Solomon's Stables, a vast underground area where the Crusaders stabled their horses.

The West Wall of the Temple Area is the ancient Jewish Wailing Wall. Here, until the War of Independence divided Jerusalem in two, Jews would come and wail over their fallen estate, over the destruction of the Temple, the destruction of their homeland and over many other sorrows. Jews came and wailed for themselves; they also came and wailed for people from other lands who could not afford to

come but who could afford to hire a local resident to wait for them. The Wall itself is interesting—long and high and made of huge stones, of at least two very different dates, with vines growing around many of the stones. It is undamaged but deserted except for a lone postcard peddler who tried to charge ridiculous prices and, as a result, got no business. He followed us for several blocks, wailing all the time. After we left the Wall, three or four barefooted, ragged, cold little girls also followed us begging. We wanted to give them money but did not, as it would have resulted in more right after them. We felt mean because the poor little things undoubtedly needed the money but to start giving money to children or adult beggars in such a city is like trying to sweep back the ocean.

I was eager to see what the old Jewish quarter looked like, so I asked the guide whether he would be willing to take us around. I cannot say he was enthusiastic about the idea, but he did not object. We walked through fairly extensive areas near the south wall where all the buildings have been destroyed, and many other areas where they have been damaged, but refugees were living in them. Wash was strewn around in odd places. In what had been the old Jewish market or bazaar street, a couple of the ancient synagogues are in ruins.

In order to try to give you a bit of the feeling I had all day I should keep repeating that all this is a few minutes' drive, or in some cases walk, from the New City where we have been living for six months. I think that if you are allowed to cross into the Old City, and you come from Tel Aviv or Haifa, you would not feel quite as odd as we did coming from the New City, which is also Jerusalem. A couple of times our guide would say something about such and such in Jerusalem and I would start. I did not feel a bit as if I were in the Jerusalem I knew; I felt at least 2,000 miles away and 2,000 years back.

It rained as we visited the Garden of Gethsemane; all day

it either rained or threatened to. The church in the garden is the only Christian church I have seen so far in this part of the world that I think is beautiful. The old olive trees in the garden are supposed to be the same ones that were there when Christ was alive, and they may be, since olives get to be very old (as I learned once when I was called an agricultural economist; an odder title I have never had). But these olives really do look old; they are gnarled and gray like the rocks of the Judean hills.

The Valley of Kidron stretches to the south from the Garden of Gethsemane; it is possibly a mile long and maybe half of that from side to side, rather steep sided with little bottom. This is holy to both Jews and Moslems, as each believes the Resurrection will begin here, and religious people of both faiths want to be buried here; the Jews on the eastern slope and the Moslems on the western slope. For many decades before 1920, while Palestine was still under Turkish rule, Jews from all over the world came to Jerusalem to die and to be buried here. The husband of one of our neighbors is buried in this cemetery, and it seemed cruel to me that we should be able to visit his grave if we wanted to, but that she cannot.

From the Garden of Gethsemane we went to the top of the Mount of Olives, the highest point in the whole Jerusalem area, from which on clear days there is a spectacular view; but on this Christmas Eve it was too rainy to see very far.

While we were on top of the Mount of Olives, we saw down below some friends from Tel Aviv, and both Marion and I yelled "Shalom," very loudly and with much friendliness and cheer. Everyone, except a few tourists who had not been to Israel, stopped to look at us. Our guide looked away tactfully and our friends' guide said "No shalom" and gave us unpleasant looks.

From here we drove to Bethany, two or three miles away, to see the Tomb of Lazarus. A new church is being built approximately on the site. To get into the tomb you go down what is really an inclined tunnel in the rock, with steps in the

stone, into an underground chamber. Marion and the guide got down practically on their stomachs and crawled into the tomb itself.

After dinner, where we had lamb for the first time since we left the States, we drove to Bethlehem. The road is twisty, and it looked a little ghostly; we passed Rachel's Tomb which looked lovely in the moonlight. Bethlehem was packed; Arabs were selling chestnuts which they roasted over charcoal fires in the streets; people of all descriptions were wandering around trying to keep warm and occupied until mass began at midnight. Two rows of streets had bazaars open for business, so open in fact, that it was difficult to dodge the salesmen who stood outside and did their best to entice you in to drink their free wine and "just look around." They would not have gotten much out of us, for by that time we had spent almost every penny of the \$50 Marion had taken along.

We were followed into the Church of the Nativity by a salesman for one of the local shops, and I thought Marion would have to knock him down to get rid of him. There was a gift shop in the church itself just by the entrance and in another room hot drinks were being sold. The place where Christ is suppose to have been born, marked by a large silver star on the floor, has various shrines in it; all Christian faiths worship here, as in the Holy Sepulchre. In 1927 there was a real riot, and several people were hurt, when the priests of different Christian groups got to fighting over who could kneel and pray in certain spots on the floor. Since then, a nail has been driven in the wall to mark the boundary line between rival territory.

We left about 9 P.M., as we wanted to be home and rested for Christmas, and had we stayed for midnight mass, we could not have left until three in the morning, along with thousands of other people. We would have been exhausted by the time we got back if we had stayed for mass; the road is narrow and winding; Bethlehem is a small town and all that traffic trying to leave at once and then cross through

Mandelbaum Gate must be something to see. Each side must again find your name in the book, check your credentials, etc., and I assure it is done with care, no matter how long you wait.

When we crossed an hour later though, it was in solitary state and we went through quickly. We got home to find the boys safely in bed. Once we got through Mandelbaum Gate it did feel as if we had come home, as if we had been on a long journey....

TO MY MOTHER / *January 3, 1954*

...New Year's Eve Esther Rosenne and I went to a movie and got back just after midnight. Marion was asleep, and I went out on our balcony and toasted Jerusalem with water. The fog was so thick I could see only two or three lights close by. As I so often feel on our balcony, it was as if I were on a ship at sea, this time in dense fog, all alone but not a bit lonely.

The boots arrived and they are saving my life. I picked them up in a raging downpour, and it has rained almost every day since they came. I love their bright red color, but as my raincoat is green and my umbrella yellow, I do look like Little Black Sambo, or would if I took an umbrella with the boots and raincoat, which I do not. A neighbor said it was not Little Black Sambo I looked like, just an Israeli's idea of what an American would wear. I certainly liven up the staid black of Zion Square shoppers.

For about the first time, Patrick, the sweet child, did not go with Danny and me to the Gan this morning. Instead he stayed home and decided to warm his red boots by putting them next to the electric heater. When they began to blaze, he moved them next to his bed and his blanket, where Genia discovered them in the nick of time; she had been searching everywhere to find the origin of the smell of burning rubber....

LETTERS FROM JERUSALEM

TO RENÉE AND MILLARD GALLOP / *January 13, 1954*

I returned last night from four days in Galilee with Eve Zidel. Eve is a secretary in Gass's office, knows a bit of Hebrew and is a fine person with whom to travel. Gass recruited two girls in the States by running ads in the Washington and New York papers; he had 160 applicants for the two jobs, according to Eve.

The country is wild, barren, mountainous, green as in California this time of year. I drove the whole way, 460 miles, and now would not be frightened to drive anywhere. We even got to the top of Mount Tabor, and that is quite a drive—very steep, very windy the day we went up, and only room for one small car such as our Henry J. What we would have done if we had met anyone, I just do not know; fortunately, we did not have to face the problem. Eve was gritting her teeth and hanging onto the car in a firm manner, but she kept quiet.

There is a beautiful Franciscan church on top of Mount Tabor, the handsomest I have seen in Israel, built at great cost. The view is breathtaking from up there, with all of Galilee at your feet, the entire Sea of Galilee and the mountains of Syria very close.

Coming down we gave five little Arab urchins a ride for a few kilometers; I imagine they had never been in a car. You never saw such grins on dirty, drippy-nose faces. Much of Galilee must look like any Arab land; for miles and miles you see nothing but Arabs tending their goats or sheep. Eve and I share an inability to read a map or know north from south, and I really had her frightened for a bit that in our geniuslike ability about directions we had strayed across the border. That is possible on foot but not in a car, which she did not know, and she was beginning to turn a trifle green.

The day we started out I told Eve cheerfully that she could direct and I would drive; that is when we discovered

each other's map-reading ability. It is a comfort to me to find someone else who confesses that a line on a map is a line on a map, but what in the name of heaven does it have to do with rocks and hills and roads? Just exactly my sentiments, but a little disconcerting when there are only two of you, and you hope to see Israel together. Yohanan Beham in Gass's office told Eve when she started off that she had better be sure we did not head for Beersheba, way south, when Galilee is way north. About half an hour from Jerusalem we took a road, supposedly leading us through Lydda, and after driving along it for at least another half an hour I began to get suspicious; Eve did not, she is even worse than I. Finally, we found about six hunters on a lonely road and in my bad German let them know we wanted to be on the road to Galilee. At that point they doubled up with laughter; the first one who got his breath told us we were driving straight to Beersheba. After that, whenever possible, which was most of the time in this land, we took hitchhikers who were going wherever we were. It was to their interest to get us there and they did, God bless them.

The first night we stayed at Ein Harod, a large kibbutz; it has about 1,000 members. It is built on a hill overlooking the valley and the view gives a feeling of distance and peace. The kibbutz has a museum, specializing in all kinds of things to do with the Yezreel Valley where it is situated, and also a famous art museum. It is a strange feeling to be in a fine art museum in the heart of farming country. The rest house is surprisingly modern and comfortable, with good food, and the whole thing was cheap. Marion, who travels much of the time, claims that anyone who comes to visit Israel and does not spend much of his time eating or staying overnight at kibbutzim is missing a great deal. He says the large hotels are all right, but you might as well be in a large hotel anywhere in the States; most of the time you would not know you were in Israel if that is how you travel.

Beit Shan, only a mile or two away from Ein Harod, is

not much to see, but its history is as long as that of any town in the Middle East. There is a tall dirt mound, or tell, which archeologists claim has eighteen strata of various civilizations. We crossed a muddy field, thanking heaven that we had brought boots, and found some handsome mosaics, with blue birds, which used to be in a sixth century monastery. Then we drove north through the Jordan Valley to Degania, the oldest kibbutz in Israel and right on the Sea of Galilee, and then on to Tiberias.

The next day we spent sightseeing in Safad and Acre. Safad is on a steep hillside, has a small artists' colony, and is one of the four holy Jewish cities (in case you do not know them: Jerusalem, Tiberias, Safad and Hebron, the latter now in Jordan). Safad has some fascinating old synagogues. It was pouring pitchforks and was cold and windy when we arrived and found the first synagogue. One of the old men there with earlocks and a frock coat and large hat was a darling; the first one of his kind who has not frightened me. He insisted on taking us all over Safad in that fearful weather, so we got to see all the famous synagogues and had a fine time; the poor guide was dripping wet and chilled to the bone, but he hopped up and down the steep stairs better than I did. He told us that Adlai Stevenson had visited his synagogue a short time ago, and he had shaken hands with him; our earlock friend had been in Washington and New York thirty years or so ago.

Just before we had left on our trip, Fanny Rabinowitz quite by chance had told me something that now saved a difficult situation for us: that a very religious man or a rabbi never shakes hands with a woman, never touches a woman, except his wife. Eve liked our guide so much that when we left she put out her hand to shake his, and he, poor, sweet, polite man that he was, avoided her hand. Undaunted, she tried again. At that point I said emphatically to Eve, "Lo, lo," breaking into Hebrew, I was in such a state. The rabbi

grinned at me, and Eve remembered her childhood teachings and retreated.

I will never forget Safad; the synagogues were so interesting and we were so wet and cold.

Haifa is, as everyone says it is, a beautiful city; to me, it is a mixture of Carmel and San Francisco. The view from the crest of the city, Mount Carmel, is breath-taking; surely, one of the most scenic on earth—the first look gave me a moment of nostalgia for San Francisco Bay and especially for the view from the Sausalito hills. In front of us was the blue Mediterranean with a long stretch of white sandy beach and in back were pine-covered hills and steep ravines. I think of Haifa as a white city, probably because it looks so clean and new. It is wealthy, as Israel cities go, and shows it in an unostentatious way. The streets and highways are in excellent condition; the shops and people look prosperous; there are many handsome outdoor cafes, playgrounds and beautiful parks to get people off the streets, and the bookstores are even more impressive than the usual Israeli ones. It is a highly unionized workers' town; the citizen is important and the municipal administration reputed to be the most progressive in the country. There are many new factories around Haifa Bay, and good-looking workers' residential suburbs spread out in outlying areas. And then there are the ships which come and go in the harbor; the sight of them, too, turned my thoughts to San Francisco.

An unusual landmark in Haifa is a large Bahai temple set in a lovely garden, whose orange trees were loaded. The temple itself defies description. Our guide books said it was a mixture of the Dome of the Rock and the Victoria and Albert Memorial in London, and that is pretty good. It is halfway up Mount Carmel and so has an impressive view of the city and the Mediterranean. I cannot leave Haifa without mentioning the Municipal Museum. Most such museums bore me stiff, but a friend advised us to visit this one

and I bless him. The exhibits are in a handsome, modern building. There is a collection of Hellenist figures and pottery dug from the soil of Israel; Roman and Egyptian works of art and noteworthy collections of both old masters and modern art. Eve had some difficulty getting me out of the building and on our way home....

TO VAN STANBERY / *January 14, 1954*

...Marion says he continues to be impressed by Israel's economic problems which, heaven knows, are many and varied, but more and more he is impressed with and disturbed by attitudes toward the problems. Everyone wants to have economic independence; it galls Israelis to think they are in need of financial aid from abroad. Most of our neighbors, for instance, prefer to ignore the fact that Israel is getting about sixty million dollars a year as an outright grant from the United States, though they were one and all upset last fall when Secretary of State Dulles held up the foreign aid grant because of Israel's stand on the development of the Jordan River. The point is, everyone we know claims to want economic independence but, according to Marion, few of them know what to do to achieve it, and fewer still are prepared to take the measures necessary to get it.

People tell me, and what I have read bears it out, that the experiences of the past thirty years or more in Palestine and Israel have been the worst possible training ground for any critical economic analysis today. Throughout all that time things had to be done for policy or political reasons and cost was not considered. Land had to be bought wherever and whenever Jews could get it, immigrants had to be helped to come in, and settlements had to be established to give the Jews a foothold in Palestine. After 1933 there was the crying need to help persecuted immigrants as much as possible; it would have been inhuman to have put this aid

on a businesslike basis. Then settlements had to be established for strategic rather than for profit reasons. When the war came, naturally the whole idea was to win it. After 1948, still more settlements had to be established to take care of the new flood of immigrants, to occupy the land and raise food for the people. Once again there was no chance to balance costs and profits, that is, if the immigrants were to be allowed into their own homeland, the old-new Jewish home.

All this time two important economic forces have been hard at work: rising prices and gifts from abroad. Their effect, as far as careful economic analysis is concerned, has been very bad. Prices in Israel right now are twenty times higher than they were twenty years ago, and they are still rising as much as twenty-five or thirty per cent a year, according to Marion and the experts in Gass's office. Naturally this makes nothing but a mockery of the legal interest rate of about nine per cent. The whole situation means that to be in debt all the time is the smart thing to do. If you are clever, the thing to do is to borrow as much as you can get together, for as long a period as possible. Then you pay back your debt as slowly as humanly possible and use the money you borrowed to buy some physical object. One of the men in Gass's office talked with some of his acquaintances in a kibbutz recently, and they had no hesitation at all in telling him that they had every intention of borrowing all the money they could as long as the total cost was not over two per cent a month.

For over thirty years speculation has been more profitable than efficiency in production. The government is aware of this situation and has tried to do something about it by restricting the uses of credit. The net effect so far, however, has not been a great success. Since the earliest Jewish settlements here, financial aid from abroad has been essential and there has been a lot of it. Without it the unskilled and penniless immigrants could never in the world have developed agriculture and industry, despite their devotion and idealism.

The result has been bad in one way though, for it has put a premium upon a convincing story to one's sponsors rather than upon efficiency.

The result of these two forces has been serious. It makes it almost impossible for so-called foreign experts to present a careful economic analysis which points out the best course of action, based on Israel's income. The men in authority in the government, and also Israelis as a whole, say on the one hand they must be independent, but when presented with a plan to live within their income for one or more phases of their economy, they are apt to exclaim in horror that the country must have more than that and if they had spent the past thirty years being sensible, Israel would never be a full-fledged independent country. The foreign experts say that is fine, but the government should make up its mind what it wants; to be independent or to continue the old course. If the former, act as if you meant it; if the latter, say so; but do not give lip service to the former and act on the latter basis.

Marion has prepared several major memoranda which have been sent to the Council of Economic ministers. In one memorandum he analyzed the whole matter of irrigation costs and tried to show what the high costs will mean to the competitive position of Israel agriculture. He also suggested how, in his judgment, costs could be cut 40 per cent. Everyone agrees cheerfully that costs are too high; the water company is finding it impossible to collect the rates from the farmers and any further expansion of irrigation calls for cheaper water. But the irrigation people are unwilling to consider any modification in their plans; they wax emotional about suggestions for curtailment and say that is not how the State of Israel came into being. They learned most of their more extravagant ideas in the States from the Bureau of Reclamation, which is not noted for its economical ways of working.

I heard someone say once that the Bureau of Reclamation

would never use a Ford when a Lincoln would do. But what is merely wasted in a rich country can be disastrous in a small and poor country. Marion has so commented in memoranda upon the agricultural planning carried on here, and suggested that it must include some consideration of demand for agricultural commodities, costs of producing them, and economic considerations generally. All present plans are utterly devoid of such mundane and boring details. Some top agricultural officials have told Marion that such matters will be considered once the country gets on a self-sufficient basis agriculturally. Marion says that is sheer nonsense. I do not know enough about it to know who is correct, but I am prejudiced enough to think Marion knows what he is talking about. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *January 17, 1954*

Last week we went to a reception which Mrs. Golda Myerson,* Minister of Labor, gave in honor of Mr. and Mrs. David Morse. Mr. Morse used to be with the Department of Labor in Washington, is now Director General of the International Labour Office. The reception was at her home; just the address is impressive, I think: Villa Harunal-Rashid, Talbieh, Jerusalem. With an address like that the house should be pretty good, and it is; she has many things I would give a lot to have—thou shalt not covet. Esther Rosenne, whose husband is in India right now on Foreign Ministry business, came along with us. She introduced me to Mr. Sharett, the Prime Minister; Marion had already met him once or twice. Mrs. Myerson reminds me for all the world of Dr. Reinhardt, the former president of Mills College in California. I was fascinated, kept thinking of the three years I worked for her, her terrific energy, intelligence and oddities and

*Now Minister for Foreign Affairs and her name changed to Meir, which is the Hebrew form of Myerson.

how fond I was of her, as was anyone who worked closely with her. Do you remember that *Time* once came out with the remark that it had been said there were two reasons to go west of the Mississippi—to see the Grand Canyon and Aurelia Henry Reinhardt? I cannot help wondering whether all this applies to Mrs. Myerson too; the physical resemblance is only slight, after all, but there is also a kind of spiritual or energy or ambition resemblance which I find quite amazing. Mrs. Myerson was brought up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, I found on prompt inquiry after I met her. . . .

Danny's Hebrew conversation has retrogressed, if anything, since he has played so much with David Goldman at the Gan. I think I will get one of the student teachers at the Gan to come over for an hour each day in the afternoon to talk with him. . . .

If you want to send the boys something, books are always welcome. It is good for them to learn to manage without spending constantly, and that they have learned here beautifully. For instance, the other day Danny wanted paper to type on or to color on and we did not have any. He said himself: "Oh, I'll get some the way Shoshana at the Gan does," and went out to the back balcony, lugged some old newspapers in, proceeded to fold them to the correct size, cut them out, and typed and colored happily. And any medicine boxes or so forth are promptly turned into excellent toys.

One thing that interested Marion and me very much when we first came is the gift Israeli children have for playing with toys they have made or improvised for themselves, and their gift for making use of what is available rather than demanding or pleading for a new gadget every other day. One of the first things I noticed was how the children would sit playing jacks happily with pebbles; or how they play soldier with long wooden sticks. Zvi's father, who lives just under us, made him a bow and arrow not so long ago, and soon after, Marion made Danny a somewhat similar set.

Danny had a wonderful time helping Marion find the right kind of sticks and then helping him shape the bow and arrow. The boys, and most of the shikun children as well, had a fine time playing with the toys we brought from the States when they first came, but after a time interest died down, and now our own, along with the others, have gone back to playing happily with sticks and rocks and boxes and bottles. When I think of the innumerable 25¢ and 50¢ pieces we spent buying guns for our eldest, I beam once more at the joys of Jerusalem. When a gun is lost now, Danny and Marion hunt up another stick of the correct width and length. My only complaint about this system is that it gives Marion an ideal excuse to store even more assorted wood than he would normally. I had fond hopes once of turning our smaller balcony into a flower bedecked outside living room in summer; the men of the family thought otherwise. All summer long it resembled a combination tool shed and storeroom with a few flowers rising bravely above it all.

This week Patrick and I went to two children's birthday parties. Danny was invited but he does not like parties and I do not believe in making him go. Again, thank the dear Lord for Jerusalem. In Virginia the same problem arose all the time, and if I did not force the poor child to go to various parties our neighbors would make comments both to him and to me about his antisocial behavior, which was about as bad for him as forcing him to attend the party in the first place. When we were first here, and I moaned to someone that Danny did not want to go to such and such a party even with Pat and me, she said promptly: "Well, don't make him go, then. My eldest son has always disliked parties; everyone will understand." To my astonishment and pleasure, everyone has understood, so I no longer feel torn when Danny is invited to a party. I follow my own inclination, which is not to badger or coax him into going, but let him decide what he wants to do, and no one comments.

While I am on the subject of parties, Israeli children's

parties have one feature which I think should be adopted everywhere. The birthday child is not expected to open gifts as they are given to him, much less is he expected to sit in the middle of an admiring and envious circle and open his gifts. I am sure that would be considered cruel and barbarous behavior; I have always thought it was. I will never forget Danny's third birthday when he was overcome because he was expected to open his gifts in the middle of a circle of guests. Gifts are piled usually on an out-of-the-way table and opened at leisure after the guests have departed. On the other hand, if the child having a birthday is a happy extrovert, he is allowed to open whichever gifts he wants to and exclaim over them. And if he opens a few, he is not therefore expected to open all; it is just what he feels like doing. I approve one hundred per cent. . . .

TO RUTH AND STEPHEN FISKE / *January 23, 1954*

. . . Tu Bishvat was last Tuesday and for the first time in years, so our neighbors say, it was a sunny, lovely day. *Tu Bishvat* means the fifteenth day of the Hebrew calendar month of Shvat, on which, according to the Talmud, trees are planted. For this reason the day is commonly called New Year of the Trees. All the shikun turned out to plant fourteen trees, and Marion took time off from the office and alternately took color slides and helped with the planting. The Clawsons' trees are a red berry and a cypress. The next day it poured and the wind blew, and we froze to death but today again is lovely. The trees got well watered, I assure you, and despite the storm, the poor things seem to be still standing.

Danny had a holiday on Tu Bishvat, so I took both boys downtown shopping with me and then, as is my custom when shopping, I took them into a coffee shop for coffee for me and juice and cakes for them. All of a sudden Danny let out an excited cry: "Ima, look, there are two Arabs!" I

thought the man directly back of us would pop, but everyone in the place grinned, including the two Arabs wearing kaffiyas. Nothing is so exciting to the young of Israel as the sight of an Arab, or to the young of Jerusalem perhaps, where there are few Arabs; in some parts of Israel, of course, there are lots and lots of them.

I got a student teacher, Miriam Goldstein, to tutor Danny in Hebrew. She comes five afternoons a week for an hour to take walks with him, play blocks with him, and teach him songs. Last week, her first, she was very faithful about coming and that was an acid test because the weather was dreadful; so I'm hopeful she won't quit after a short time. Danny loves to have her come; it makes him feel important and he likes her. He tells me constantly: "My teacher says . . ." meaning Miriam. . . .

In Fairlington I pined for people to drop in on me and people rarely did; here I am being repaid in full for any pining. The doorbell rings sometimes more often than I can cope with gracefully; I really do enjoy it, but laugh when I think of Fairlington. . . .

Tuesday night, the same night as Tu Bishvat, a miracle happened and I got a ticket for the Philharmonic. The Israel Philharmonic is a first-rate orchestra and because the hall here is so small and so many Israelis love music, it is absolutely and completely impossible to get a subscription, and you can attend only by subscription ticket. Some neighbor could not go, so he gave me his ticket. By that time it had turned into a foul night, windy, rainy, fiercely cold, and large numbers of the shikun were delighted to find I was going, for very few Israelis have cars. We squeezed six adults in winter gear into our Henry J and had to turn down four others. It was really fun, a social occasion and excellent music. They played a Mozart concerto in D minor and Mahler's *Ninth Symphony*; the latter is difficult to listen to, at least for me it is, and I tried hard to listen. I was exhausted when it was over but enjoyed it immensely. . . .

TO MARGARET AND HERMAN THAL-LARSEN / *January 30, 1954*

... Really salaries here for top government officials are a scandal; a friend of ours would be about a GS-16 in the States, where he would earn \$13,200 or something like that a year; here he earns in pounds about the equivalent of \$1,980! Businessmen in Israel do earn good money, or many of them do, the top ones, but government officials certainly do not.

Do you have the remotest idea what such a low salary means? There is no money for a car; the food budget needs constant watching and scrimping, and no dining out; there is not enough money for clothes; the amount of insurance which can be carried as protection for a man's family is hardly excessive; there is money for very few gifts; few, if any, trips to a beauty parlor or money spent on lipsticks, face creams and hand lotions; no smoking or drinking and not much money for charity. There is no money in such a budget for household furniture and repairs; no item for upkeep of a garden, if you like to garden; much less is there any money left for the hobbies many Americans, especially at this job level, consider in the category of essentials.

Most people have no money for a telephone. A phone is a real luxury in Jerusalem; we do not have one so I am in an excellent position to judge the additional work and planning required in a phoneless home. Phones are scarce in Israel, so to keep down the demand there is a neat system which requires a non-refundable payment of a fair amount of money to have one installed—two hundred pounds in Jerusalem. It works fine; furthermore, if you do scrape together the money for a phone, your monthly bill is relatively high.

It is not a wonder, therefore, that such a large proportion of Jerusalem middle-class women with children work outside their homes. Or if they do not go to offices, it is not a wonder they try hard to find jobs they can do at home. Esther Rosenne gives English lessons whenever she gets the pupils, which is more difficult in Jerusalem than in Tel Aviv; there

she used to have scads of pupils, I gather, for Tel Aviv is a business town. Off and on she also does some typing, usually for her husband's office, but at home. Another neighbor gives English lessons when she gets the pupils and does quite a bit of typing. Still another works three-fourths time, though she has a nine-year-old boy and is expecting a baby in a few months; I don't know what she plans to do after the baby arrives. Tillie Silman, whose boy is grown, works full time, and so forth.

Life is not easy, though I think living in Israel, particularly in Jerusalem, would far more than compensate. Marion says it is easy to talk that way, but he would hate to put me to the acid test; but just as the second day I was here I knew I loved Jerusalem with a mad passion, so I know that even if I had to scrimp and struggle and work in an office, I would rather live here than anywhere else on earth I have ever been.

There is another sweet Israeli, or at least, Jerusalem, custom: the payment of salaries at late and irregular periods. Most of our neighbors have no idea when they will be paid; they are sure the salary will be late, but how late becomes a burning question. It could be a week or it could be, and often is, two or three months late. As a result, much of Jerusalem lives on credit. You owe the grocer, the butcher, the clothing store, the carpenter, and you go right on owing them for months and months. The carpenter who made us a clothes rack, for instance, did not give us a bill for it until seven months later, and another carpenter, who did a small job in the flat, finally came around four months after he had finished to ask for a few pounds. He so hated to ask for the money honestly due him that he brought Esther for moral support....

A neighbor and I went for a drive last Tuesday; we took her mother-in-law back to the kibbutz at Yavne. We drove over to the sea, which is close by, just to get a look. There are millions (I think literally) of seashells around, so I

scooped up a large bag of them, knowing it was foolish and that we would spend the next three months with the feel of squashed shells under our feet (and we are) but the boys love them.

Then we drove to Rehovot, which is not far from Tel Aviv, and visited the Weizmann Institute, built for general scientific research. The buildings are spacious, well designed and modern and the grounds, which cover more than fifty acres, are well kept up and attractive. Some first-rate research goes on in this institute, which was opened under Dr. Chaim Weizmann's direction in 1934. The Institute perpetuates the scientific life work of Israel's first President; it was his second love and he worked there until his eyesight failed him. We also visited the grave of Dr. Weizmann, who died just over a year ago, and whose grave is directly in front of his residence in Rehovot. The one thing I do not understand about Dr. Weizmann is that he preferred Rehovot to Jerusalem. It was a sunny, warm day and we looked out to the hills and over the groves of orange trees loaded with fruit. The view was pleasant and had charm, but it does not have the unbelievable beauty of Jerusalem and the barren, rocky Judean hills. We came home by a rural, little-traveled back road; looked at a monument, near Hulda, to the soldiers who died defending the road to Jerusalem. The miles and miles of orange groves we passed were loaded with really orange oranges....

TO GRACE AND JOHN OHLSON / *January 31, 1954*

...We got the notice recently from the municipality of Jerusalem about how much we must pay for Danny's attendance at the Gan. I do not know whether it is done anywhere else in the world—it probably is—but in Jerusalem parents are expected to pay for kindergarten on a graduated scale, according to the father's occupation. I found the list an intriguing sociological document. It tells a great deal in a short

space about Jerusalem. There are nine categories on the list we got, and parents were assessed from a maximum of \$46 to a minimum of \$3.30 a year. The first, or highest, category contains no particular surprises; the second highest lists side by side high-grade government officials, owners of one taxi, kiosk owners in the center of town; the third category includes police officers and salaried doctors (the majority of doctors in Jerusalem are salaried); as a former civil service employee I found the sixth category touching; it includes government employees of the lower grades, professional soldiers and peddlers....

TO ELEANOR AND WARREN ENGSTRAND / *February 3, 1954*

...If I had no other reason for remembering Jerusalem, I should always remember it as the place I learned to bake. When I was married my culinary accomplishments could be listed without too much strain. I made first-rate fudge and could, with some difficulty, make coffee. I was frightened at the thought of having to cook. I had had no inclination ever to enter a kitchen except to sit on a chair and talk with someone. As soon as I was married I discovered that I liked to cook; it gave me a sense of accomplishment and I think I am pretty good at it. Anyone who can read and follow directions can learn to cook well. For some reason I drew the line at baking; I remained so frightened that I refused even to try a mix. I do have pride, however, and when my official occupation became "housewife," there was nothing for it but to bake. Now I bake fairly well and I like to do it.

From an American point of view learning to bake in Jerusalem is a little like learning to bake on a camping trip, and I do not mean because Jerusalem is 2,500 feet high. I have yet to use my first mix. I hasten to say I do not share the scorn of them which some old-fashioned housewives have and I will be happy to get my hands on any number; they just are not available.

Here, you do not decide to make any kind of cake, pie, rolls, or pastry that comes to mind; what you do is read through a cookbook to see what recipe includes the kinds of materials you have or can get. When the recipe reads "always use cake flour," I groan and look through again to see whether there are any changes in case I use bread flour. The page in any cookbook with which I am best acquainted right now is the one entitled "substitutions"; I would also guess that most housewives in the States do not even know that most cookbooks have such information. If there are oven thermometers in Israel I have not tracked one down yet, so a certain amount of ingenuity and prayer is required when the recipe reads, as so many of them do, "bake at such and such a temperature for such and such a length of time." The cookbook doesn't tell the beginner how to know when a cake is done if she has no oven thermometer, but a highly erratic oven instead, and has never even seen, or at least noticed with any care, a cake being baked. Some day I will write an essay on the horrors of cookbooks and the language they use; talk about doctors' or economists' essays using professional jargon—any cookbook makes the doctors or economists look clear as can be.

I spent time this past week writing down recipes I like from the neighbors, and am getting quite a good collection. Esther Rosenne has a book called *Jewish Cookery* which I'm going to try to buy here; she suspects that I probably can get it only in the States or England though. It tells what to make and how to make it for what holidays or holy days.

You haven't really lived until you have seen a typical Israeli kitchen. One of the more striking differences between most Americans and most Israelis of the same relative income level is their kitchens. A graphic summary of this difference was expressed in a comment made by my next-door neighbor. She said to me one day in absolute earnest: "Are there really kitchens in America like the ones pictured in the women's

magazines?" I assured her there were and that in the States every woman in this shikun would consider such a kitchen a necessity. Most Israeli kitchens that I have seen are small, dark, have few cupboards or closets, an inconvenient working table, and perhaps another table, sometimes only a low stand, with two or three kerosene burners. An icebox is more common than a refrigerator.

There are three principal kinds of stoves in Jerusalem. Kerosene is by far the most common, and kerosene stoves I have seen range from a one-burner arrangement which you put on a table, to three burners equipped with a stand. There is, of course, no oven. What you do is use an excellent contraption called a wonder pot, put your roast or cake or casserole in it and bake it on top the kerosene. No Jerusalem housewife could cook without a wonder pot. How Israeli housewives live through the tortures of cooking with kerosene remains, and always will remain, a mystery to me.

A few of the problems involved may give you an idea of what I mean. Kerosene is slow; it takes from half to three-quarters of an hour for a teakettle to boil on it. The flame must be turned exactly right or it will go out or, much worse, it will shoot up and blacken your pot, your walls, your ceiling, yourself and your temper. This happens to the most careful housewife, even to ones accustomed to the vagaries of kerosene flames. If you have a kerosene stove the only way to have a white kitchen is to scrub your entire woodwork at least twice a week. The stoves must be cleaned often or they will not burn or will not burn properly. They must be refilled from your kerosene can and this must be done fairly often.

Most annoying of all is the independence, to use a tactful word, especially during the winter, of the gentlemen who sell kerosene. They are supposed to have regular times to visit each section of the city, but in practice when business is thriving, they drive up and down the center of town and suburbanites manage as best they can. This means they take a can to town on the bus, get it filled and return lugging

the heavy thing. All this adds a certain amount of time to the work involved in preparing meals. In addition these burners are dangerous if you have small children around; the children must be trained not to get near them and watched to be sure that in moments of forgetfulness they do not tip them over and start a fire.

Some fortunate women in the upper-income brackets cook with electricity; very few on an electric stove, such as they have in the States. Most women use one or two burners, supplemented with an electric teakettle and perhaps a separate electric oven. Electricity is clean and easy. In Jerusalem, however, and especially in Beth Hakerem, the voltage permissible is low, which means that electricity is about as slow as kerosene, and it also means that in most sections of the city you cannot use two burners and an oven. If you try to do it, you blow not only the fuses in your flat but in your neighbors' as well. Our landlords bequeathed us an English monstrosity with only one burner, a very large one, and an oven. The first day we came we blew our own and our neighbors' fuses when Patrick turned on the oven; as a result, Marion pulled out the oven wires. Even so we could not use this stove without blowing our own fuses. The stove is now in storage. The chief hazard of cooking with electricity, however, is that in Jerusalem electricity sometimes goes off, and there you are with guests for dinner, a cake in the oven, and the electricity off for an indefinite period. This is hard on the nerves; it also means that both hostess and guests had better have a sense of humor.

I am among the envied few; I cook with gas. Gas may not be quite as clean as electricity but it is fast and it is on the whole dependable. If you have a gas stove in Israel, the gas comes from a tank placed near the stove. Tanks of gas are delivered as they get empty. There are two gas companies here, with two systems of delivery; if you use a stove bought from one company, when your tank is empty you phone and the gas is supposedly brought you that day.

It does not always come that day, however, and in the meantime you use the kerosene burner you keep on reserve.

The other company furnishes two tanks and when one tank is empty you turn a valve and the other supplies your gas. In the meantime you phone the company and ask that a tank of gas be delivered to you as soon as possible. Sometimes you phone three or four times before the gas arrives and once in a while you run out of gas completely before the reserve tank has been delivered. I speak with bitterness; we have the second system and on my birthday, when I had planned an elaborate dinner to please the children (and me too) we had scrambled eggs cooked on a kerosene burner. I mean the rest of the family did; I was too exhausted after five frantic phone calls to the gas company, all on our neighbor's phone and at inconvenient times to her. That was really just bad luck; it was the only time it has happened and on the whole the service is good....

TO GERRY BEE / *February 4, 1954*

... A housewife in Israel certainly works. We had our hall and living room calcimined recently and as a result I learned about painters in Israel. The neighbors have all groaned whenever they have had painting done; moaned about the mess and how worn out they were from it. I have replied sympathetically that it was ghastly and what a job it could be to have painters in.

Little did I know! The painter arrived early in the morning and demanded newspaper. We do not have any newspapers left over; the *Post* is only four pages, and I take it to the Gan for the children to color on; Danny uses it for the same purpose at home and Genia uses it to wash windows. Also I had no idea this was a crisis and that by hook or by crook I should have collected paper. The painter shrugged, then went to work, without laying down a cloth of any kind. Any painters we have ever had in the States covers everything

with a large painter's cloth; not so here. He proceeded to slop, and I mean slop, paint all over the floors, woodwork, windows, chandeliers, light fixtures, in the most hair-raising fashion imaginable. I ran for newspaper from understanding neighbors; hired a neighbor's maid to come help us clean up the next day, and Genia stayed longer. I worked after the painter left and with the others all the next day until we were livable again; we still have paint on various light fixtures.

The short cuts that we have in the States which are nonexistent here are too numerous to list in detail, but I can give you an idea: grate soap for the washing machine (there is not much granulated soap, and it is too high for our purse); fill the kerosene heater and clean it; put water in the bucket and heat water on the kerosene heater as we have hot water only twice a week eight months of the year; there are long lines in the stores and it takes at least three stores for everyday shopping and downtown for meat, fish and anything not strictly essential, which includes quite a bit in our life; no mixes of any kind, of course; no Crisco; no syrup (make your own out of sugar—white, no brown available). Make your own ice cream; electricity goes off when you have planned to iron and allotted time for it, throwing you in a jam. Boil all milk ten minutes, including watching it and cleaning up the pots. Meat must be ground at home, and I have a healthy respect by now for butchers who grind meat. All meat with one glorious exception, meaning we had it once, must be cooked two or three hours or in a pressure cooker, and ours is on the blink and the latest word is that it can't be repaired in Israel.

The high light of almost everyone's downtown shopping is the hunt for fish, chicken or meat. If the store where you are registered to buy has none, as is usually the case, it means that you shrug in sorrow and know that you must go downtown tomorrow or the next day and try again. The favorite fish with most Israelis is carp; I cannot bear carp, no matter how it is cooked. Even Marion and his mother, who like fish, take

a dim view of it. Few of our neighbors buy it either, but that is because it is too expensive for them; as a special treat they get it once in a while. To my horror, most people insist on carp being alive when they buy them; I have heard many a heated argument as to whether carp being sold are alive or just wriggling with reflex action. To the date of my death I shall never forget the time I lugged four pounds of wriggling live carp all the way home so a neighbor could have the creatures properly fresh. Greater devotion hath no man.

Chicken is also a problem for me. If you are the brave type, or the farm type, you either carry home a squawking live one, or watch while a chicken man kills one for you and then you carry it home and start the cleaning job from scratch. There is a bearded gentleman next to the green grocer's in our local shopping center who does a thriving business in ritual slaughtering, when chickens are available. Patrick thinks the entire performance is put on for his special benefit; he sits on a rock and watches with wide-eyed interest while the protesting chicken is killed and then thrown down to flop and flap in the grass and rocks. Often Pat goes up to talk to the chicken in endearing terms. I am not as strong as our younger son and there are times when I am not sure whether we will eat chicken again. Unfortunately chicken is one of Danny's favorite foods, so I end up buying it downtown where it is sold as "cleaned," which means that about two-thirds of the bird's feathers have been removed and the rest stare me uncompromisingly in the face. You ought to try some time to clean a chicken which has been frozen with a third of its feathers on it.

And I like it all! I continue to enjoy being a housewife and mother and so far at least have no desire whatsoever to go back to professional work when we return to the States, sad day that I will consider that to be. It is really a surprise to me to find how much I like being home and probably even more of a surprise to other people. ...

TO CELE AND MAURY RUBEN / *February 6, 1954*

What has inspired this opus to you is the Hadassah tour I went on this past week. I will go on another this coming week and this time I am looking forward to it. A couple of times this winter someone had called to suggest that I go on such a tour, but I was always too busy and put it off. All I have ever known about Hadassah is that you or Sophie or Jo have mentioned it from time to time. I knew that it had study groups, which from Jo's descriptions seemed to have intelligent programs, at least in Washington, and once I almost went with Sophie to an elaborate luncheon and fashion show which Hadassah was sponsoring. I have had the general idea that mostly it was a woman's organization in the States which went in for luncheons where everyone went dressed to the teeth.

From now on, as far as I am concerned, Hadassah members in the States can go to fancy luncheons and fashion shows once a week if it gives them pleasure and especially since these affairs actually do raise money. In fact, if we have to return to the States, I will even go to them myself, if I am allowed to, in order to propagandize for money for Hadassah. I wish I were articulate enough to tell you how impressed I am by the work accomplished. And all I have seen is what Hadassah does in Jerusalem, and only part of that. Hadassah does the same kind of work in various parts of Israel.

There are five Hadassah hospitals in Jerusalem, all of them housed in temporary quarters since the war took away the supposedly fabulous hospital on Mount Scopus. I'd give quite a bit to have seen that hospital. In all these "temporary" hospitals the doctors and nurses seem to be doing heroes' work. The hospital for internal diseases, for instance, is in a structure built originally by a wealthy Arab for his harem, taken over by the British and used as police headquarters, and now used by Israelis as a hospital. When I thought of

George Washington Hospital, with its wonderful equipment and its spaciousness, and then looked at the former harem-police center, my heart went right out to Jerusalem doctors and nurses.

The Hebrew University-Hadassah Medical School was opened in May 1949 and in May 1952 the first sixty-three doctors ever to have received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in Israel were graduated. Few medical schools have ever started under less favorable conditions. Jerusalem was still recovering from the war; the provisional premises for the school very close to the border, and shot up during the 1948 war, had to undergo considerable repair and adaptation before they could be used and then they were hardly the most satisfactory quarters imaginable. Even corridors were converted into laboratories. To have opened the school under such circumstances was a miracle no one but the Israelis could or would have performed.

The Hadassah school is by universal agreement well run, and its achievements in preventive and curative medicine and vocational training are probably as good as any in the world, if not better. Israel has an infant mortality which is the second lowest in the world; only New Zealand is lower. You would have to see the conditions some of the recent immigrants live under to appreciate this record fully.

We saw the Nathan and Lina Strauss Health Center, where Hadassah's preventive medical services are centered. Mothers bring their babies to this clinic for periodic checkups, and you should see the variety in that place. Mothers of all degrees of wealth and background and from over sixty countries bring their young there. Not all the mothers looked immaculately clean, but all the babies did. One baby, whose young mother came recently from Iraq, according to the woman who took us around, had a charm against the evil eye on its cap. Our guide claimed that the next time that mother came the charm would be gone; I am doubtful but at any rate the mother was getting instruction in how to care

for the baby according to the most modern methods and the baby was being checked by a doctor. Everyone has to pay something, no matter how little; this is done, we were told, primarily as a matter of self-respect. If the parents have just arrived, or are unemployed, a Hadassah social worker visits them to give them the necessary fee so they will not be embarrassed when others pay. It certainly is excellent training and I would guess in the end it proves profitable both to Hadassah and the parents, if only in self-respect, for which I have a high regard.

We also went to the dental clinic at the Strauss Health Center, where school children from Jerusalem are taken in relays to have their teeth looked over. Four or five dentists were working hard on energetic, wriggling children, while other little dears were having the time of their lives running around; some of them were trying to be quiet, but most of them in good Sabra fashion were having fun on a reprieve from school.

Hadassah manages a four-year vocational high school in Jerusalem. I had looked over into the courtyard of this school for months, as it is directly on my shopping path much of the time, but I had no idea what went on back of the walls. The school teaches teen-agers all kinds of so-called homemaking skills, prepares them for commercial jobs and dressmaking. Many of them go out to become teachers and others go into jobs where their skills are certainly needed in this land. Even if the girls marry, many of them keep on working.

I was impressed with the kitchen. It was spotless, and I mean just that, and moreover the food that was about to be served looked and smelled delicious; so did the cookies, which we were told we could not buy as the school had only sufficient rations for its own needs and not enough to sell its products, as it did once. My mouth is still watering.

Then we saw the precision instruments and fine mechanics' workshop which is on the northwestern outskirts of the city. The school is a handsome one, with a court filled with olive

trees; it is in memory of the late U. S. Supreme Court Justice Brandeis. Boys in this school become highly skilled in work needed for certain industries and laboratories, and the authorities in charge gear the curriculum to train the youngsters only for industries which are clamoring for experts. At any rate, we were assured the graduates are snapped up by Israeli firms. We were also told that competition to enter the school is keen and the examinations are strict, but that if an Eastern Jew and a Western Jew had the same rating, preference would be given the Eastern Jew on the grounds he needed help more than his Western brother.

The next time anyone asks you for a donation to Hadassah, give what you can; it could not go in a better cause, take my word for it. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *February 13, 1954*

Last week we had what is called a winter kamsin, almost a dust storm; it was the first time weather in Jerusalem gave me a pain. I would love Jerusalem even if we had weather like that often, but the gods be praised, there has been only one day of it so far. It was hot, then cold, and dust flew about everywhere.

Today was beautiful and this morning we drove almost to Tel Aviv, so the boys could see the miles of loaded orange and lemon and grapefruit trees. Pat took only a moderate interest until we got out and walked through an orchard and he realized that oranges grow on those trees. He is very fond of oranges; popped his eyes until they were like saucers and proceeded to stuff himself. Then we had a picnic lunch high on a hill overlooking the coastal plains where Tel Aviv is located and beyond that the Mediterranean which we could see well; on the other side, the hills lead to Jerusalem. There were hundreds of small pine trees where we ate; it is called the Chaim Weizmann National Forest and it will be a forest sometime; it is far from one right now. . . .

This afternoon Danny and I made about seventy-five sugar cookies, which we frosted with the nearest approximation to red I could get with the coloring we have. He has always loved Valentine's Day, so I decided we would do something to honor it. He will take forty-five or so of the cookies to the Gan tomorrow; they are all in the shape of hearts. The boys have done well in the Valentine line; thanks to you and to our friends in Washington. The sweet souls there sent the boys lots of Valentines and it was much appreciated by children and parents.

Danny lost his first tooth today, not counting the top two which were pulled out last year. This one came out by itself. He is starting to grow up. Miriam, his tutor, is teaching him to print Hebrew letters; yesterday he copied the Hebrew for *Danny, Daddy, Mommy, book and sun*, and did it quite well too. I can see that it has been worth while to have Miriam come; Danny's spoken Hebrew is becoming much more fluent already, and he adores Miriam. She has had me buy several Hebrew records, and she and Danny sing the songs. How he can carry a tune, with his nonmusical parents, I do not know, but Miriam claims he does well and that is what the teachers in Virginia told me too, to my amazement. . . .

TO RUTH AND STEPHEN FISKE / February 16, 1954

. . . When I was getting my hair done last week the usually very careful girl almost let my neck break. Just as I had gathered enough Hebrew to protest, I found out why and kept quiet. An enthralling discussion was going on between two teen-agers and the other beautician (or whatever you call her). One of the young girls was unusually pretty; the other just so-so. The pretty one, who had just turned eighteen, she explained later, had straight brown, thick hair which hung below her waist when unpinned. She was asking about a marcel. It developed she was strictly Orthodox and

was getting married at four that afternoon; she was getting her hair curled to show her mother and various feminine relatives. At about two her head was to be shaved (this was the middle of the morning) and ever after she would wear a wig or a kerchief in Orthodox fashion. Her fiance had seen her hair only once; the only occasion on which she had seen him was four months before, across the room when they became engaged.

She was unusually pretty with a pink and white complexion, straight even features, but a round face, and I could just see the change a shaved head would make. Her hair was lovely, thick, shiny, and just suited to her. As confirmation that there cannot be so many of the ultra-Orthodox in Jerusalem, the girls in the beauty parlor were fascinated, even though the shop is located close to Mea Shearim, the Orthodox quarter. They were a help to me as they asked her all the questions I was dying to ask but did not dare for fear of offending. She was a sweet girl and not offended a bit; this was her big day and to my astonishment she was beaming at the world. She smiled at me constantly and looked much like a college girl in the States, with the exception of her hideous shoes and long back stockings. She told the girls in the beauty parlor that her husband-to-be was nineteen, and I was relieved; I had begun to have visions of this child being married off to a widower with eight children.

How did she feel about marrying a stranger? "That's just the chance I have to take," she said, adding that she was frightened half to death, which she might well be, although as one of our neighbors commented, such a marriage is really no more of a gamble than marrying someone with whom you are madly in love at the time; for in the end it turns out to be a gamble too. Maybe he has a point. The reason for the head-shaving is to do just what it would do to this girl: make a married woman so unattractive that no one will be tempted to lead her astray....

TO NORMA HAZELTINE / *February 18, 1954*

...I have not written much about parties here although we have been to many and given quite a few ourselves. They are different from parties in Washington or in San Francisco, the two cities I know the best, and most of the differences suit us fine. Most parties in Jerusalem are from 9:00 to 11:00 or 11:30 P.M.; people get up early, so they go home early. Also, we live in a suburb and guests must leave in order to get the last bus. The size of parties varies anywhere from three couples to fifty or sixty people, though usually there are from twelve to twenty guests. Jerusalem is snobbish about its social gatherings, which are usually sedate and confined to quiet talk; residents of Tel Aviv tend to describe these affairs as dead, in the same way New Yorkers tend to make remarks about social affairs in Boston.

Saturday night is a favorite time for parties, though it means you have to get up early the next morning to go to work or start the week's washing. The religious frown on Friday night parties, of the sort that are not in the spirit of the Sabbath and there are very few given in our shikun, though this is not true of some parts of Jerusalem. Gass's office had a large party, over fifty people, one Friday evening, and Marion has been so conditioned by our neighbors that he raised his eyebrows when told the date of the office party and said: "On a Friday night." Since he is the only non-Jew on the staff his concern with the sanctity of the Sabbath entertained a few people.

A proper party, no matter how small, calls for an assortment of refreshments. First there are hors d'oeuvres and beer, fruit juice, sherry and so forth, and then later coffee or tea, ice cream or fruit and pastries. And all this is served in the space of some two or three hours. Parties here are not like American ones, even in the more conservative eastern United States, where if you do not have a maid, guests help them-

selves to sugar, cream or milk, drinks or even to hors d'oeuvres and other things. In Jerusalem, guests sit politely like ladies and gentlemen and wait for the hostess, or someone at any rate, to pass essential items.

The first party we gave I almost turned inside out in my frantic efforts to pass things; after that I learned and now I always enlist the aid of two or three neighbors. If it is a large party, even with three or four of us, we spend our time passing constantly. Marion to this day will not, or cannot, believe in such passive politeness, and as a result he is not much help with passing. If I whisper to him: "In the name of heaven, pass so and so the sugar and milk," he looks astonished and is sure to answer: "But so and so obviously doesn't want it; it's right in plain sight near him."

Very little hard liquor is served or drunk; Jews, I have discovered, are temperate with respect to alcohol. I have yet to see a drunken person in Israel. Any time I comment on this the answer is always the same, Jews do not need to drink, their weakness is talk. Others may drink too much, Jews talk and talk and talk and argue and argue and argue. The national illness is ulcers, which most certainly does not come from over indulgence in alcohol. My guess is the ulcers come from too violent arguments.

There are several problems connected with giving a party in Jerusalem, especially for a non-Jew. In the first place most women start from scratch and make every bit of it themselves; few people can afford to get in caterers. There are lots of ready-made things you can buy, but Jews think more of you if you prepare everything yourself. You do not phone downtown to a helpful grocery to bring you a long list of delicacies. You go downtown, often on the bus, and lug back essential items with which to make the refreshments. And often you can go downtown armed with a list of essential items you would like to buy and return with dubious substitutes for half the list. Then for me there is the question

of what is kosher and what is not. I solved this one by the simple expedient of asking Esther Rosenne to look over what I am having, and then I go heavy on the kosher and light on the non-kosher items.

Not all parties are completely sedate. Sometimes there is impromptu singing and dancing; sometimes Israeli dances. The office party, given on a Friday night, was at the Behams' house. It is a large handsome one and they had it decorated beautifully. There were Israeli dances then; one dance in particular was fun. You sing over and over, "Abba, come and sing and dance with me," only in Hebrew, of course; participants go round and round in a large ring with either a man or woman in the center and he or she picks on someone to dance with in the center, then the one left picks another and on it goes. It could obviously last forever, and I guess it sometimes almost does. We left that party at one A.M. and most of the group were still there. Alisa Beham told me later she got to bed at four.

Jerusalem has receptions, rather than cocktail parties; this is true in every sense of the word, including the drinks. Large functions, usually from six to eight, are given and the drinks served include coffee, tea, and an assortment of juices; once in a while there are cocktails but by no means always. A reception in Jerusalem does not remind one of a Washington cocktail party, whereas one in Tel Aviv does. Any woman who wears anything but black, or black and white, at a Jerusalem reception, does it either from gross ignorance or a desire to be noticed. To be fair, I have seen one or two gray dresses, but black is the Jerusalem feminine party uniform, and a discreet black too, no sleeveless or backless dresses in this Holy City. Tel Aviv functions, on the other hand, remind me of Washington parties: about as much liquor is served; the women dress gaily, at least to my Jerusalem eyes; and guests tend to complain about the number of parties they must attend....

TO MY SISTER GAIL / *February 21, 1954*

Yesterday, finally, I saw something of the Negev. A convoy of four cars from Marion's office went to S'dom for the day.... We drove first to Beersheba and had a second breakfast. (Everybody has a second breakfast in Beersheba. It has become tradition.) I have been eager to drive there and was not a bit disappointed. Usually the road is dry and hot, but this time of year everything is green. The ground is carpeted with flowers. We drove by the place where David is supposed to have fought Goliath. It is in the little Valley of Elah and close to the old entrance to Jerusalem, where people used to go by Bethlehem and then to Jerusalem. We also passed Eshtaol, a Yemenite new immigrant settlement, built on the site of an abandoned Arab village which stood where an ancient Jewish settlement used to be, one which provided King David with some of his generals.

The whole road is filled with history. In this neighborhood the Arab armies in the middle 600's A.D. gained the decisive victory over the Byzantines which meant they could go on to Jerusalem and then conquer the entire Holy Land. At one point we were only ten miles or so from Hebron, which is in Trans-Jordan. From another place, farther south, we could see Egypt, the first time for me. That entire road is the most dangerous in Israel, according to Yohanan Beham; infiltrators come through almost every night. I could see why; it is deserted country. But not for long: plans for the establishment of new immigrant settlements have already been completed.

Just a few miles north of Beersheba we passed right by the dark tents of Sheik Suleiman. He is very wealthy, or reputed to be so at least, about seventy one, a nomad who has had twenty-nine wives at once (don't know how many he has now) and God alone knows how many children. I guess the Israeli ration officials, as well as God, know because

he gets ration cards for each member of his family. There were his many camels, sheep, children, all wandering over the hillside; the children barefooted and in rags, and he is so rich. Suleiman owns two cars, the latest model sedans, which are polished each day by two of his sons who act as drivers. It seems that very important dignitaries visiting Israel are taken to Sheik Suleiman's for a meal, and he puts on a fine show; he dresses to kill and is covered with gold. He prefers to stay on the Israel side, where he has always lived. He is one of those who had sense enough not to believe the stories which circulated among the Arab population of Palestine just before the war, about how the Jews would kill them all and take all their property. It was as a result of such rumors that so many Arabs fled; the ones who stayed came out much better in the end.

Beersheba, which means "seven wells," is on the northern edge of the vast Negev and is the only town in the area. It is much like a western small town near the Mexican border, so much like one it was difficult to realize we were on the edge of the Negev in Israel, close to Jordan and Egypt. Then we drove down to the Dead Sea, 1,290 feet below sea level and the lowest natural point on earth. The view just above the Dead Sea, as you descend the steep escarpment must be unique. The Moab Mountains rise above the sea on the Jordan side, and they just do not look real. They are barren and jagged and sometimes gray, sometimes rose, sometimes purple in color. The principal activity at S'dom is the Palestine Potash Works, which employ about 450 men. They work eleven days without a day off, then get four days to go home. Living conditions are not enviable. It was hot even this time of year; the men live in a sort of camp, not too comfortable, but they get good food and good pay. There is not a sign of anything green around, of course, because of all the salt; and because the only sweet water spring is across the lake on the Jordan side, water must be hauled

by truck from some kilometers away. Swimming in the Dead Sea is all right to try once, I was told, but it is not the most refreshing thing in the world to do as a general rule; it is even more sticky than the Great Salt Lake in Utah. For a tourist, however, the sea is beautiful and so are the jagged, stark, barren mountains.

We also saw the huge salt rock on the western shore that is supposed to be Lot's wife, and I brought back six huge slabs of salt for the boys and their grandmother; they all three dote on rocks of any kind.

We had dinner in Beersheba, with the best ice cream I've had in Israel; it seems this particular kiosk is famous for its ice cream. We drove home, very close together indeed. Beham had a pistol in his car, and it is really a sensation to be so glad that at least one of the party has a pistol. We came home by a different route from the one we took in the morning so as not to be so close to the border, but we were far too close for any comfort. Marion, who as you know is not fussy, does not even like to drive the Tel Aviv-Jerusalem road too late at night, and this road we came on is definitely more dangerous than the Tel Aviv one. The driver of the car I was in said: "If Beham thinks he's going to lose me, he's wrong," and we stuck like glue.

TO GERRY BEE / *February 23, 1954*

... Marion and I got to go to the fifth symphony concert of the season last Wednesday; nothing like letting the neighbors know you are interested. I enjoyed it very much, though some people took a dim view of Bloch; the University of California plus Mills have educated me along that line. We went to a reception afterward, given in honor of the conductor and the soloist; such affairs always entertain me, just to see who is

At last Danny speaks Hebrew, as well as understands it. I have been getting tired of being told how well he understands when he has been so shy about speaking, but for the past week he has spoken only Hebrew at the Gan and he will sing it to us and speak it in front of us. Furthermore, one of our neighbors, who is particular about people's accents in any language, and who before she had heard Danny speak much Hebrew declared he would speak with a southern United States accent as that is how he speaks English, announced that he has none; in other words, he speaks clearly and well. His English "r's" and "h's" have become guttural enough for anyone. The neighbor did laugh and say that he was acquiring, or had acquired, an unusual accent in English. The combination of the New Orleans—Virginia accent plus the guttural Hebrew must be heard to be enjoyed properly.

As usual our eldest son never tells me a thing about the Gan, he is exactly like his Abbale and the office in that respect. Hanna, his teacher, the other day pointed to one of the five paintings she had up on the wall and asked whether I had realized it was Danny's. I had not. His was the only boy's painting up at the time. The girls all do neat realistic ones of flowers; Danny consistently paints Picasso-like effects with vivid colors and strong designs and no realism at all. According to Hanna, it is interesting how like him his paintings are. . . .

If we lived here for years to come, I doubt whether should get over being astonished at what people have gone through and yet how sweet they still manage to be. The assistant teacher in Danny's Gan, Shoshana, looks about twenty or even younger. I would have sworn that she was a Sabra, had been brought up in a cultured home with gentle parents who were highly intelligent, loved music and books and were kind to children and animals. Shoshana is gentle, kind, yet gay and always keeps an eye out for the underdog. When Danny first came and needed extra help, she was

patient and understanding with him, and I've noticed she is with others in the Gan who, for one reason or another, need attention.

Hanna, walking home with me today from the Gan, gave me a brief resume of Shoshana's life. She was born in Poland; all her close relatives, including her parents were killed in concentration camps. She jumped from a death train when she was twelve years old; hid in a Christian church for months; was a servant for the German Luftwaffe for two years or so. She landed at Haifa on the famous, or infamous, ship the *Exodus* 1947 which the British, to their eternal shame, sent back to Germany. Eventually she got to Haifa again, where she has relatives. She is now in Jerusalem as she is studying at the university. Just to think about what the girl has seen gives me the creeps, and look at her today! Hanna claims that Shoshana is a wonderful example of how wise, loving home care during pre-adolescent years can give a child security. According to Hanna, Shoshana drew additional strength from the Zionism of her parents. Anyway, none of what she has gone through has made her bitter or hard toward the world. It is impossible to imagine more quiet heroism than the Jews here have; they have lived through concentration camps, or their relatives have been killed in such camps; they have lived and fought through the Siege of Jerusalem, had babies during the siege, lost husbands or wives or children; and they mention such things rarely or incidentally. They go on living and doing their best to build up Israel and above all love and protect Israel's children. . . .

TO DOROTHEA AND PAUL TAYLOR / *February 25, 1954*

. . . Jerusalem is many kinds of a town; the aspect of it which is most familiar to me is the part that is a university town. The only university in Israel is here. It was established pur-

posely in Jerusalem, in order to link the Jewish present and future with the Jewish past. In 1948 the campus on Mount Scopus had to be abandoned; right now it is in a demilitarized area under United Nations supervision. In the meantime the University is carrying on its work in over twenty different makeshift premises, ranging from parts of monasteries to ex-hospitals and odd apartments; it is not easy, all kinds of problems have arisen as a result of overcrowded lecture rooms, inadequate laboratories and improvised libraries.

There are now about 3,000 university students, and the first thing anyone has told me about the students is that almost all of them do some kind of outside work to help with their expenses. The English and Continentals find this an amazing feature of the Hebrew University; as residents of Berkeley, California, you, like Marion and me, probably are not so amazed. As far as I can find out, though, even more students work than in universities in the western United States and quite a few more than in universities in the eastern United States. Most students work half a day, not very many have full-time outside jobs.

The university has a working atmosphere rather than a fraternity-sorority one; there is even very little student life as it is known in the States with college sings, sports, inter-school rivalries. Until Hillel House was opened a few months ago there was no center, not even a room, for university social life, except in students' hostels. Students have little time for much university social life; they must scurry all over Jerusalem to get from one class to another, and the vast majority of them must spend a great deal of time worrying about where to find a part-time job or where to find enough money to eat and keep their clothes repaired.

The relationship between student and professor in the Hebrew University is American rather than European. Students are eager to ask questions and they are not tongue-tied or stricken into respectful silence when they have a chance, as they often do, to have coffee or tea with a pro-

fessor they admire. Furthermore, they feel under no compulsion whatsoever to agree with every opinion expressed by higher authority. Marion and I have heard visiting professors from American universities say that they have been pleasantly surprised by their Sabra students; these professors add that they had been warned to expect completely undisciplined classes, but they found the pupils just about like the ones they had been teaching at home. Professors from European universities are, I understand, appalled by Sabra behavior.

On the other hand, American professors who teach at European universities are appalled by the respectful and unbridgeable distance between themselves and their students. This similarity between Israeli and American university students stems, I am sure, from the similar kind of training given children in the two countries. Teen-agers or those in their early twenties feel no more awe of professors than their younger brothers and sisters do of adults in general.

Students at the Hebrew University today are markedly different products from their predecessors of a decade ago. Then the university was filled with young men and women who were in some way or other linked with the defense of their country. The great majority of them were members of the Haganah (Jewish clandestine defense force); they were cocksure, set in their political ideologies and therefore not ideal participants in an academic life. They were magnificent soldiers, brave, selfless and fearless, but too rigid to believe it possible that there could be two or more sides to most questions. There is still some of this in the university, but most of the present-day students, who are about twenty when they enter after two years in the Army, are not so sure as their predecessors. Politics still play an important part, though, and the Students' Organization is built up strictly on party lines; division of opinion is also along party lines.

The academic curriculum has a European flavor rather

than an American. It takes three years to get a B.A. and two more to be awarded a M.A. degree, though I was told that since so many students work, it usually takes longer, especially for the M.A. There have been ups and downs in staffing problems. Hitler was a great boon; during the Nazi regime the Hebrew University was able to boast of renowned names in many departments. Just now this is not true; Israel is a poor country; the Hebrew University is poor and, moreover, it is democratic. It cannot offer a high salary to attract a professor of high reputation; thus, since professors also have families, even Jewish professors with much idealism are reluctant to come to Jerusalem. Almost every professor at this university does some outside work; by that I do not mean they paint houses, as I have been told professors at the University of California were forced to do in the early 1900's, but they spend time hunting up research work, teaching work outside the university, lecturing, even administrative work.

The various faculties or departments are even more sporadic than American universities in the academic competence of their professors and, as you know better than I, that means they are sporadic indeed. A few departments are outstanding and a few are either nonexistent or weak. Archaeology, an Israeli national hobby, and Jewish subjects are of course strong. The Hebrew University does not offer such strictly American courses as ones in weaving or interior decorating. Someone commented that eighty per cent of the Academic Senate might be in danger of expiring on the spot at the idea of such courses.

We have been told by competent acquaintances that the Hebrew University as a whole cannot compare with a good university in the United States, such as Harvard, Chicago and several others. On the other hand, it is superior to many state universities and also to many private American universities.

The Hebrew University has kept going under great obstacles and in a poor country. It copes with the problem of training students who have come from all over the world and who study in Hebrew though their mother tongues include a wild variety of languages. Neither its faculties nor its students are complacent, or even as proud of their achievements as I think they have every right to be. Like all Israelis they worry about how to do better; the Jews will probably never be satisfied until their university is the best in all the world. Maybe someday it will be. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *February 27, 1954*

Marion left early yesterday morning for Eilat, the southern tip of the Negev, over the new road. It was opened only last week and his group may well be the second convoy over it. The Behams in Gass's office organized the trip, which includes a station wagon and a jeep filled with men and Alisa Beham. They turned down all other women, but they couldn't turn down Alisa because it was a friend of hers who offered to escort the group and who is managing the trip. It was probably a sensible decision, certainly a highly popular one with the men. You should have seen their eyes dance on being told no women allowed, but I am green with envy. He is due back late tonight.

Jerusalem travel agencies act as if Eilat were in a different and highly inaccessible country which no one in his right mind would want to see anyway. I have been twice to visit one agency trying to get reservations to fly to Eilat and return by bus. I was told it could be done, if at all, which the agent seemed to doubt, only from Tel Aviv. This seems to me rank nonsense. I spent all yesterday morning on the telephone, off and on between washes, and finally persuaded one agent that I am a determined and difficult character,

so found out that it is possible to fly from Lydda airport on a Sunday morning and come back by bus, leaving Eilat early on Monday. I am hoping to do just that very soon. Later it gets unbearably hot in the Negev and right now it is at its most beautiful.

Eilat, in case your geography is weak, is on the edge of the Red Sea and is traditionally one of the sites passed by the Children of Israel on their exodus from Egypt. Later, King Solomon, who liked the Negev, built a port nearby called Etzion Geber. It was once a central trading station where copper and iron from the Negev were exchanged for the gold of Ophir and luxury goods of Africa, Arabia and India. . . .

TO RENÉE AND MILLARD GALLOP / *March 1, 1954*

Thank God for Jerusalem. I was in a ruffled state this morning and had to go downtown for various errands. Just walking about the city calms my upset nerves and makes me happy. Today is spring, coolish but sunny too. I succumbed to the spring influence and came home bearing a stand with three potted plants in it for the balcony, calla lily, cyclamen and maidenhair fern.

I have such a good time when I go downtown that it hurts my Quaker conscience a little. Jerusalem is not a large city and the downtown shopping section fortunately does not cover more than half a square mile; I say fortunately because even with a car the amount of heavy carrying which must be done is impressive.

Someone who does not like Jerusalem told me not so long ago in a tone of disgust that Jerusalem is the Baghdad of Israel. Although I have never seen Baghdad, I suspect that is not a bad description of downtown Jerusalem, at any rate in comparison with the rest of Israel. Walking down the main streets of the city, you see a man on a bicycle with an

immense bunch of green onions back of him, pedaling rapidly, onion stems waving in the breeze; you pass a bearded gentleman from Mea Shearim with a large fur hat, earlocks, a long coat and an absent-minded scholarly expression; two handsome women with bright blue dresses girdled at the waist, wearing dangly gold earrings and carrying baskets of vegetables on their heads and a prodigal assortment of other people. During the summer you also run into a strange Jerusalem, or perhaps Israeli or even European custom for all I know! Some women wear thin scarves over their heads and faces, much like an Arab woman's black veil. The ones worn in the New City are mostly not black but flowered, and no words can describe how odd they look to an American. The first time I saw a woman wearing such a scarf I wondered what frightful skin disease the poor dear had, but after I had seen several, the light dawned! Flowered scarves are worn to protect one's skin from the sun. I hope they are effective; goodness knows they are startling and hideous.

Jerusalem is also marked by an excessive number of shoe-shine men, almost all French-speaking, and by an equally excessive number of notions merchants who have set up their business on the already overcrowded sidewalks. These merchants sell clothespins, paper, toothpaste, nuts, Nescafé, chocolate, underwear, and what have you. The entire downtown section is bustling and crowded all day long.

There is a bookstore almost every block and magazine and paper-book stands every half block or so; beautiful textile shops and the usual assortment of other shops. Two years ago the stores were marked by their bareness; now they have quite a fair assortment of goods to offer. With enough money you can buy almost anything you need; almost anything, I mean, in comparison with what was available a few years ago. Israelis who have been abroad any length of time invariably comment on the wide variety of articles offered for sale now.

Some shoe stores do a flourishing sideline business fixing feet; pedicures are relatively cheap in Jerusalem and I find them essential. I am not the only one, because I have found I have to make an appointment well ahead of time and almost every woman I know gets her feet attended to fairly regularly. This is the result, I guess, of the heavy loads and the relatively long distance women must carry them.

I was interested to learn that many girdle and brassiere shops are run by Orthodox gentlemen. In view of their horror and disgust with women who wear sleeveless or backless dresses, their apparent monopoly of these shops is a mystery to me. Or maybe Mr. Kinsey could explain it. . . .

TO MARGIE GALLINA AND MARCE ADAMS / *March 6, 1954*

Yesterday I started out to shop at the Beth Hakerem stores with Pat in tow as always and saw what I thought was a school out for a walk; classes often come to go down our beautiful wadi. I got closer and the teacher waved; it was Danny's entire Gan, thirty of them, coming to call on him because he has been ill this past week. Needless to say, Pat and I turned back; they stayed an hour or so and everyone had a fine time.

Today is rainy off and on, but we drove a few miles west of Jerusalem on a brand-new, little-used road which was beautiful. Flowers line the roadside and the fields this time of year. . . .

The first signs of summer have appeared; Pat complained of a fly on his face in the store, and I opened the second window in our kitchen yesterday. . . .

Children everywhere get fads but the habit Israeli children have developed is too consistently practiced to be a fad. It is to try to carry books, briefcases, bread and goodness knows what on your head. It comes, of course, from watching Arab

and Oriental women walking along with straight backs, balancing huge loads on their heads. Some children have become quite skilled at this art. I have begun to wonder lately whether many parents have suffered much while their young learned to carry without hands. Not so long ago Patrick pranced across our living room with a large filled salad bowl on his head, announcing loudly: "See me! I'm a woman." At present his idea of how to help clean the dining room table is to put a not always completely empty dinner plate on his head and march off to the kitchen, announcing (unnecessarily) that he is a woman.

Our sons are more and more often called Sabras by those who meet them. A great deal has been said and written about Sabras: as an American I think Sabras' manners are much maligned. Little Sabras take adults in their stride; they do not enter a room, curtsy or bow to adults and then subside, as I am told is the custom among English and European children. If the spirit moves them, they may say "Shalom," and be more or less respectful; but if the spirit does not move them, they may say nothing at all, or they may even stick out their tongues or put their hands behind them if an unwise parent asks them to greet a guest. They have also been known at times, though not always, to try to monopolize what was meant to be an adult conversation and, depending on their age, protest in various effective ways at being sent out of the room. Sometimes they push in buses and shout back and forth to one another or sing, so that adults cannot hear one another unless they too shout. Does it remind you of Fairlington or not? But I think I have seen more little Sabras give seats to older people on crowded buses than I ever saw in the States.

The people we have met who have recently come here do worry about their children's manners and they blame it on Israeli manners, so that "Sabra" is a household word. Patrick ran away from our flat a few weeks ago and finally I

found him sitting right on the edge of our busy highway. He was not only unrepentant but he flatly refused to budge and the neighbor who was searching for him with me, laughed and said: "Sabra." Recently he ordered: "Ima, hurry up and get me some raspberry juice." I was busy and did not move that instant. Whereupon your former charge yelled: "Ima, hurry up, or I'll put a fly inside you. I want raspberry juice NOW!" "Sabra," called Genia who was ironing in the next room.

This kind of thing doesn't disturb me a bit; I just think that Israeli children, like American children, are self-assured. Why shouldn't they be? They have never been hurt; consciously or unconsciously they know they are the center of the world. Intellectual, cultured, sensitive Jews look at their little Sabras with love and pride, but also they tend to worry because their children are not as sensitive as they are and because their children's world tends to be limited to Israel and the surrounding Arab countries. This point of view was brought out clearly in a discussion I had not so long ago with a husband and wife, both physicians, both obviously cultured and sensitive. They were worried about the manners of their teen-age daughters, but even more they worried because their Sabra daughters were interested only in Israel and because they were not sensitive in the same way as their parents.

I said to them, as I have said to others, you cannot have it both ways. Somewhere lately I read what I consider a good definition of sensitiveness; that, at bottom, it is an intimation of pain and of fear, for oneself or for others. They, the physician parents, one from Poland and one from Germany, had known pain and fear. They had come to Israel as a place of refuge and as a place where their children would not know such things. Perhaps Sabras will never be as sensitive as Jews who have lived and suffered in other countries, but I will be surprised if the best in Jewish tradition is not carried

on in Israel. The present preoccupation of the young with Israel, and Israel only, seems to me to be a sign of youth; in time interests will broaden....

TO GERRY BEE / March 14, 1954

It is spring in Jerusalem; the flowers are unbelievable. I had thought we had had flowers earlier, but we had not, in comparison with this week, and we understand more are to come. There are red anemones, called kallaniot, cyclamen, almond blossoms, yellow and white daisies, cornflower like *Centaurea*, turban buttercups, pink-purple flowers which resemble tulips and dozens of other varieties. Later there will be the bloodred flower called "Blood of the Maccabees"; the story goes that children believe that wherever a drop of blood was shed by the Maccabee heroes, there one of those flowers sprang up. Small wild carnations will also come and then later the purple thistles which grow all summer long.

This morning we went driving in the hills toward Tel Aviv. The road between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv is called the Road of Valor; it is along here the convoys came during the Siege of Jerusalem to bring food and medical supplies to the city, which no one except a few brave Jews thought could hold out. One stretch of the road is still bordered by trucks destroyed during this war; they are a mute, rust-gathering testament to invincible courage, morale and determination. The boys take a deep interest in them; each time we drive the road they are counted once more—I think the most accurate count is 27. It is along this road, right after you leave Jerusalem, that there is the magnificent view of the hilltop called Nebi Samwil. This hill has a commanding view, and from there the Arabs used to shell Jerusalem. It is a thought-provoking experience to drive this road.

We found an ideal spot for a picnic, and we picked lots

of flowers and admired more. We were near a village called Beit Me'ir and could look out over the Judean hills and also to Tel Aviv and the coastal plain to the Mediterranean. Close by were some ruins, no idea how old they were; there were a couple of deep cisterns to catch rain water, which delighted the boys, some steps leading nowhere except to a flat place with beautiful flowers and evidences that once a house of some sort had stood there. It is a constant joy to me to have the boys living where they can grow up knowing flowers and country and animals.

We talked to a farmer who was out with his horse turning on sprinklers; Shabbat or no Shabbat fruit trees must be irrigated. Such work on Shabbat can pose problems for the Orthodox. I am told that in some cases official dispensation is granted; in others, a farmer may give himself dispensation, perhaps on grounds known only to himself. This farmer lived in a nearby kibbutz and told me that the people in his kibbutz had a very hard time making a living in that beautiful place. The soil is very rocky and the fruit trees had just been planted; the members of this kibbutz will have to hold out four or five more years before they can expect to make any money to mention.

There was a disdainful camel in the Arab village of Abu Ghosh; we got out and at my request Marion took a picture of the boys with the camel. Pat wanted to ride it but camels' dispositions are vile so we vetoed that idea. Abu Ghosh is the only Arab village around Jerusalem whose people didn't run in the War of Independence. Indeed, individual members of the leading clan even joined the Jewish underground movement. This village is between two settlements—Ma'ale Hahamisha and Kiriath Anavim. Relations between the Arabs and kibbutznicks are cordial; each turns out in its best clothes to celebrate the other's holidays and each helps out the other in all kinds of ways whenever necessary.

The stone houses are strewn higgledy-piggledy over the

steep hillsides; barefoot children tend goats; women walk by under loads of brush for fires and men are out under the trees, sometimes picking fruit, sometimes chatting volubly. There is a large, gloomy-looking Crusader church in the middle of the village, tended by a French priest, famous for his friendliness to visitors. This church was built over a pool where Roman soldiers used to bathe. On the very top of the hill is another Christian church. We have passed it countless times, but this trip curiosity finally overcame us. On top of the church is a statue of the Virgin Mary holding Jesus; it is a landmark for miles around. When we went through the grounds the nice French-speaking priest told us the Virgin is standing on a replica of the Ark of the Covenant. The Ark rested there for over a generation before it was brought to Jerusalem by King David. There was a synagogue on this spot once and we saw some of the mosaics left from it, as well as mosaics from a fourth-century Byzantine church. There are wonderful stories afloat about the evil character for whom Abu Ghosh is named. He is supposed to have pounced on peaceful travellers and shoved them into an oven until ransom came from Jerusalem....

TO MARGARET AND HERMAN THAL-LARSEN / *March 16, 1954*

... Israel is a country where labor is organized to a degree found in few other countries, and where activities carried on are probably unmatched by labor organizations in any other country of the world. Early in modern Zionist history in Israel, Jewish workers banded together to form organizations. These merged to form one super-union, the Histadrut, which unites not only workers in every field, but also professional people, and—most remarkable for Israel!—people from almost every political background.

The Histadrut is quite an institution. Its full name is His-

tadrut Ha'Ovdim (meaning workers' organization); it was founded in December, 1920, with about 4,500 workers and now members, including their families, form over forty per cent of the total Jewish population of Israel. Membership is on a direct, individual basis, no matter whether the member is a hired worker, a member of a co-operative society or of an agricultural labor settlement. There is a local labor council in each town in Israel, elected by all the Histadrut members of the locality. Trade union activity is carried on through the various trade unions, local and national, which include national unions of agricultural workers, clerical workers, engineers, building workers, metal workers, food-trade workers, textile workers, printing workers, nurses, government employees and many others. This list gives you some idea of how broad is the scope of Histadrut membership. The kibbutzim and all new farming settlements are affiliated with it. It has a sick fund, called Kupat Holim, which provides full medical care for all its members, and a disablement fund and special funds for assistance to aged workers and widows and orphans. So many people belong to Histadrut that I think Danny believes the name for a hospital is Kupat Holim.

Tnuva, the central co-operative for marketing produce of agricultural labor settlements, is among the economic enterprises of this huge organization. Hamashbir Hamerkazi, another Histadrut enterprise, is a co-operative wholesale society which furnishes supplies of all kinds to agricultural settlements and consumers' co-operatives. Another of the Histadrut's subsidiaries is Solel Boneh, the largest construction contracting firm in Israel.

The Histadrut has also acquired fame in another direction. It has erected in northern Tel Aviv a giant super modern building as its headquarters. This is far and away the largest and most imposing structure in Israel; critics have dubbed

The Histadrut is interested in the cultural as well as the professional needs of its members. It runs adult evenings classes which teach Hebrew and general subjects; publishes its own daily newspaper, *Davar*, and has its own book publishing company, *Am Oved*, as well as a workers' theater, *Ohel*. Even the Arab minority is not forgotten; one of the Histadrut's fundamental principles is belief in the wisdom of co-operation with the Arab worker. It keeps in close touch with the Israel Labor League, the Arab workers' organization which has about 11,000 members. This league engages in educational and economic activities as well as in trade union work. The Histadrut has set up a special fund to help Arab workers and farmers develop their economy.

Whenever there has been need to pioneer in some field of economic activity, and private firms do not come forward to do so, the Histadrut, directly or through one of its numerous subsidiaries, has done so. With the political power of its large membership, with financial resources derived from their dues and from its other activities, and with no need to return dividends to investors, the Histadrut has been able to do many things which private business could not, or would not.

All of this has been fine, and in the courageous pioneering spirit which characterizes so much of Israel. But it has its other side, too. Such semisocialistic activity has certainly frightened away some private businessmen, and disturbed others, who feared that the Histadrut could demand and obtain more favorable attention from the government than they could expect. It has also led to an attempt to maintain real wages at unrealistically high levels, in the opinion of many economists. Wages were established long ago, by various bargaining methods. As prices have risen eight- or ten-fold in the past fifteen years, wages have advanced accordingly. To basic wages there are added family living allowances, and all adjusted upward every three months as prices rise. This arrangement has prevented the worker from getting squeezed, as

prices have risen; but it has also virtually guaranteed a continuing inflation. Every time prices rise, wages rise proportionately, or more so; and higher wages force business men to raise prices, which in turn leads to wage rises—on and on it goes and where it ends, nobody knows! The basic difficulty, many economists think, is that the attempt is to maintain real wages too high—higher than productivity supports, and higher than real wages in Great Britain or in other western European countries, even though labor productivity is probably lower in Israel.

This wage-price mutual adjustment has led to another aspect of wages in Israel, an almost complete lack of wage differential according to responsibility of the worker. The waiter who brings you the ubiquitous glass of tea will be earning only a few pounds a month less than a top government official or a plant manager.

This whole wage-price situation would be impossible to continue were it not for the substantial financial help Israel gets from abroad. Nearly all the funds for investment and roughly one-third of the money for consumption comes in some form of financial aid from abroad—German reparations, direct grants from the U. S. government, United Jewish Appeal gifts, Israel bonds sold abroad, and in similar ways. By far the greater part of this money comes from the United States. Without it, the State of Israel could survive, if at all, only with the greatest difficulty and at a vastly lower scale of living.

From what I can learn, the greatest need in all Israel is for people with a talent for business management. Israelis are wonderful, mad, scatterbrained, courageous idealists, but they have no sense whatsoever about business. There are many good technical and scientific people here, but a great dearth of those who can organize and run an enterprise with real efficiency and an eye on the pound. Our grocery man in Beth Hakerem, who is pleasant and courteous, but who has

to rely on my memory and honesty to calculate how much I owe him, is typical. Many businesses have started with high enthusiasm, on capital made available from abroad, and with little more. Some have done well, but all too many have found markets more restricted than they hoped, or costs higher than they assumed or guessed, and thus profits nonexistent. There are two tire factories, each established chiefly with United States capital, when there is barely a local market for the output of one. There are all too few hardheaded able organizers and operators in Israel, men unabashedly seeking and making profits. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / March 20, 1954

Enclosed is a copy of the entire *Jerusalem Post* for March 18; I do not know whether you have any idea how close you came to being minus an eldest daughter or the Arabs to having pulled a bad boner, for it was really sheer accident that I was not among the bus passengers who were murdered by the Arabs at Ma'ale Akrabim (Scorpion Pass).

A neighbor went with me to Eilat last Sunday. We got there and were told the bus which was scheduled to return on Monday and which we had planned to take wouldn't leave until Wednesday, March 17, because of a celebration commemorating the fifth anniversary of Israeli occupation of Eilat, then a lone dilapidated police fort. We were urged on all sides to stay over. Fortunately, though we were greatly tempted, neither of us thought we could be away that long from our children. The hotel manager took pity on our great desire to drive through the Negev and scrounged a ride home for us on the back of an almost empty truck. It had a few milk cans in it and eight or ten strange sharp-pointed empty containers. As you see from the enclosed *Post* or have heard perhaps in the States, the Arabs murdered all but

three of the passengers on Wednesday's bus. We both felt really queer; I came within an inch of cabling you I was all right and then decided it would scare you to death if you had not been worried. Various people called Esther Rosenne to ask whether I was home and the neighbors and shopkeepers in Beth Hakerem feel close to glory, knowing two people who were almost on that bus.

Two English citizens came home on the truck with us too, instead of waiting for the Wednesday bus, as well as Theodor F. Meysels, a newspaper man, who has written two excellent guide books on Israel and was in Eilat just finishing the third on Southern Israel. Somehow I do not think the Arabs would have enjoyed getting us for a haul, and if anyone had to be killed, it is really too bad for Israel's sake it wasn't us. Not that I am anxious to leave this life or my husband and children, you understand.

The trip to Eilat was successful in every way. Because of the celebration on Tuesday the plane schedule was also changed, which meant that we flew down in a Rapide, with room for eight passengers instead of in a much larger plane. It was a memorable experience to fly over Israel and especially over the Negev. We went over Tel Aviv, built on sand dunes. I had read that, but when you are driving or walking around the city you do not always realize it. From the air you certainly do. Then we had an hour's flight over the Negev. It looks completely uninhabited, though I know there are a few small settlements. From the plane we could see the changing colors of the rocks and the mountains in Jordan, and we looked out to Egypt. The Negev is more or less like a mixture of Death Valley and the Grand Canyon; it fascinates most Israelis and has an emotional hold on them but most of them do not really like it. They do not admit it, but I can sense it.

We reached Eilat at noon; in typical Israeli fashion the plane was two hours late leaving Lydda. Eilat is like a small

desert town in California, except it is right on the edge of the Red Sea. The town's hotel has been maligned, I think; we considered it quite passable. Our bedroom was only a few yards from the sea.

After dinner, which is noon here, I talked a truck driver, into driving us for a price, to the Egyptian border, right along next to the Red Sea for a few miles. It is not easy to describe the wild, barren beauty of the surrounding mountains; they are rugged, fantastic and, once seen, never to be forgotten. The sea itself, despite its name, was a lovely blue-green-purple the day we were there. After far too short a drive we rounded a promontory and a cove and there was the same kind of sign one sees in many parts of Jerusalem, proclaiming a closed border. Then we walked to the Jordanian border, half an hour's walk from Eilat along the sea; after we came back I went swimming. The water was just right for swimming that time of year, warm, a little choppy. The only thing was that I did keep a sharp eye out for sharks; the natives said there were loads of them but they would not hurt me. As we had had shark steak for dinner, from a 250 pound shark killed a day or so earlier, I believed they were around all right; I was not so sure about their harmless, affectionate nature. The steak was delicious; did not have that fishy taste I dislike but tasted more like some kind of meat.

The British have a town in Jordan across from Eilat, Akaba, supposed to be Jordanian, but we were told it is practically all British. It certainly looked it from the distance we were; it is white and shiny. We were told it is modern with a first-class hotel, a second-rate hotel, three bars, modern streets, good restaurants, two or three movies. Eilat itself a few years ago consisted of about three houses; now it is quite a town. It is in a beautiful location and could be a first-rate vacation spot in time.

Mr. Meysels, the newspaper man, and the British couple

who came back with us on the truck, are all "characters." Meysels, in addition to writing the guide books, writes for the *Jerusalem Post*; he is sixtyish or so, born in a small town in Austria and currently nostalgic for what he calls "my village." He has been in Jerusalem sixteen years or more, was here all during the siege. His wife runs a dog hospital in Jerusalem, and from what I hear is quite a person in her own right. They could settle down in Carmel and be right at home; I felt at ease with him immediately; he is a type I understand and like. I didn't feel so much at ease with the British couple, because I don't know their type. The wife has lived in Israel also for about sixteen years; her first husband came to Jerusalem with the British Army, not Jewish, but he turned Zionist and they stayed through the siege. After her husband died, soon after the Armistice, she went back to England and married the husband I met, a most English sort of person, an engineer. I gather she could not bear to be away from Israel, though she is not Jewish, so persuaded the second husband (not Jewish either) to come here and they have just spent fourteen months in S'dom where he has a job. They must have grit; anyone who could take fourteen months of S'dom would have to be tough.

One thing I am sure of is that all three of them are good sports. We came back on the truck together and not one of them murmured in complaint except to laugh. The truck driver was mad; he escaped from the Russian Army four years ago when he was in Poland and now drives regularly between pyramids of rocks and flat-topped sandstone cliffs to Beersheba in five hours; seven to ten hours is considered good time. The result is we are black and blue all over. We would hit a bump, go two feet in the air and come down on a milk can or one of those deadly pointed things in the truck; they had held gas to carbonate water. We were a sight to see when we arrived in Beersheba; white with dust, and black and blue. But it was well worth it.

The Negev road we took runs for about seventy-five miles right next to the border, in some places the border is only 100 meters or so away from the road. We came back over the so-called old road; Marion went over the new road which is the one which will be used in the future and which was built further away from Jordan. We stopped briefly at Ein Hatzeva, which has been a resting place for caravans all through history. There are crumbling square walls of a Turkish fort on a low hill; presumably they cover the ruins of earlier forts. The famous landmark here is a large tree, a terebinth (rather like an ash), which grew large because the Arabs considered it sacred and protected it from Bedouin goats. Here we saw the now famous bus which also had stopped briefly, only it was going south, on its way to Eilat.

The Scorpion Pass (at the top of which the bus was attacked on Wednesday) is a very steep, winding road with a commanding view of the Negev. The rocks have been carved by sandstorms of the ages. There is wadi after wadi cut between pyramids of rock sand flat-topped sandstone cliffs—an awe-inspiring, weird desert. The road was not well built in the beginning and our truck driver told my neighbor, the only one of our group who spoke Hebrew, that he used to have to back up three times to make each turn, and there are a great many turns, but the road has been fixed lately and he went straight up—far too fast for comfort.

It is lots of fun to drive through a town like Beersheba from such a high spot as the back of a truck. But we said good by to the truck there in order to eat leisurely, then had to take a taxi all the way to Tel Aviv and still another one to Jerusalem from Tel Aviv (look at the map) as none went straight through to Jerusalem. Even so, we were home by dark, thanks to the Russian truck driver. All in all it was a fine vacation, and we did not take that bus...

TO RUTH AND ISAAH FRANK / *March 22, 1954*

I thought of you all last week because of Purim and the Indian suit you gave Danny for his third birthday. His grandmother lengthened the pants and sleeves of the suit by adding red, which really makes the suit look more finished instead of tacky. Also I bought Danny an Indian belt and knife; he and Marion made a bow and arrow which I decorated with sadness and the Wailing Wall. No one could have been Danny's face in most realistic fashion and then the entire family went to a Purim party at the Gan. Pat was dressed as a cowboy. I think you would have enjoyed seeing your Indian suit gift prancing around on Danny at a Purim party in Jerusalem.

I am still naively astonished at how many gay holidays the Jews have; all my life I have associated Jewish "Holidays" with sadness and Wailing Wall. No one could have been more mistaken; you know this, of course, but I am constantly surprised. Our calendar for the week of Purim had a quotation from the book of Ester appropriate to most Jewish holidays, though I did not know it until we came here: "The Jews had light and gladness and joy and honor." It fits Purim and most Jewish holidays.

Last night we went to a Purim party at a neighbor's where we had "hamentaschen" to eat; I suppose you know the pastry with poppy seeds in it made especially for Purim. In addition to the party at the Gan, Danny was invited to a "Purim ball," at 10:30 in the morning; wonderful time for a children's ball, I think. And Marion and I went to another Purim party at our next door neighbors'; I approve thoroughly of this holiday, everyone was in such a gay, relaxed mood; we either dressed up in a costume or wore a funny hat of some sort. This is one time the most dignified break down and quit being solemn

We all went to Mount Zion the other day; saw David's

Tomb and the Old City from the observation tower. There is a flight of fairly steep steps leading up to the flat top of Mount Zion. On top there is a Catholic church and a shady grove of pine trees with red anemones growing between them, as well as a sprinkling of other flowers—wild hyacinths, common cornflags, pink flax. The Last Supper is supposed to have been eaten here. David's Tomb has traces of handsome old-looking tiles, and the old Torah scrolls which are on the sarcophagus are impressive looking. Some of the bitterest fighting in the Arab-Israel war took place on Mt. Zion and from it we would look right over onto the Old City walls

TO RUTH ROSENWALD / *March 27, 1954*

Monday I visited the large ma'abara (transient camp for immigrants) in Jerusalem where Dr. Fanny Rabinowitz looks after the health of all those who are completely without means of support. She is responsible for about 2,500 people, mainly natives of other Near Eastern countries. There are about 7,500 or 8,000 in Talpioth Ma'abara. A ma'abara is supposed to be a temporary place, but this one has people who have been there years and Fanny's patients are the ones who haven't much hope of getting out in the near future. I spent two hours in her dispensary and another hour touring the ma'abara. We went to see one patient, so I saw her hut without appearing to intrude.

This ma'abara is a bit like a highly inferior Farm Security Administration camp of the 1930's; perhaps it is more accurate to say it is like a large gathering of Dust Bowl farm workers who haven't had any work to speak of for some time. There is one water tap for about twenty families, no toilets, just holes in the ground with walls around them for a certain number of huts and the smell emanating from them is nauseating. Most families have one hut about fifteen square

meters in size, though if they have a large number of children they may get two huts. The huts, made of corrugated iron or with walls of old bits of canvas in wooden frames with corrugated iron roofs, are hot in summer and freezing in winter. Fanny's patients in particular suffer as they have no money for kerosene to heat the hut or to dry clothes. The mud in winter is also a nasty problem, especially when you remember everyone, children and the ill, must go out in pouring rain for toilet facilities. From the smell of urine everywhere in the ma'abara not everyone goes always to the prescribed holes.

This ma'abara has its own stores and kiosks for those who have work and money to buy food, essential household equipment or even secondhand clothes.

The day I was there most of Fanny's wards were not acutely ill, though everyone would profit by a complete medical check and medical care if they had the money. She saw during that one morning three women, each with her husband, each pregnant with either her ninth or tenth child, each husband requesting a certificate that he was too ill to work. Obviously these husbands were not too ill to continue making babies, and according to Fanny any one of the three was in perfectly adequate condition to work. The catch is there is not much work for them in any case; they are the unskilled, lazy, bottom-of-the-rung to be hired men, and Jerusalem has unemployment. Most men who want to work can get three days' work a week, but these men were not eager. One of these husbands in particular left me seething with rage; he aroused all my Susan B. Anthony instincts and all my adolescent annoyance with men. He was extremely handsome, wore a beret at a rakish angle and was claiming a certificate that he was too ill to work on the grounds he had had a hernia operation twenty-two months ago. Fanny told me he had been in perfect health for the past twenty-one months; he had been able to make two children in that time, but not to work. His wife looked worn out, ugly, ill; they live in a hut

with nine children and she will have the tenth in a few weeks. As a good Oriental her husband does not help her a bit with the care of the children; moreover, this particular specimen probably gets waited on hand and foot because of his sufferings from the two-year-old hernia operation.

Many of the women Fanny saw are good mothers and struggle to take decent care of their children, though this is really hard to do under such conditions. All the babies who were brought in had diarrhea; it is a wonder that all the babies in that ma'abara don't have diarrhea. Fanny says they have it as much from what they don't eat as from what they do.

Several people wanted injections. Such requests, according to the doctor, are the bane of her life. The people who come to see her almost all dote on injections. If she does not give them one, they have nothing else to do, so they go downtown in Jerusalem to the clinic and, if they wait long enough, see a doctor who orders vitamin injections on the grounds the patient is undernourished. They are almost all undernourished and would benefit from vitamin injections, says Fanny, but she has two nurses and herself and between them they take care of the 2,500 people in unemployed families. If everyone got vitamin injections who needed them, neither she nor the nurses would do another thing and moreover it could keep them busy twenty-four hours a day.

One forty-year-old, seven-months-pregnant woman from Iraq was the insistent type. She was truly ill, had no business having another child, already has several, has hemorrhoids, asthma attacks, takes about ten suppositories a day when one has been prescribed or suggested, has a baby with diarrhea who needs much care and, of course, like all the rest of Fanny's patients, has no money. She often takes her two-year-old child and goes to a bus station in downtown Jerusalem to beg. She comes about four times a week claiming she must have another injection. Fanny would not give her one

and she put on a sit-down strike—she squatted in the office, yelled, screeched, called names. The two nurses and Fanny finally dragged her out, still protesting loudly.

I will say for the patients Fanny saw they are not squashed. I would give a good deal to know how they acted in Iraq, Persia, Algiers, or Morocco or wherever they came from originally. I have a feeling that they think they are at last in their own land, among their own people, and can and will demand what they consider their rights. I do not have to deal with it every day, so I enjoyed seeing the supposedly downtrodden of this earth acting in this fashion. Heaven knows, they are not suppressed or in terror of their lives.

Some of the patients were picturesque, certainly to a Westerner. There was an old bearded man, wearing a black turban, wide red band around his middle, holding a staff, who sat cross-legged on the waiting room floor. He was there to ask for a food ticket so he could sell it. He declared he was dying, but although he was ill from undernourishment, according to Fanny he was far from dying. He comes almost every week to ask for extra food tickets and to announce in energetic terms that he is dying.

The only ones of Fanny's patients who have much hope, in the immediate future at least, are the families who have children old enough to work. Some children, boys and girls, do get jobs and contribute substantially to the support of their parents and younger brothers and sisters; about three-fourths of these children, however, get married instead and start their own families. I certainly do not blame them, but many times their parents do, especially the not too energetic, out-of-work fathers.

The patient we went to see after office hours is a woman of thirty who used to be one of the most ambitious of the social cases. She has ten children; they live in a hut, filled with beds of course. The husband just laughs if you suggest he work, and they all live almost entirely on bread and weak tea. Three months ago this woman went insane, screamed,

yelled, sang all the time, declared various people were about to murder her. Fanny has been doing her best to get her into a hospital for the insane but Israel does not have enough mental homes. In the last three months there were five new insane people in Talpioth Ma'abara alone. So there she was in this hut with a shiftless husband and ten children, looking after the children as best she could between spells. Surprisingly, according to Fanny, she seems to be getting a little better.

Fanny waxes indignant about conditions in Talpioth Ma'abara but Marion says one must take the long view and look at Israeli statistics. Even with the recent immigration wave, which doubled the Jewish population, people in Israel live as long as in the United States and the infant death rate is lower. Admittedly conditions are dreadful where Fanny works, but also she works in one of the worse ma'abarot in Israel, where people have less hope than anywhere else.

One reason I am so devoted to Israel and Israelis is because there are so many people like Fanny here: people who get upset about conditions which they consider inadequate, whether it is a ma'abara, the way the city of Jerusalem is managed, the school system, inequalities of various kinds, or something else. This country is filled with such people and as a result Israel has accomplished miracles in the past six years and is apt to go on accomplishing miracles. Let Fanny splutter and rage—I bet she manages to improve conditions by her wrath. In other Middle Eastern countries, no one gets excited about poverty or alleged mismanagement or dirt; it is the will of Allah. The Jews blow their tops, and I laugh and admire and respect them for it....

TO NORMA HAZELTINE / *April 5, 1954*

...Eve Zidel and I took a three-day trip north this past week end. We left Friday afternoon and stayed in Haifa overnight. The next day we drove along the top of Mount

Carmel, looking at the Mediterranean on one side and a beautiful, tree-covered valley on the other, and finally got to a Druze village. It was early morning with just enough moisture in the air to make everything fresh, clean and sweet-smelling. Several thousand Druze live on Mount Carmel; the men have huge mustaches and wear kaffiyas, but the Druze head cloth is worn without the black cord the Moslems wear. It seemed to us they had gentle expressions, but perhaps that is imagination; no one knows much about their religion though it has traces of Judaism, Christianity and Islam mixed together. In any event, Druze fought as allies of the Jews during the 1948 war, and they fought extremely well.

At Nazareth we enjoyed ourselves immensely, to Eve's astonishment. Nazareth, the sixth largest city in Israel, is entirely Arab except for a handful of Jews. Eve had loathed this town when she saw it last November on a trip with Marion and his mother; they looked like wealthy tourists and were so hounded by would-be guides and hawkers that they fled without even going into one church. We did not look like tourists, and I can be so firm with hawkers that they leave discouraged.

With a guide we went through the Church of Annunciation and the Church of the Workshop of St. Joseph. I found neither church as such beautiful, but the caves underneath are worth seeing. There is an underground passage in the Church of Annunciation which leads into a cavern, called "the kitchen of the Virgin," where Mary is supposed to have lived and done her cooking. The other church is where Joseph had his workshop, also in a cave, and where Jesus spent twenty-seven years of His life. Our guide deserves commendation; he gave us interesting information but was unobtrusive, and he did not, like so many guides, set a pace more suitable for people running from hungry lions than for sightseers.

We had coffee out of doors and watched the people; the men gossiping, women carrying heavy loads on their heads,

some dressed in bright colors and looking handsome, especially one wearing bright yellow pantaloons.

From Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, we took a motor launch across the sea to the kibbutz Ein Gev, which is right on the shores and up against Syria; life there means constant tension and hard work for every member. There are many children and once more I was impressed with the Israelis' bravery; children must be trained not to go far from the settlement. This kibbutz is made up of farmers and fishermen and members also make some money from the twice-daily trips for tourists across the sea to Tiberias. Each Passover, Ein Gev runs a music festival in its new outdoor auditorium, which is still not quite finished; it is large and the location is picturesque, on the sea with the large Mount Susita as a backdrop.

The same afternoon late we went up to the northern edge of Israel and spent the night at Kfar Giladi, the most beautiful kibbutz I have seen. It was not always so beautiful, but has been made so by grueling work. The kibbutz was founded in 1917 by Jews who belonged to the self-defense organization known as Hashomer (The Watchmen), an organization which later developed into the Haganah. It has a magnificent rest home, which would put expensive motels in the States in the shade. There are well kept green lawns, oleanders, fruit trees, flowering vines, poppies, daisies, roses everywhere, with views of mountains on all four sides. Kfar Giladi is directly up against the Lebanese border and almost next to Syria.

Metulla, the very northernmost town in Israel, where the Lebanese, Syrian and Israeli frontiers converge, is a resort in summer, as it is high and relatively cool. All year long, so rumor has it, the main source of the town's business is smuggling goods back and forth to Lebanon. One of the most romantic sights I've seen in Israel were four camels, dark against the sky, grazing on a hilltop in Syria. Galilee is lovely beyond belief just now, with an abundance of wild flowers growing among the green grass. The yellow mustard

grows as tall as young trees and it is at its height this time of year.

Retracing our steps southward, we drove up a mountainous road where we could see the Sea of Galilee again on our way to Safad. From there we took a beautiful side road down the mountains, past olive groves, rocky hillsides, Arabs with sheep, to Nahariya on the coast. There I was so engrossed in taking Eve around and walking by the edge of the Mediterranean, that I forgot completely to get gas. This was not bright of me, as we drove all afternoon through roads famous for their scenic beauty but not for their cities or signs of civilization like gas stations. One way and another we had a hair-raising time of it. One hitchhiker we picked up assured us we could get gas in Peki'in. I would not have missed visiting this village for anything, but we did not get gas there.

Peki'in is the only village in Israel which was continuously inhabited by Jews from the days of the Bible until recent times. Now it is a Druze village, though there is one Jewish family whose members are reputed to have been living in Peki'in uninterruptedly since the destruction of the Second Temple. The village looked to us as if it could fit into Biblical days and not be out of place; we drove slowly over a bumpy, stony road behind two camels, a donkey and surrounded with dozens of children eager to sell us baskets, wasting precious gas by the liter on this journey which led to nothing except sightseeing.

Some of the country we went through was the most spectacular we had seen in Israel, winding mountain roads with majestic vistas. Toward evening we ran into an Army encampment of handsome youngsters, girls and boys about eighteen to twenty. They were setting up tents, giving solicitous attention to foot blisters, chatting in friendly groups, examining defects in their gear. According to the soldiers with whom we talked, all the officers were off somewhere and not one of those left in camp had authority to let us have gas. Then, just as I was in complete despair we found a

kind truck driver who gave us three liters, and we coasted into Nazareth in the pitch dark. The lights of Nazareth were a welcome sight indeed; Eve said she never in the world had thought she would ever be so glad to see that city. We spent the night in Haifa, which we reached quite late, both of us in a state of utter exhaustion. . . .

TO MARGIE GALLINA AND MARGE ADAMS / *April 10, 1954*

. . . Ahuva Ory came by for me this afternoon and we took our respective five-and-a-half-year-olds to the Beth Hakerem school; they are now registered for the first grade. The principal, a sweet, artistic-looking man with wild white hair, talked with each child who registered. Danny was shy at first but then got over it and talked. He was pleased, as the principal told him they would be friends—all this in Hebrew, of course. Just before he went to sleep, Danny whispered to me: "The boss of the whole school told me he would be friends with me!"

Thursday the children had a Seder at the Gan, but when she told the children about it, Hanna made the mistake of calling it a "party," so Danny flatly refused to go. He claims everyone pushes and makes too much noise at parties. I think he would have enjoyed this "party," and I wanted him to have some kind of idea about a Seder—maybe next year. Shoshana come by to bring Danny his Seder glass; each child painted a glass which he can have to drink his wine from at Seder dinner. Now, there is vacation for three weeks; I do not look forward to it. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *April 23, 1954*

As you know from the post card, all five of us got to the Old City early in the morning. Our rooms were just a block outside of Damascus Gate, right on the Israeli border. They

were cleanish, but the eating and toilet and washing arrangements were, shall I say, on the fantastic side. As at Christmas, we hired a guide for the entire time and a car for part of it. We visited the Holy Sepulchre again. Thank goodness for the candles we were given to light our way up and down the stairs; they got our sons through the crowded church on Good Friday with not a single yell or a single clamor of: "Ima, I want to go outside." Patrick almost set fire to the skirts of a kneeling nun, whether by accident or design I prefer not to know, and Danny, by accident, burned the hand of our very nice guide. We were lucky to get one who liked the boys and had an engaging way with them.

After the boys were asleep that night, Marion and I went for a walk and by chance ran into the tail end of the "burial service" outside the Holy Sepulchre. According to a calendar of religious events we had been given, this consists of a procession to seven stations of the Cross with sermons in Italian, Greek, German, English, French, Arabic and Spanish. Upon reaching Calvary, the figure of the Crucified is removed from the Cross and wrapped in a winding sheet. At the Stone of Unction it is anointed, spiced and censed, and finally placed in the Tomb. We joined the Spanish service. Just outside the church we saw our guide, who had been dismissed earlier; he was obliging and energetic, and I too can be energetic; thus we pushed and wriggled ourselves in the mob until I stood on a bench directly behind a richly garbed priest. With the aid of the bench and my six feet, I had an unobstructed view of the ceremony and also of the audience. But my more polite husband stood way back in the mob and, as far as I know, had no view at all. He had no bench.

It seemed wildly improbable that I should be in this assemblage; I have never felt so much as if I were in an Arabian Nights story. It was the East, colorful and dramatic. There were Arab policemen with their spiked helmets, looking out of place in church; men with red fezes, among whom I

remember particularly one tall man with a thin mustache and a fanatic face; men wearing all kinds of kaffiyas, red and white, of the Arab Legion, black and white, all white, the yellow of the Arab cavalry; tourists like us; Arab women wearing black veils, or no face-covering veils but dressed in embroidered clothes and wearing white scarves on their heads. There were three black-robed priests and one who had gold embroidery of the most ornate kind all over his full black robe and wore a high white hat with gold embroidery; apparently the hat was heavy as he gave an unpriestly sigh of relief when it was taken off for a moment or so during the ceremony. There were candles everywhere and an all-male choir dressed in white robes sang beautifully.

Soon it was over, and the priestly procession filed out; immediately afterwards there was a bustle, and this time a procession of dignitaries filed by. This procession was preceded by a man carrying an ornate, huge, wicked-looking staff with which he pounded the floor and thereby effectively scattered the crowd. By this time I was off the bench and in direct line of attack by the stick, which impressed and scattered me. . . .

At this season the Garden of Gethsemane is a place of beauty, boasting myriads of colorful flowers. I did not get to enjoy it as much as I might, for I was busy trying to prevent Patrick from picking a bouquet for his grandmother. He kept repeating in good Sabra fashion: "But Ima, I want to," then dashing rapidly in another direction.

The sheep and donkey market just outside Herod's Gate was the high light of the entire trip for the boys, and in some ways it was for me too. In a large, usually empty lot hundreds of Arabs were carrying on a noisy, brisk business selling animals as they do every Friday morning. Marion's mother and I walked right in the midst of it all. When I realized suddenly we were the only women, I felt a little odd but hoped our tourist status and the boys' interest would make

it all right. Our guide persuaded one merchant to let the boys ride his donkey a short distance; everyone enjoyed it, but no one more than Patrick who clamored for more rides. Yesterday he said to me: "Imale, let's go to the Old City so I can ride a donkey again."

We also drove to Bethlehem again; this time in the morning. The road, winding through the gray rocks of the Judean hills, is picturesque, though to my disappointment Rachel's Tomb looked shabby in the sunlight. The boys enjoyed the drive, as they passed the time counting innumerable caves. Many of them were inhabited and we could see children and women in brightly embroidered robes, most of them wearing white headdresses, sitting in the mouths of some caves. We also saw men and young boys herding black goats and white sheep, and women carrying enormous loads of branches and twigs for firewood, or large tin cans filled with water.

Bethlehem was almost deserted; to my amazement it looked clean, bare and empty. There were no pestering salesmen, and in a tourist shop the adults had delicious Turkish coffee, the boys very pink juice, and all of us meat and cheese sandwiches. The shop itself sold copper, rugs, dolls and so forth, but apparently it is tourist or Arab custom to have food brought in and you eat in the middle of the store. Fine idea, as while you are waiting, you look around and maybe buy something. We were almost the only tourists in town and, for that matter, in the Church of the Nativity. This time I enjoyed walking through the church, especially the Greek Orthodox part where the gay, childlike chandeliers with their bright colored balls like Christmas tree ornaments delighted me. There are beautiful old mosaics in the church also. In the manger, where the devout had thrown coins, Patrick got down on his stomach to investigate properly and screeched: "Money, Imal!" meanwhile trying earnestly to grab a few pieces.

The journey to Jericho and the Dead Sea was made memorable by a conversation our guide had with Danny. As a rule if an adult asks Danny whether he speaks Hebrew, he sticks out his tongue, makes a face and lapses into silence, making sure thereafter that no Hebrew word escapes his lips. Our guide, who had been brought up in the Old City and, like many such people, used to speak Hebrew, was curious about our status and had been unable to get much information out of us. En route to Jericho he had a brilliant idea and asked Danny (in Hebrew) whether he spoke Hebrew. Our dear child replied immediately in his flawless Hebrew: "Of course." The guide looked at the chauffeur and they both gasped, and then in Hebrew he asked Danny something else, I do not know what, but I do know that our son's reply was again in Hebrew. After that the sweet child sang Hebrew songs all the way to Jericho; he knows at least twenty of them but can rarely be persuaded to sing them for adults. It was quite a trip.

The road between Jerusalem and Jericho is truly the Judean wilderness; I like God-made barrenness and I find it beautiful. But this is desolation; utter, complete, and I think much of it man-made or rather black goat-made. The hills are denuded; the waste is appalling, especially after one has seen what has been done on what seem like the same kind of hills in Israel. Dozens of herds of black goats, picturesque indeed, but the culprits who have been responsible for much of this arid land and eroded hills, were "grazing"—on what I do not know. We also saw several herds of camels; one herd had two baby camels, both a month old. Below sea level the area becomes almost a complete desert, just as it does near S'dom, hot even at this time of year. Nearly 70,000 Arab refugees live in the Jericho area, in dismal-looking camps. The first camp we saw housed about 30,000 refugees from former Palestine. The baked-mud huts did not look like pleasant places in which to live.

I had not thought much about Jericho, except that it was near the Dead Sea; I had not expected the miracle of this green, tropical city with its banana and fig trees, date palms in excellent condition, orange, lemon and grapefruit groves, and the attractive spring with a clear, fast-running brook coming from it. Why I had not heard about Jericho before I don't know, because as always happens, almost every Israeli I meet now tells me of the beauty of Jericho and how he longs to go there again. We scrambled up and down the ruins of several excavations; sites of Biblical and Herodian cities. The boys had a hilarious time, even in the heat, climbing up and down steep dirt steps into excavated rooms; and my husband had an equally happy time photographing it all. Marion's mother and I sat down to watch the others and to look over at the Greek monastery high on a nearby hill. During his forty days of fasting, Christ supposedly stayed on the spot where this monastery is built. There was a camel by the spring refreshing itself, as well as at least twenty Arab women filling clay jugs which they carried away on their heads; later some donkeys came down to drink, and then a herd of cattle. Some teen-age Arab girls found me, my clothes and my way of drinking water by using my hand as a cup, fascinating and humorous. One girl, braver than the others, could not resist: she came over to examine my nylon slip which was lace-edged. She and a friend had a conversation, the brave one pinched my leg gently and I could see they had decided my nylon hose were my legs, so I lifted my skirt to show them where the hose were fastened. They were enraptured and so was I.

We had Turkish coffee and sandwiches at a modest cafe by the Dead Sea shore. There is a large fresh water spring at this place and it was all cool, clean looking and restful, in contrast to the dried-up, yet sticky, appearance of S'dom. My Israeli-prejudiced self could not help but wonder what the place would be like if the Jews controlled Jericho and

this part of the Dead Sea. A few yards from where we had our sandwiches there used to be a prosperous plant of the Palestine Potash Company and close by there had been the beautiful and famous Kallia Hotel, where in winter one met tourists from all over the Middle East. One or two pillars is all that remains of either of these war casualties.

The last afternoon of our Easter visit my mother-in-law and I went to the Rockefeller Museum, while Marion babysat during the boys' naps, a job I had performed the other two days. It was frustrating to have to sit in a dingy room for two or three hours each afternoon of our three days, but the enforced rest also had something to be said in its favor.

I had been anxious to see this museum and was not disappointed. It is a handsome, modern building with a well laid-out charming garden and well displayed exhibits. In this museum an antiquity is defined as "any object produced by human agency earlier than the year 1700 A.D., or any human or animal remains of a date earlier than the year 600 A.D." The museum has only such objects, so its exhibits seemed ancient to my New World eyes. Many of them have come from the Israeli side, from Megiddo, Ashkelon, a large number from famous Beit Shan, Caesarea, Mount Carmel, Beersheba, Acre. There was the skeleton of a prehistoric man from Mount Carmel, reputed to have lived 100,000 years ago. The invention of pottery was one of civilization's high points and there are examples of the earliest pottery, made somewhere between 5,000 and 3,000 B.C., very rough and poorly fired. The examples of vessels made during the Middle Bronze Age (2,000-1,600 B.C.) are the most attractive pottery I have seen. There are several shapes: I liked especially a trim metallic goblet with a trumpet foot and flaring mouth, and also sharp angled dishes from Beit Shan. There are vases dating back to 400 B.C., with designs of palm trees, fishes, leaping animals and birds; also there are

cases with gold and silver jewelry and ornaments, as well as a wealth of other objects.

The rooms are arranged primarily for people like us—the nonspecialist visitor. They are intended to provide a synopsis of the prehistory and history of this area. The exhibition is brief, highly selective, and arranged on a chronological system, so we passed through the centuries, from the earliest traces of man in the Stone Age, down to what archeologists call “recent times.” The guards in this museum are almost as interesting as the exhibits; I have no idea yet whether they are Arabs or Englishmen, but in any event they seemed to my naive eyes as British as the Queen’s guards at Buckingham Palace. I kept thinking of A. A. Milne’s nursery rhyme: “They’re changing guard at Buckingham Palace—Christopher Robin went down with Alice.”

On our way back from the museum my mother-in-law remarked: “It is wrong that Jerusalem is divided; it should be an international city so that Christians living in Israel could visit the Old City at any time.” I am quoting this as I understand it is a remark made commonly by unthinking Christians in the States and elsewhere, and with malice aforethought by many pro-Arab and British. I made no answer, but I will write you what I refrained from saying.

Let us assume that Washington, D. C. was on the border, divided down the middle between Canada and the United States, and was equally sacred to the Canadians, Americans and Mexicans. Let us also assume that the United States was a much smaller country than its neighbors. Would these same devout, intensely patriotic American Christians approve of making Washington, D. C., an international city, under mandate, say, to the British, friendly to Canada and to the Argentines, friendly to Mexico? I would hate to put them to the test.

We thoroughly enjoyed our trips to Trans-Jordan; it is a fascinating experience, a trip into another world, so near and

yet so far from Israel both in freedom to go there and in culture. Here people pride themselves on their independence and equality, and try to give the poorest something of an even break, at least health, food and school-wise. On the other side of the border, there is much more surface deference, not to say servility, but both Marion and I feel there is a lack of sincerity in it.

We prefer Israel. . . .

TO RUTH AND STEPHEN FISKE / *April 30, 1954*

The weather the past few days has finally turned into what it normally is this time of year according to our neighbors: sunny, clear, a little cool mornings and evenings but warm in the afternoon. Now that summer has come to Jerusalem, our kerosene stoves are out on the balcony to be used to heat water for our daily laundry and the boys' baths. The days of hot water every morning are gone and cold showers for Marion and me and buckets for the boys have begun. The boys are in shorts and I am in cottons and sandals. In this wonderful city of Jerusalem I actually had no trouble in finding a pair of sandals to fit and exactly what I wanted too; in Washington I tried in vain for five years to find sandals to fit.

I was really unhappy that Easter and Passover coincided this year, for the first time in twenty seven years. This meant that we missed a Seder dinner, something I have looked forward to for ages. They will not coincide next year at least.

During the week of Pesah (Passover) no one could buy any bread or rolls in this Holy City of Jerusalem—"Seven days ye shall eat unleavened bread"—so I got in good practice baking. The list of things you cannot do and still remain kosher is appalling. The *Jerusalem Post* published instructions for Passover issued by the Chief Rabbinate, Kashrut Depart-

ment; it is one of the most entertaining documents I have ever read. You cannot wear perfume which has alcohol in it from abroad; certain baby foods are permissible, others are not; straws are manufactured from leavened glue and therefore cannot be used; doctors are cautioned not to prescribe any medicines which contain leavened ingredients, such as yeast preparations, and on and on and on the list goes. Housewives really work. If you do not have a set of dishes kept only for Passover, your glass dishes must be soaked for three days in a certain way. Other kinds of dishes cannot be made kosher at all. Metalware is made kosher by immersing it in water in which a white-hot brick is placed. Ovens must be cleaned according to rabbinical instructions. Baking utensils may not be used even if cleansed; nylon, enamel and bakelite cooking utensils must be given for ritual cleansing to a person who has a certificate from the local Rabbinate stating that he is authorized to do such cleansing. The entire house is scrubbed within an inch of its life and almost every housewife takes this opportunity to dust all the books, quite a job in this country where people love books. Grocery stores take down and put away all the things you are not supposed to buy, such as all, or almost all, canned goods, oatmeal and a long list of other items. Candy in Israel remains kosher, fortunately for Patrick and for my piece of mind. . . .

TO DOROTHEA AND PAUL TAYLOR / *May 5, 1954*

. . . Ever since the Zionist era began, Jews all over the world have sent money to plant trees in Palestine or Israel. Part of this region was forested a long, long time ago, but the forests were gradually destroyed. Some of them were cut to make charcoal for fuel; the same kind of thing is going on in Mexico today. It broke my heart to watch it when I was

there. Some of the forests were destroyed by goats who ate seedlings right down into the ground. There were also various other causes. Reforestation of Israel is something dear to the hearts of Jews. There are all kinds of stories in the books we read to the boys about "planting trees in the homeland."

Reforestation has also provided a type of public work for the unskilled unemployed; the money spent on it has been governed as much by the need to relieve unemployment as to plant trees. Carobs, whose pods yield animal food, two types of pines, some cedars and other conifers are the most common kinds of trees to plant; although eucalyptus has also been quite widely used, especially along the highways. As a native northern Californian I love the eucalyptus; if there is anything more fragrant than the smell of eucalyptus in the rain I do not know it. These types of trees have only limited commercial value, but Marion says he has been told no better species are well adapted to Israel's climate. A lot of money is spent on tree planting; in some places, for instance along roads, the trees are watered during the first summer so they will have time to get their roots deep enough to survive. This kind of care is, however, expensive.

Usually trees are planted with an accompaniment of speeches, music and parades, especially of school children, and forests are planted in honor of someone, mostly war heroes, American Zionists, victims of the Nazis, or prominent non-Jewish statesmen.

Some handsome forests are growing up; in the relatively short time we have been here we have noticed the difference along the road from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv; the hills look more tree-covered than when we came. But there is one sad fact about the tree planting; there is a tendency for trees to be planted with much ceremony and then quietly neglected to their death in the following month. This is not true everywhere, but there is too much of it. There has been

some of that even in our shikun. On Tu Bishvat we planted many trees in our garden with much joy and celebration. Since then some of them have died from lack of water. Marion cannot bear it, so he has taken it upon himself to water them regularly.

One man wrote the *Jerusalem Post* recently, saying it was understandable that the youth who planted a tree in January would want to cut it down, dead or alive, in September to build a succah, but he did object to the carelessness or worse by which brush fires were allowed to destroy young trees in the hot summer. Fires have become more common in Israel lately as tree planting has been expanded, and this man was pleading for more care this spring and summer.

Marion says this tree planting and later neglect is characteristic of other aspects of the Israel economy. He claims he sometimes thinks that Israel is like the brilliant adolescent son of a rich father. He knows he is brilliant, because he has seen evidences in his school work. He does not want to get ahead on his father's wealth, but wants to make his own money and, to achieve other attainments as well, and he knows within himself that he can do it. But at the same time he must have his Cadillac convertible, and he plans one magnificent brilliant scheme after another, to none of which he gives sufficient attention and hard work to push through to successful completion. All this time he blithely ignores smaller achievements he might make. I think this judgment may be harsh, but it has enough truth in it to make me laugh, even if I am prejudiced enough to laugh ruefully....

TO GERRY BEE / May 8, 1954

...Though the Oriental Jewish market known as Mahane Yehuda is near us, I go there infrequently as one must bargain to do well. My Hebrew is just about nonexistent and I never

have been fond of, or adept at, bargaining. Mahane Yehuda is picturesque, gay and Middle Eastern with a prosperous Israeli flavor. It is more like a Mexican market than anything else I have seen in Israel, but it is cleaner, its people look more energetic and there are not as many flowers for sale.

The brightly colored clothes strung across each narrow street add more than a touch of color to the market and so do the people. Mahane Yehuda, which means Camp of Judah, is a place of twisting, narrow streets, each filled with an assortment of articles for sale: secondhand shoes and clothes, hardware, open meat markets, vegetables, fruits, piping hot pitah (the round, flat, hollow Arab bread, which is delicious if hot and like rubber when stale). Truckloads of live chickens and ducks and turkeys can sometimes be found, squawking, but barely noticeable in the general confusion. Sometimes I think every donkey in Jerusalem must be visiting this market, at least a third of them braying about something, and the urchin population is also not small, not quiet, not subdued and not polite.

To try to shop clutching the hands of two entranced small boys, a purse, two or three string bags, keeping a sharp eye out for a mother-in-law who has wandering tendencies and even less sense of direction than I, leaves me a wreck for the rest of the day. Patrick, in particular, adores the market; it satisfies to the full his excitable, Irish temperament and he is clever about watching his chance to slip away from me and run down a lane exploring on his own. One turn in Mahane Yehuda and a child can be lost for some time, and though others enjoy my searching and Pat's delight in eluding me, I find it wearing.

In the market you can see every kind of costume in Jerusalem. There are even more turbaned men than downtown, wearing beards and long robes, sitting cross-legged, holding a staff and generally reciting something to them-

selves. There are women of all ages in long, brightly colored dresses with white shawls over their heads; suburban housewives in slacks carrying string bags and the ultra-Orthodox look lost, as is their custom.

The hawkers call out articles for sale in a singsong voice, sometimes two or three of them forming a sort of chorus. Some of these songs have been translated for me: *Delicious apples to eat; a honey melon, here, prima, cheap today; sugar-sweet red watermelon; red tomatoes, here, taste; bananas for your little boys, good, ripe bananas. Try one, cheap.*

I like to take visitors to Mahane Yehuda though the pushcarts and trucks around the narrow, crowded market, as well as the carts pulled by donkeys, make driving even more hazardous than downtown; and as for trying to find a place to park, it is easier to take the bus from Beth Hakerem. . . . Every time I go I find something to entertain me. The first time I went with a neighbor and we saw pitah being baked on a large, flat-topped wood stove. I wanted some immediately, paid for it and innocently tried to hold the bread. It was like trying to hold a hot coal and I danced, hating to drop it in the dirty alleyway but meanwhile convinced I was burning my fingers to the bone. The shopkeeper laughed all over, meanwhile telling me to put it on my head. An Oriental Jew or an Arab would have done that to begin with, and I promptly did so too, at least for a few moments. Everyone around enjoyed it and my fingers cooled off. . . .

TO HELEN HAMMARBERG / May 10, 1954

. . . Last week we celebrated Israel's sixth Independence Day. It is a day of memories and of rejoicing. People here will never forget the first Independence Day when they heard over the radio at midnight that the United States had recognized the State of Israel, nor will they ever forget how they

danced in the streets or watched others dance, almost everyone with tears in his eyes.

On the eve of the national holiday we sat on our balcony and so had ringside seats for the fireworks, speeches and subsequent parade down the hill in front of us. We could hear the speeches made at Herzl's Tomb on Mount Herzl and we could also hear them over the Rosenne's radio next door. As the Last Post was sounded in memory of those who fell in the War of Independence, the Knesset Speaker solemnly ushered in the nation's seventh year of independence by lighting a large stationary torch. As this torch was seen over the hilltops, other torches were lit all over Israel. A six-gun salute—one for each year—was then fired. The Ko Yisrael Orchestra played "Hativka," the national anthem, and a blazing Star of David and a State flag were outlined in blue flames and fireworks. It was pitch dark when the various youth groups marched down from Mount Herzl, carrying torches and singing songs of victory and joy.

The next morning there was a long and splendid parade in the former Arab town of Ramle, which is about forty miles from here on the road to Tel Aviv. Most of the high officials of Israel were there as well as a distinguished list of diplomats and crowds of ordinary citizens, Sabras, old and new immigrants. There were drums, trumpets, jets and camels and everyone jammed together having a wonderful and happy time. This parade is held in a different city each year. Citizens of the new immigrant town of Ramle were bursting with pride to have the honor this day. I understand that there is already keen rivalry for next year's parade—Tiberias, Nahariya, Hadera and Beersheba are all pushing their claims.

On the afternoon of Independence Day Marion and his mother went to the President's garden party given in a rose garden near here, where the large government center is in the process of construction. They met the President and his wife, the Prime Minister and his wife and various and sundry

other notables. Marion, who does not usually wax talkative about such affairs, said that the roses in full bloom and terraced lawns made a striking background for the throng. The weather was perfect, a cool breeze tempered the strong sun. There were Bedouin sheiks in flowing robes, Legation attachés in gold braid, simple new immigrants, official representatives of the Christian and Moslem communities in full regalia, and Israelis who had come from all over the country....

TO NORMA HAZELTINE / *May 15, 1954*

.. Danny is growing up; he has lost another tooth, now has four out, one coming in. He is currently so devoted to David Goldman that I am finding it embarrassing. In Fairlington he would never go to anyone else's house to play, but now he teases me constantly to take him to David's; maybe David is not so eager and more than likely David's parents are not either. I have the shoe on the other foot for a change; in Fairlington, children always had to come to our house.

He told me this week that David often fibs, but on that particular day he had told the biggest fib of all. Said Danny: "David told me that he is Jewish and his whole family are Jewish. That's a big fib, isn't it, Ima?" I explained as kindly as I could that we were the only ones we know who weren't Jewish; every single other person Danny knows is. Danny asked hopefully: "Even Beebo?" I told him: "Yes, even Beebo, though he was born in California." Beebo's mother is not Jewish but I did not feel up to going into that distinction.

Danny's teacher asked me to leave Pat at the Gan yesterday to see whether he would stay. He enjoyed himself greatly. Hanna had feared he might be the tough-looking type who would cry if left alone. On the contrary, the young man announced this morning he wants to go tomorrow and

all the time. He cannot; that is, he is still too young for the public kindergarten for four-and-a-half- to six-year-olds; Hanna was just interested academically to see how Pat would react. There is a private nursery school right next door which is supposed to be good and I will send him there if he really wants to go. I would just as soon have him home; felt so funny walking back from the Can yesterday, almost as if I had lost an arm. . . .

Today we went to tea at the Prime Minister's and I had a fine time. He has a large house, with two guards by the gate, which makes for atmosphere as well as essential protection for the highest State official. The Sharett's really live in a private flat above the official downstairs entertaining rooms where we were. As the house should be, it is the handsomest I have seen in Israel, with a large living room opening onto an enclosed Mexican-like courtyard or patio bordered with flowers. There were a large number of men from Detroit as well as six or seven couples from Jerusalem. Every year the Detroit Chamber of Commerce takes a month's trip around the world by private plane (each man pays his own way) and this year they came here for a few days.

There was another couple from Gass's office and a selected English-speaking group of couples who have various positions in town; only seven women in all, including Mrs. Sharett. The men looked very American somehow; I had not realized that a group of American businessmen would look different from the Israelis and those of us who have lived here for a while, but they did, to me at least. They had gay neckties and everyone wore a necktie and almost every man had a camera of some sort.

Mr. Sharett is a patient soul; he must have had his picture taken forty times standing with various groups of men from Detroit and he was not only polite through it all, but affable and managed to look as if he were enjoying himself. I was

impressed when Mr. Sharett gave a little speech of welcome and said he was glad to greet the men and he had a few representatives from the Israeli government there to meet them. Here was I called a representative of the Israeli government, or at least the wife of one! Although the statement was not accurate as applied to Marion, I beamed in reflected glory....

TO MY MOTHER / *May 22, 1954*

Marion's mother left by plane early Wednesday morning for Edinburgh (via London) where she plans to spend a month with an old friend from Nevada who now lives in Scotland. She is eager to see her parents' birthplaces which are near Edinburgh. She will then return by ship to the United States.

Pat has been close to his grandmother and may miss her even more than the rest of us; this, coupled with his continued demand to go to school decided me, and I have started him in the Ganon (nursery school), next door to Danny's kindergarten. It is, of course, all Hebrew-speaking and the teacher's English is so sketchy it is simpler for us to talk German. Pat seems to like the school; feels most important to be going, and won't let me take him all the way; waves "Shalom" to me from the road and goes sturdily on and into the garden by himself, lunchbox and flask around his neck in true Israeli fashion. He is especially fond of the teacher's husband, who is an ambulance driver, and in his off time helps out with the school. Pat's description of this gentleman is "The big boy called Abba."...

Children in Israel just do not have the same luxury standards as in the United States—children in the upper middle-class income level I mean. I have written you that before but I have not realized that these standards of simplicity may be a little hard on the parents. David Goldman's

mother moaned to me the other day that her nine-year-old daughter, who has long thick hair, refuses to go to a beauty parlor to have her hair washed and set because none of the other girls in her class do and because they make fun of girls who do such things. It would cost the equivalent of sixty-five cents to have this done and twice a month would be enough, but Judy refuses flatly. Her father upholds her, saying: "For goodness' sake, if the child wants to be simple and like a child, be glad and leave her alone." So Helen, like a good wife and mother, perspires and slaves washing Judy's long hair and setting it, which is hard work and usually not done to the young lady's satisfaction. Thank all the gods there be, we have sons. If we had a daughter she would either have to do her hair herself, or wear it in Dutch bob fashion straight and unadorned. I cannot even braid hair.

TO VAN STANBERY / *May 24, 1954*

...A neighbor and I drove to Ashkelon the other day to see about prospects for a summer cottage. The neighbor had had an idea it might be a good place to stay and it certainly seems to be.

The South African Zionists are said to be generous and some of them wealthy; they have contributed the money to build a resort on the beach at Ashkelon—and what a resort! A modest-looking, handsome, substantially built shopping center, latest wrinkles in community planning incorporated in it, and then there are cottages on the sand dunes about a fourth of a mile from the beach. As a result, the Clawsons have rented a cottage, or half of one, for the entire month of August: two bedrooms, two balconies, a good bathroom and the hall to be converted into a kitchen with a borrowed electric plate and ice box.

Everything is brand new, everyone has just moved in, everyone is eager to make Ashkelon a popular resort and

our ten pounds is the very first deposit on a cottage. The cottage, including hot water and the electricity for cooking will cost the equivalent of \$112 for the month, not cheap but not too bad either.

This new Ashkelon, or Afridar as the new part is called, is the most conscientiously planned town of Israel and the entire settlement takes great pride in the achievement. They have every right to. The site is desirable: there is abundant water; the soil is said to be suited for citrus as well as a variety of other agricultural products. The beach stretches for miles; it has plenty of white sand and, what is more, there is very little undertow as it slopes gradually into the sea. The enthusiastic public relations director who showed us around claimed that it was never unpleasantly hot as there was always a good sea breeze. We will find out later, but it seems to me from the general location that she may be correct.

Afridar-Ashkelon is a so-called garden city; every house has its own garden, quite large ones too. Then there is a large public park which will be a cool green shady spot in a few years; it has just been started now. The cottage we will rent has two banana trees in front, a newly planted lawn and a variety of flowers; the back looks directly out to the Mediterranean and there is also a newly planted lawn on that side, with even more flowers than in front. The landlady has several rabbits for which she grows alfalfa. I am describing this garden, as it is more or less typical. The balcony in the back is shaded until three in the afternoon, so we plan to eat breakfast and lunch out there, as we are told most of Ashkelon does all summer. There is no street in front of the house, just a path, making it safe for children to run around to their hearts' content.

Again like a well planned town such as would delight your heart, there is a community center, the hub of Afridar-Ashkelon's civic life. The essential shops and cafes are built

together under red-tiled arcades where citizens may shop or drink coffee or beer, well protected from the sun. Covered passages lead to a charming inner courtyard, where marbles dug from ancient Ashkelon are set around an outdoor theater. There are also marbles around a centrally located lily pond. These are touches the best planned garden city in the United States could not achieve. There are arches opening onto a municipal museum, a theater, a post office, bank and municipal offices. In a second courtyard are the health clinic and public library and in a third, sundry workshops.

The overall effect of the town from a distance would also please the most exacting town planner. I gasped with anticipation when we saw it after passing through the unprepossessing little town that Migdal Ashkelon itself is nowadays. We saw a small town of red-tiled roofs, palm trees and other evergreens rising among them, against clean sand dunes, a blue sky, and the ever lovely Mediterranean. I blessed my neighbor's perspicacity and belief in newspaper reports and then was sure all this would have been bespoken months hence. It had not been; Afridar-Ashkelon is so new that it has not yet been mobbed, though it will be in time. This year, however, we are lucky.

The whole idea of Ashkelon intrigues me, quite aside from the excellent vacation facilities they have there. I keep saying over to myself part of the verses from the Second Book of Samuel, words which are supposed to have come from David when he heard of the death in war of King Saul and his loved friend Jonathan: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ten miles or so from Ashkelon, down the coast in an area now held by Egypt, the blinded Samson is supposed to have pulled down the pillars of the

Temple of Dagon, killing himself but also all the people in the temple. The cafe on the beach at Ashkeon is called Delilah in memory of Samson and his perfidious lady friend, and a nearby hotel is the Dagon and there is also Shimshon's (Samson's) Inn. Herod the Great was born in Ashkelon and built it up lavishly. It was a major town under the Moslems and it took the Crusaders years of fighting to conquer it. When they lost it again, the Moslems wrecked the city completely.

According to Theodor Meyse's little guide book, *Ashkelon Old and New*, the "Antiquities Area" of Ashkelon forms a rough semicircle on the edge of the Mediterranean, with a radius of some two kilometers. This is the walled-in space of the Byzantine and medieval cities, while the Philistine and earlier towns are covered by a small central tell on the shore cliff. A green belt of citrus plantations, not in very good condition, divides the ruins from Afridar-Ashkelon.

We were interested to see something of ancient Ashkelon, so we took the guide book and walked around through the sand; it is exhausting work but well worth it. A path runs down to the ancient port, where waves batter the broken moles to which the high-prowed boats of the Philistines and the great ships of Herod were moored. The ancient walls of Ashkelon which are still above ground are so densely overgrown that it is not always easy to see them. The Antiquities Area is most attractive, with its atmosphere of half-buried columns and mysterious ruins, surrounded by grapevines, fig trees, palm trees, overlooking the Mediterranean with the sun shining on it...

TO MY MOTHER / May 27, 1954

...Friday was Lag Baomer. I swear the Jews outdo the Mexicans in holidays. *Lag* stands for the Hebrew letters *lamed* and *gimel*, which have a numerical value of 33. *Omer*

is the Hebrew word for a sheaf of grain. In the old days Jews used to bring an omer of barley on the second day of Pesah as a thanksgiving offering. They counted seven weeks from that day and celebrated another holiday, Shavuot, on the fiftieth day. On the thirty-third day is Lag Baomer, commemorating the successful rising of the Jews against the Romans, led by the great hero Bar Kokba in A.D. 132. During these fifty days Jews may not get married except on Lag Baomer, a time of rejoicing (or on the "New Moon" days which fall twice during this period, the "New Moons" of the Hebrew months, Iyar and Sivan). Even if you are not religious, Lag Baomer has come to be considered a lucky day on which to marry. The result is that the marriage business booms. The *Post* reported there were about 200 weddings in Tel Aviv and apparently chaos reigned at the Jewish Community Council, with one couple after the other taking marriage vows.

It is also the time children make bows and arrows, color eggs, and most important of all, have huge bonfires at night. Thursday the thermometer registered 95 degrees, but never mind, the eight- to twelve-year-olds collected brushwood all afternoon and that night, as soon as it was dark, we had a tremendous fire, attended by most of the shikun residents and many people from Beth Hakerem. The children and some adults sang and danced and the whole effect was striking—the dark night, the great fire on the edge of our wadi, and the dancers around the fire, singing songs in praise of water and rejoicing at having found water in wells. Such songs are sung in kibbutzim, where to find water often means the difference between poverty and prosperity. Patrick, who is usually so brave, was intimidated by the flames and sparks when the fire was first lit. He kept repeating: "Ima, will it burn the sky? Ima, I don't want the sky to be burned down."

TO MARGIE GALLINA AND MARGE ADAMS / *May 29, 1954*

...Pat has begun to learn Hebrew now that he has started nursery school and Danny is bilingual. Danny's teacher Hanna claims that he is a very clever child, but she also claims he is different from the others. She thinks it is because he is not Jewish; I would give a lot to see him in a group of children in the States. I suspect he might be just as different. Hanna's thesis is, however, that many of the children in the Beth Hakerem are clever too, but in a different way. After all our Gan is supposed to be one of the best in Jerusalem, if not in all Israel; Beth Hakerem was settled by teachers, heaven help the young. Hanna says Danny is so direct and plain on the surface and goes straight to the point; also, he has a deep sense of the beautiful, though in that he is not different. Says Hanna: "The other clever ones dig under and around." I did not quite see what she meant until the next day she showed me a cloth curtain she had just hung. She is clever herself and when she needed a curtain, she ruled off a piece of cloth into about fifteen squares and had fifteen children paint whatever they wanted to on it. She asked whether I could recognize Danny's, adding that his painting was by far the easiest to recognize. She was right; the curtain had houses, men and flowers and trees and buses; on the lower right hand side was a good abstract design, straight up and down, red and yellow with a little blue and green. It was Danny's.

Then she told me that the other day the entire Gan was discussing what kind of a program they would have for graduation the end of June. They decided they would put on a pageant, showing how Beth Hakerem was first a desert, how man came, dug out the rocks, got rid of the insects, planted gardens and built houses. The girls would do a little dance and the boys might build something, at least in pantomime. There was much talk back and forth, but Danny said nothing.

Finally he raised his hand, indicating that he wanted to speak. Said our child: "Well, why don't we do it, instead of talking so much about it?" According to Hanna the three student teachers doubled up and left the room to laugh alone in the kitchen, and it took all her self-control to keep a straight face. Hanna is forever saying: "We're Jews and Jews have to talk and talk and talk; it's a national disease." To reinforce her point that Danny is different, she added that the other children were one and all horrified at Danny's suggestion; of course they had to talk about it first and plan what to do.

Whether Danny is different or not, it is certain that no one has made him aware of it on the grounds that he is not a Jew. There was an uproar last year among many of the parents of four-year-olds in Beth Hakerem as to whether their children would be allowed to attend kindergarten. Since in Arlington County, Virginia, there were no public kindergartens when we were there, and if children were not born "at the proper time," they could be almost seven before permitted to enter the first grade at public expense, I was not properly sympathetic over the outrageous behavior of the Jerusalem authorities in their failure to make provision for public education for children just four years old. As almost always occurs in an uproar, there were charges back and forth of favoritism. During all this excitement I was reminded again of the tolerance and kindness and sensitiveness of Jews toward a minority race. Two or three neighbors came to assure us that if our Danny had been rejected by the kindergarten, it would be solely because of the date of his birth, and would have nothing to do with his non-Jewish ancestry. They were relieved to learn that we had been brilliant enough to have our child born in the middle of summer, that he was a full-fledged five and that he had been accepted already without question. We, as Gentiles, do benefit by being among people who have known discrimination and are determined that we will not know it from them

at least. There is certainly one thing I can always tell our boys, only turned around to apply to them, so they will never be guilty of the sin of intolerance: "We were strangers in the Land of Egypt..." Here the Clawsons are strangers in the Land of Israel and I do not think either Marion or I will ever forget how kind people are to us, and the boys will never be allowed to forget it either.

As Hanna discussed with me what she considers the difference between Danny and the others in his class, she told me that many mothers had expressed worry to her about Danny has never heard the word *goy*, a Yiddish word often to be the only Gentile and how he was getting along. She told them and me the exact truth: as far as Danny and all the others were concerned, there was no difference except that like his friend David, he too came from the United States. I hope the same thing would be true for the only Jewish boy in a kindergarten class of Gentiles in the States. Danny had never heard the word *goy*, a Yiddish word often used slightly contemptuously or humorously to mean Gentile; he has never in any way been made to feel unwelcome, unwanted or in the slightest way different. Children reflect accurately what they hear at home; so we are reinforced in our first impression that of all peoples on earth, the Jews are among the most tolerant and hospitable.

I would say they are also among the most honest; and in no way has the honesty of the people of Jerusalem impressed us more than it has in regard to toys. We have yet to have a single toy stolen or "snitched" or whatever other term you want to use, and this in a land where children do not have many toys. As residents of Fairlington, Virginia, I would guess this impresses you as much as it does us. Remember the crimson fingernail polish we used to keep on the desk, ready to put the boys' names and address on any toy the minute it entered our house and how despite our valiant efforts toys disappeared every week?...

TO GRACE AND JOHN OHLSON / *June 1, 1954*

. . . The wild flowers were thick and amazingly beautiful here during the last part of winter and all spring. At the same time as the wild flowers were coming up everywhere, the native grasses on the hillsides also grow like mad; the grasses were green at first, then the yellow-green they get in California and now they are brown, again just as in the California foothills at the same season. I think the season here is two or three weeks earlier.

Jewish farmers have made very little use of this native forage. When the Arabs fled, they took their livestock with them of course; the Arabs had made full use of the spring grass. Near Israeli villages the grass is eaten by dairy cows, which are herded out a little way from the villages. But a dairy cow cannot travel far and back in a day, especially here where cows are milked three times a day. The result is that most of the grass goes ungrazed. This preys on Marion's mind; he exclaims often that it is really a pity to see so much good forage going to waste when the meat ration here is microscopic and half the time even the tiny ration one is supposed to get is not available. He says that a program to graze beef cattle and range sheep is being developed but it is going slowly. There are all kinds of problems, including the fact that the grass here is good for about five months, with stubble and other feeds for maybe two months more, and then there is very little for livestock to eat the rest of the year. The Arabs got around this by letting their livestock eat everything literally into the ground, and then letting the livestock get thin until the new grass came. Israeli plans are for a more stable use of grasses than this. It will certainly be a boon if more beef cattle and sheep can be raised. . . .

TO GERRY BEE / *June 7, 1954*

The past week was the celebration of the first fruits or Shavuot (Pentecost). For this holiday all Danny's class went to the Gan last Wednesday dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, each child carrying a basket of fruit. I worked all Tuesday getting this ready. Danny's Gan joined with a neighboring one, and they marched proudly to the Beth Hakerem school next to us, where there are grades from one through twelve, and presented the fruits to the first grade in a charming little ceremony. The same artistic looking principal with the wild white hair, who interviewed Danny when he registered for the first grade, told a short story and then the children sang several songs and danced together. In the afternoon the fruit was sold at the school to children and parents from all over Beth Hakerem. Also there were various things for sale the children had made; it was, I understand, a regular bazaar. The money goes to the Jewish National Fund and is used to plant trees. In the parade from the Gan to the school, Danny and the famous Be'eri, the devil with the twinkly bright eyes Danny is so fond of, led the others, to my pleasure. In typical little-boy fashion, Danny's shirt was unbuttoned and his wreath was falling off, but he was beaming proudly.

I overheard Danny asking Marion the other night: "Abba, who is more important, Be'eri or a king?" Marion replied solemnly, after a little thought: "I think Be'eri is more important because you see Be'eri every day and it isn't often that you see a king."...

Both Marion and I were glad we had an opportunity last week to go to the dedication of the land for the new Hebrew University; we felt it was an historic occasion. There is a magnificent university on Mount Scopus but it cannot be used; it is held by the Jews, but the Arabs control the access to it, so there it sits molding. Now there are plans for another university, to be built on a rocky range of hills

not far from where we live. The site is beautiful, although everyone with whom I have talked tells me with unconcealed sighs that the site on Mount Scopus is infinitely more beautiful. About 2,000 people attended the dedication; it was windy, as it often is in Beth Hakerem, and the dozens of blue and white Israeli flags with the Star of David in their center waved back and forth from tall flagstaffs in a picturesque but dangerous-looking fashion. The whole affair impressed us with the true dignity, which is combined with informality, characteristic of the Israeli government and people as a whole. All but one speech was in Hebrew (the exception was in English), but both of us enjoyed the affair anyway. We like professors and academic gatherings; the day was beautiful and the occasion memorable.

As we were told *sotto voce* at the time by a neighbor who went with us (and as we learned more exactly later from the *Jerusalem Post*) President Ben-Zvi said at the dedication ceremony: "I called upon the Lord in my distress; the Lord answered me and set me in a large place..." President Ben-Zvi went on to say; "I see here an extension of domain. We are not relinquishing the great library, the Museum of Antiquities, the Hadassah University Hospital and all the other buildings on Mount Scopus. When the time comes, we shall go back there; but even then, more space will be needed. The University of the State of Israel is this day inaugurating a new center beside the Kirya in Jerusalem: the crown of wisdom is set beside the crown of sovereignty." The last reference is to the fact that the new university will be built next to the government center, now in process of construction.

Every one of the six speakers referred to the university on Mount Scopus and every one declared it was not lost, but waiting. I found the references touching and brave; there was no weeping over what cannot be helped at the moment, and there were the plans to go forward despite obstacles. This kind of spirit is what endears Israel to us and arouses our most sincere admiration for its people....

TO RENÉE AND MILLARD GALLOP / *June 8, 1954*

Last Friday we went to Zikhron Ya'akov and came back yesterday. According to the guide books I have read, Zikhron Ya'akov is one of the loveliest villages in Israel and from what we saw I suspect it is true. It is between Tel Aviv and Haifa and on the foothills of Mount Carmel, close to the Mediterranean, with views of the sea from many parts of the town. There is a rest-house for artists (the word is stretched to include many kinds of talents); it is called Beth Daniel and looks like someone's spacious, restful, wealthy home with sweeping, well cared-for gardens and a view of the sea. We stayed at a comfortable pension, high on a hill, with a fine view all around and ate at another pension. It was all right where we ate, but not wonderful, too many flies. Israelis should do something about flies; almost any place we have been plagued with them. It was unnecessary.

One day we swam at the beach near Caesarea and to my joy the boys were not a bit afraid of the water, enjoyed themselves immensely.

Caesarea was built by Herod the Great on the site of a Phoenician town and it was once one of the largest ports of the East. According to the New Testament, Paul was imprisoned there for two years. It was also an important center of Jewish, Christian and Greek learning. The Crusaders were there, of course (they seem to have been a great many places), and it was here the Holy Grail was found. There is not much left of the old city, but what is there is highly picturesque. We stood by columns on the edge of the shore, a palm tree or two waving above them, looked out over the Mediterranean and thought of all the things that had happened in Caesarea.

The other two days we swam at Tantura, one of the best beaches I know of anywhere. Tantura is built on the ruins of the Canaanite city-state of Dor; here too the ruins

are picturesque in the same way as those of Caesarea. Palm trees rise from old stone ruins and the sea rolls up to the edge of the former city. There is a kibbutz just a few yards from the beach and if ever kibbutznicks had excellent recreational facilities, these people do,—that is, if they like to swim. We also drove by Atlit, the ruins of the largest Crusader castle in Israel, built in the beginning of the thirteenth century. The castle is built on a rocky promontory between two coves and is still handsome.

In the mornings we swam and in the afternoons we went sight-seeing. One day we spent an hour or so at the youth village of Meyer Shefeya, a beautiful place with spacious lawns and many trees, where children from ten to seventeen live. This village like others in Israel, is sponsored by Hadassah. Children's villages differ from ordinary ones in that the inhabitants know they are temporary places to stay; the children in them leave when they reach seventeen. On the other hand, from an educational viewpoint, it is essential to create a feeling of belonging. In the village we saw, each age group is housed in separate quarters, each with its own club house, house mother and instructors. The children do some agricultural work connected with the village, under supervision of course, and also attend school classes. There were chiefly children of Oriental Jews in the village, children whose parents have not yet come to Israel but who plan to get here when they can; also children whose parents are too poor to care for them and children from wrecked homes, or whose parents, according to police or welfare authorities, are unfit to raise them.

We went through one of the rest homes for workers for which Israel is famous. This rest home was built by the Histadrut and is primarily for construction workers and their families; this means that these workers have priority during the summer months, but other people may stay at the home the rest of the year. It is said to be one of the best in the

country and that means it is good. It is on the top of a hill with a view of the sea; it has immense gardens, with flag-stone paths bordered with flowers, lawns, fountains, small pools and a large swimming pool. The central rest house is large and well furnished; has picture windows with lovely vistas and a dining room filled with flowers which would fit into any expensive hotel in the States. There are double rooms for sleeping; small but clean and restful. Workers stay here for two weeks' vacation at a subsidized rate. . . .

TO MY BROTHER TOM / *June 9, 1954*

We saw a children's village the other day and as a result I have read a little and talked with acquaintances about Youth Aliyah, one of the most interesting chapters of Israeli history. Mrs. Recha Freyer, an Israeli, originated the idea of bringing Jewish youth to Palestine to save them from the horrors of Hitler Germany, and Henrietta Szold, a warm-hearted woman born in Baltimore, had the intelligence, energy and organizing ability to carry out the plan. In February, 1934 the first Youth Aliyah group came to Palestine. Since then at least 65,000 children from all over the world have immigrated into Israel within the framework of Youth Aliyah and more are still coming.

The first groups brought over were selected carefully according to definite criteria; they included both boys and girls from fifteen to seventeen; their parents contributed to their support in Palestine. Most of the children came as a group of forty to forty-five members after a training course in the country where they came from, and they spent two years together, usually in a kibbutz. From 1934 to 1939 almost all the youngsters came from Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia; later groups came from the Balkan and Oriental countries. During World War II the selective approach had

to be discarded; Youth Aliyah was then called upon to take care of war victims, orphans and children who had lost touch with their parents.

Youth Aliyah children still remain together as a group for the period of training which lasts two, three or four years depending on the children's ages. At the present only about half of the 13,000 under Youth Aliyah care are in kibbutzim; the others are in youth villages and educational institutions. The program for all the children is about the same: they work on the land for four hours a day, thus contributing to their upkeep and learning agricultural skills; the other half day they study and in the evenings and on holidays there are social activities of various sorts. The study curriculum includes, apart from proper schooling, instruction in Hebrew, which most of the young immigrants do not speak, and also Jewish history. An acquaintance with whom I talked recently tells me the two years she spent in such a group from 1937 to 1939 were among the happiest in her life. The children she was with came from Germany; they had similar background problems, a similar outlook on life, and in Youth Aliyah they felt secure for the first time in years. They all wanted to forget Germany and most of them did; they learned a certain type of community living and they became truly proud of being Jewish.

I am sure the kind of leader they have makes a big difference in how happy the group is. Each group is under the care of two or three "madrikhim." The madrikh is a type of educator evolved by Youth Aliyah and he combines the functions of a teacher, youth leader and instructor. He is often a member of a kibbutz, selected for his ability to lead youth. Sometimes he is also a graduate of special Youth Aliyah seminars established to train leaders. His main task is to guide and lead a group of youngsters so he can help them become integrated into the life of Israel, and especially

to help them enjoy community life and instill in them ideals of agricultural pioneering. Most of the children of earlier Youth Aliyah groups went on to enter kibbutzim and many still do.

The present problems facing Youth Aliyah leaders, however, are different from those of ten to fifteen years ago. The present trainees arriving from abroad present new and different problems from their predecessors. Seventy-five per cent of them come from Middle Eastern and North African countries. Although during World War II, Palestine absorbed a thousand children from Syria, leaders here have only recently been faced with the major problem of absorbing youth from the Arab countries.

Many of the present Youth Aliyah children come from ma'abarot or from parents outside ma'abarot who for some reason are unfit to care for their children. The problem is to concentrate on their integration and education so they will become good citizens. It is difficult for the leaders, but to take children from the ma'abarot into Youth Aliyah does mean building a bridge toward the family who often lives in isolation from Israeli life. Such children are admittedly not as easy to work with as youth selected carefully for their estimated intelligence and leadership ability. It will be interesting to see what Youth Aliyah will be able to achieve with the present trainees. . . .

TO MY MOTHER / *June 12, 1954*

. . . We are now well into summer; gardening by men and children is going full steam ahead, and women sit on their respective balconies and shout news, gossip and advice to one another. The amount of dirt collected on human bodies and especially feet during a Beth Hakerem summer is staggering to contemplate. One neighbor remarked recently that

she saw now why the Bible is forever harping on the ceremony of feet-washing. As she said, it was not just a peculiar custom of Biblical days, if you live in the Judean hills it is a matter of ordinary common sense and necessity. We all scrub our own and our children's feet during the summer two or three times a day, and many a times I have thought it would be wonderful to have someone else perform this function, with or without due and proper ceremony.

We have just returned from a trip to Ashkelon. The boys enjoyed it and I am very glad we went; I wanted to chiefly because I was afraid our prospective landlady might be uncertain about us. She was; she had planned to try to telephone us tomorrow to be sure we were coming and just what date.

Sometimes the sea is calm on this beach and sometimes very rough; today it was rough but neither boy was daunted. In fact, Pat was so little daunted that he gave us a bad fright. He got caught in the undertow from a large wave and knocked under so he was out of sight for a moment or so. Marion fished him out and took him ashore; Pat was an angel, did not cry a bit and looked startled only for a moment. Marion, knowing his youngest, took him promptly to get some grapes, which distracted him completely. Danny too enjoyed himself greatly, though he is like his father: always aware of what he is doing. Patrick, like his mother, tends to be heedless, especially when having a good time.

TO MY BROTHER TOM / *June 14 1954*

... There was some excitement near Marion's office one day last week. A grass fire broke out, apparently from or near houses on the Israeli side of No Man's Land and it spread up toward the walls of the Old City. Because the fire was in No Man's Land, neither Israel nor Jordan could send fire

fighting apparatus to check it. Eventually it burned itself out against the massive stone wall of the Old City.

But the fire was not the real excitement. As it spread it touched off land mines planted by one side or the other, probably during the 1948 war. The mines went off in a series of big explosions, which Marion reports really sounded terrific and sent up clouds of smoke and dust. In Beth Hak-erem we were too far away to see or hear anything; a shame, really, the boys and I too would have had lots of fun. No damage was done to anything, at least as far as Marion knows; everything in this area was leveled six years or so ago and no one lives there. It was a vivid reminder, though, that war raged over that area and that there is a very real frontier close to Marion's office. No Man's Land is about four blocks in an air line from his building. His building, like many others in Jerusalem, is dotted with pockmarks, inflicted by rifle and machine-gun fire in the days of active fighting back in 1948. Then the building was right on the "front line." . . .

TO MY SISTER GAIL / *June 16, 1954*

You asked me to explain to you, as best I could, the whole matter of Israel-Arab relations and conflicts—who is right, and who is wrong and what is the truth?

You know as well as I that in any complex human relationship, "right," "wrong" and "truth" are pretty hard to measure however useful they are as abstract concepts. Most quarrels are not simple, and the Israel-Arab quarrel is no exception. Instead, the situation today is complex, many-sided and with a long and involved historical background. There are today, as there have been in the past, many deliberate distortions of fact by those who have their own ends to gain.

I can only write you what I know from personal exper-

ience, what I believe to be accurate from such reading as Marion and I have been able to do, and what I deduce from these. But any other observer of the same situation might be impressed by different facts, however much we each tried to report faithfully on the same picture.

To appreciate the present situation between Israel and her neighbors, I will give you a brief review of geography and history. This general region, the Middle East, is the land bridge between Asia, Africa and Europe and so has been fought over from the dawn of history. Reread the Bible; note all the wars and conflicts there. The amount and the character of violence has varied from time to time; more at some periods, less at others. Sometimes there has been reasonably good law and order within a country or area, with the main threat from without. But sometimes even local law and order broke down, with every family or tribe forced to defend itself. There has been organized violence, by armies or armed gangs, and individual violence. Aggression has been aimed both at people and at property. Read any history of this region covering the last 4,000 years—war much of the time, uprisings against government, theft and pillage, violence against the individual. Law and order as we know it in the United States, with sanctity of person and protection of property, has been rare indeed in the Middle East. One must always bear this background in mind in considering the particular forms of violence that occur along Israel's borders today.

You should also remember that Israel is in Asia. In many parts of the Middle East there is what I would call an "Asian" standard of living; intense and massive poverty, with malnutrition, bad health and disease commonplace. The achievements of Israel in providing good medical facilities, good schools, good food, and even good government, must be judged against this background of life in adjoining countries. Americans who have never traveled, and even many tourists

who have never been away from the show places, cannot imagine how near the existence, or nonexistence level life falls in much of the world, including this region.

The Middle East is a region which has been coveted by various nations for hundreds of years. For centuries, some of the trade routes to the Orient lay through here. Since the Turks lost control over these countries in the 1914 to 1918 war, Britain, France, and in recent years, the United States, have sought the favor of the various countries. At first it was British imperial communications with the Far East and with South Africa, then it was oil and trade generally. Since World War II we have tried to build it up as a bastion against Soviet expansion. The Arabs have been smart enough to play one group against another, including the Nazis against the West. American oil companies and American military people concerned over a supply of oil in this part of the world, have sought favors from the Arabs and have tried to influence American policy toward Israel. Sometimes one group has been dominant in its influence upon American policy and upon American public opinion, sometimes another.

What happened before 1948 and after? Prolonged and inconclusive negotiations took place after World War II about the future of Palestine. No solution was acceptable to the Jews, the Arabs and Britain. When the British referred the matter to the United Nations, the General Assembly recommended the partition of Palestine to form the basis for the future government of the country. The Jews accepted this solution, hoping that it would provide a satisfactory basis for agreement with the Arabs. The Arabs rejected it out of hand, and the British, using the excuse that in the absence of agreement they could do nothing, refused to take any step to carry out the General Assembly's recommendations. They gradually withdrew their administration, leaving nothing except organized chaos in its place, so that by the time the Mandate came to an end, on May 15, 1948, there had been

for months no effective government over Palestine as a whole. To meet this situation, the Jews set about creating their own institutions, including their own armed forces. The Arabs, on the other hand, refused to take any action which could be interpreted as acquiescence in the partition plan: they let all their existing institutions collapse except for their armed formations. By the time the Mandate came to an end, the country was in a state of near anarchy.

On May 14, 1948, the Jews proclaimed their independence. The neighboring Arab states commenced their armed invasion of Palestine, asking the Security Council to give them its blessing. Thus the guerrilla warfare, which started on November 30, 1947, in which hundreds of Arabs from beyond the borders took part, now took on the character of full-fledged war. This war was waged with very great bitterness, and casualties, especially on the Jewish side, were relatively heavy. For some months, Arabs—their leaders first and the common people later—had been leaving Palestine. The common people were encouraged by their leaders to leave, to evacuate the fighting areas until the Jews were “driven into the sea,” when they would return in the wake of the Arab armies and take possession of everything—their own land and Jewish as well. Although outnumbered many times by the populations of the warring Arab countries, and although poorly armed, the Jews defeated the entire group of Arab countries, or at least fought them to a draw. From what I read, the essential factor was the training, discipline and idealism of the Jewish forces. For many years they had trained their men and women into defense forces. When the war came, this training and the idealism behind it proved to be more effective than the numerically superior Arab troops.

The war ended only by a series of uneasy cease-fires and armistices negotiated by the United Nations, the last of which endured in the sense that active warfare on a major scale has not broken out since. But no real peace came. The Arab

countries try to this day to deny the very existence of Israel. They usually will not admit an American citizen whose passport bears an Israel visa, for example. There has been no agreement upon the frontier. The Arab countries maintain a boycott against Israel products. At no place can the frontier be crossed peacefully by citizens of either side; even crossings by tourists from other countries are hedged about with difficulties. A condition of no-war, no-peace, exists today.

Every war leaves hardship and heartache in its wake, and this one was no exception. In terms of persons killed or maimed, this war was small. But many people lost their homes and their property and became separated from relatives and friends. True stories of pitiful situations can be told on either side, but especially by the Arabs, since they lost territory.

Since the war both Israel and Jordan have been supported, economically speaking, largely by other countries. In 1953, Israel got about \$250 million in aid from abroad—German reparations, United States Government grants (of about \$60 million), and aid from Jews the world over, but especially in the United States. Some of this money was used for investment in housing, in irrigation, in transportation and for other development purposes. But about \$175 million went to support living in Israel, including government and defense. This compares with a national income of roughly \$600 million.

It is clear that Israel is heavily dependent upon financial aid from abroad. But so is Jordan. England gives that country some \$30 million annually, two-thirds of which goes into maintenance of Jordan's armed forces, the Arab Legion. For about twenty years this army has been trained and led by Lt. General John B. Glubb, an English officer who is its chief professional military leader. While it is true that Israel's economy, and perhaps existence, depends upon governmental and private aid from abroad, it is no less true that Jordan's does also.

If Israel and Jordan are alike in their dependence on foreign aid, they are very different in their economic and social structure and progress. Before the Mandate ended, the Jews had achieved vastly greater progress in Palestine than had the Arabs. In the last six years, the gap has probably widened. Israel has health standards on a par with the United States. This has been achieved in spite of much lower incomes, and in spite of a vast influx of poor and ignorant immigrants with no knowledge of modern health practices. Schooling is free and universal for children in Israel up through the elementary grades. Unfortunately, the picture is not as good for secondary schools, but ideals are high and advanced schooling does reach many thousands of students. There is a modern social security system. Irrigation is being extended and agriculture is carried on at a high technical level. Much of industry has attained technical proficiency that compares favorably with older countries. Great progress has been made these past years toward a self-supporting economy. The government is a democratic one, by Western standards, with free elections and free speech. Israel has not yet found it necessary to suppress either the Communists or the extreme nationalist exponents of preventative war against the Arabs; representatives of both are in Knesset and each speaks without restraint.

The Arabs in Israel share in this progress. Schooling from Arab children in Israel today is far better than it has ever been in the past, though yet below schooling standards for Jews, largely because of Arab resistance. Health services have been extended to Arabs and Bedouins. This spring there was much interest in the use of a mobile unit to give chest Xrays to Bedouins, many of whom had never had any contact with modern medicine. Hospital facilities are open to all. Arabs vote in elections, and there are eight Arab representatives in Knesset. Arabs have not yet been drawn into military service, although that is planned, and a census has been taken of

those among them who are of military age. Until recently, Arabs could travel about the country only by special permit and under special circumstances. Even now special travel permits are needed, but travel is easier than formerly. Israel officials were properly concerned to identify and isolate any possible fifth columnists within the Arab ranks. Efforts have been made to raise the level of Arab agriculture, although progress to date has been slow. The Arab in Israel is a member of a minority group and always will remain so; but his minority group is not discriminated against, just as no minority group in Israel knows discrimination. If there were no worse minority problems anywhere in the world than the Arab in Israel, one could almost believe the millenium had arrived.

My knowledge of conditions in the Arab countries rests primarily on reading, with personal observations limited to our two trips into Jordan. As nearly as one can judge, there is a ferment stirring among the common people of those countries, but little specific material gain for them as yet. All accounts agree that the mass of people are still illiterate, that health standards are low and that life expectancy is not nearly as high as that in Israel. There have been as yet no major irrigation programs to bring new land into farming, and to produce much more food, though the physical possibilities for doing so are far better than in Israel. Some gains in physical well-being there have been, probably in the past ten years, but they are far less than they might have been, had the leaders really wanted them.

Particularly tragic has been the use, or misuse, of the royalties from oil. Some of these nations, as national governments, are far from poor. Saudi Arabia and Iraq each receive many millions—\$160 and \$140 million respectively in 1953, for example—annually as oil royalties. Syria itself has no oil but receives “transit” royalties because the Iraqi pipe lines run through its territory. Relatively speaking this amount is not

very great. Iraq has used some of its oil money for development. Many thousands of acres between the Euphrates and the Tigris have been parceled out to landless peasants. Virtually none of the money in Saudi Arabia or Syria, however, has been used to build irrigation dams and canals, or highways, or railroads, or schools, or hospitals, or harbor facilities, or indeed anything of real benefit. In Saudi Arabia most of the royalties have found their way into the pockets of a few of the ruling clique. They in turn have apparently "salted down" most of the money they got, in the form of cash or stocks held abroad, for the inevitable day when they will be the political "outs," rather than the "ins." Some has been spent for extravagant living—air-conditioned limousines with bullet-proof glass and the like. Marion was told that in Saudi Arabia members of the upper class consider themselves underprivileged unless they own at least a Packard. A year ago our State Department allowed its senior officers \$7,500 a year for housing in Saudi Arabia, because it cost that much to rent an appropriate house. If the oil royalties were to be pooled on a regional basis, and used to develop water resources also on a regional basis, substantial prosperity could be brought in a few years to the mass of the people in the region.

The Arab refugees present a special and a tragic problem. Their number has been estimated variously between 330,000 and 900,000 persons. An official source is the United Nations Relief and Works Agency, which has over 850,000 persons registered as refugees. As of June 1953 more than half were to be found in Jordan; the others were in Egypt, Lebanon and Syria. The birthrate is extremely high, so that each year about 25,000 persons are added to the total. Persons in refugee camps are fed and clothed in idleness by United Nations and United States funds. We have seen these camps only from the road as we drove by when we were in Jordan at Easter time. The houses are sun-baked mud, small, and

the villages unattractive in the extreme. I am sure the refugees live in conditions you and I would think was living death: poor food and maybe not enough of it, scanty clothing, miserable housing and no amenities of life. Bad as these living conditions are, they are no worse than those encountered by large parts of the resident population. And dreary as is their outlook, yet their position has a certain security not available to masses of people around them. Those responsible for refugee relief have had constantly to guard against intrusions of resident populations into the refugee camps.

The Arab countries have done virtually nothing for these refugees. Jordan lacks the money to do much. But other Arab countries with oil royalties could meet the problem, if they would. If the Arab League had any real solidarity, it could find the funds to meet the problem. If Arabs had the same concern for their fellow men as the Jews have for their people, the necessary money could and would have been raised. The fact is, the ruling classes in the Arab countries want to perpetuate the refugee camps as long as they can; the propaganda value in the public-relations war against the Jews easily overbalances any humanitarian feelings they may have. Just as long as outside countries or international bodies will feed the refugees, just that long will there be refugee camps.

In this condition of no-war-no-peace, it is inevitable that violence should flare up frequently. The Arabs are still smarting under their defeat, which was unexpected and humiliating in view of their far greater numbers; and they are outraged at the loss of their former homes. The Jews are convinced they must defend themselves against any intrusion; their experience has been clearly that God protects those who protect themselves. Each side can believe sincerely that any violent action it takes is in revenge from some violence it suffered in the recent past. I am sure that not all the violence originates on one side and that the other is simply

the aggrieved victim; and I say this, whichever side you wish to choose. I suspect strongly that plug-uglies on both sides use the border tension to cover up their own acts of individual robbery and violence. There is extensive smuggling across the border in places, especially along the Lebanon-Israel border. I am told you can actually place orders with contact men, who will guarantee delivery of smuggled goods.

But you should know something of the situation faced by many people in Israel. Many agricultural settlements have been placed near the border, largely to serve as a barrier to infiltration. In these settlements, armed guard is posted *every* night. A farmer plows all day and stands guard half or all the night, one night in eight. No livestock dare be left in the field, for the same reason; even mobile irrigation pipes must be removed and taken to the house every night. Crops, especially of barley, are often harvested and stolen by gangs in the night. Marion visited one small dairy farm, run by two men, on which twenty-three locks had to be fastened every night to insure that no animals or supplies were stolen from the barns and sheds. Sometimes bombs or hand grenades are thrown; no house window can be left unbarred. Bad as is the actual hazard to life and property, the strain is worse. Always on guard, never knowing what may happen. Our great-grandparents, who settled in hostile Indian territory, would understand. Some people simply cannot stand the constant strain and refuse to remain in these farming settlements.

I have written you as objectively as I know how, because I know that is what you wanted and because I wanted to get the whole situation as clear as possible in my own mind. I admire Israel so much, and what its people have accomplished despite overwhelming odds, that I find it difficult to listen to or read distorted facts brought from the Arab countries by various visitors we have had. Arab propaganda is clever and thorough. You may wonder what of the future

and where will it all end? So do Marion and I. There is nothing unsolvable in the situation, given the will and the spirit to such a solution. As long as the Arab states refuse to acknowledge the existence of Israel and as long as they plan to wipe her out and drive her people into the sea when they get the chance, there can be no real peace. But we can always hope for a better day. I do and I "pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

TO MY MOTHER / *June 20, 1954*

Two days ago marked the anniversary of our first year in Israel. To celebrate we bought a balcony box filled with pink geraniums which droop down, and little upright blue flowers and drooping maidenhair fern. The shikun has finally hired workmen to fix up the garden in front; I had begun to suspect that would never happen. Now, however, the rocks are removed, an old man with a donkey has been dragging dirt for the past week or two, and we look eminently respectable in front. The new "dust bins" as the English call them (they mean garbage cans) are installed underground and that means that the Clawsons have had no flies ever since. It is wonderful not to have to cope with them, though the boys find it disappointing not to be able to swat and spray at dull moments all day. Pat takes out the sprayer hopefully now and again and goes in search of a fly; he has suggested that if we kept the smaller balcony door open all the time flies might come in and then he could spray them.

Last Saturday, we went with Hanna, Danny's Gan teacher to the kibbutz Giv' at Hayim near Hadera. This is one of the kibbutzim which fought so over politics that they had to separate completely; so one half is on one side of the road and one half on the other, about 500 people in each half, and they try to avoid seeing each other. It meant the

breaking up of old friendships, sometimes even of families. This business has been very bad in Israel in the past few years. The splits are between members of Mapai (moderate labor) and Mapam (left-wing labor). Many a kibbutz has split up over the difference, or if a kibbutz has not actually separated physically, a Mapai sympathizer does not speak to a Mapam sympathizer unless forced to do so. I should add that, of course, many kibbutzim have remained unaffected by this political fight, except to deplore it.

The situation in Ein Harod is bad. This kibbutz, the first settlement in the Yezreel Valley, has been called one of Israel's proudest symbols, its prize exhibit; it has a printing press, workshops, dairy, museum of natural history, art museum, a population of 1,300 and a well-filled treasury. But in the last few years Ein Harod has been almost wrecked by this Mapai-Mapam fight. The central dining room for all members is split down the middle, so the two groups will not have to eat at the same table. In Ein Harod they call this invisible dividing line the 38th parallel. It is difficult for outsiders to understand the bitterness or why it has arisen.

Mapam partisans have charged that all Mapai members are traitors to their nation and have sold out to the Americans, that they are starting a third world war. Mapai partisans countercharge that members of Mapam are working with the enemies of Zionism, that they are misleading Israel's youth. The trouble is that in a kibbutz political ideology is not something that one can rise above; it is the basis of all community living. Even spare-time hobbies have policies settled by committee members and such committees are controlled by either Mapai or Mapam. In a kibbutz children receive their education at the kibbutz school where they can be turned against their parents. A magazine I read recently quoted a Mapai member of a warring kibbutz as saying: "My son returned from school and told me I was a fascist, Ben-Gurion a traitor. How could I remain and allow the school

to indoctrinate my son with hatred of his father?" The situation in Ein Harod is complicated further because there is not a decided majority on either side; disputes rage but the membership is almost half Mapai and half Mapam. Unprejudiced reports give Mapai a slight majority but Ein Harod is the national headquarters for the Mapam party and the loss of face involved in leaving the kibbutz under these circumstances is unthinkable for Mapam members. Israelis, of high and low positions, are striving to settle the differences in Ein Harod. I hope they succeed in the near future.

The story of the fight over political ideologies in Israel's kibbutzim is tragic; these people have done so much to build Israel; they have sacrificed, worked and fought together and one and all they have ideals and love for their country. There is a great deal in what one neighbor said to me when I asked her about the split in Ein Harod; she and her husband taught there for three or four years, both their sons were born there. She thinks that much of the fight over political ideologies comes from the stress and strain of close community living. Maybe your neighbor has annoyed you for years with his radio, his table manners, his laziness or excessive diligence, or personal habits of one type or another. As a kibbutznick with high ideals you cannot complain about such trifles; you could never leave a kibbutz or even argue with your neighbor very deeply over such matters, not and expect any social approval. Then here comes along an approved political difference and all the other stresses come out in that way; you do not admit this even way down deep inside you; you are fighting for a cause. I am sure this is *not* the whole explanation, but I suspect there is quite a lot in it.

On our trip to Giv'at Hayim we saw only the Mapam section, as that is where Hanna's friends live; the Mapai is the newer half, as they are the ones who left and started all over again across the road. The two halves work together in

the cannery which is mutually owned, but aside from that they see each other very little. There are beautiful lawns, and sprinklers were going on them, so both boys undressed and played in the water for an hour or so naked, just as various other youngsters were doing; they all seemed to be having a wonderful time. Hanna's friend also had cakes and strawberries and honeydew melon for us, to Pat's immense delight. We saw potatoes being sacked and sorted on some kind of revolving arrangement; thousands of geese, turkeys, chickens, including young geese and chicks and hundreds of cows and some calves.

One advantage of a kibbutz that I had not thought of is that it would seem to be as good an arrangement as one could hope for, for a widow with children or for a divorced woman with children. The woman would be lonely when she returned to her room at night after work, but she would have no fear of not being able to support her children or even of upsetting them too much. If the husband is gone, the woman keeps on with her regular work, the children live in the Children's Houses as usual. The only extra work the woman would have would be to say goodnight herself to all the children if she had more than one; that is a job husbands and wives divide up, as houses are often quite a way apart. Children still have plenty of men around and are brought up like the other children; they may ask why they do not have a father like the others, but they would ask that in any event. On the other hand if you are living with your husband, I, for one, would hate to have our children taken care of by someone else, sleep away from us, and see them only a few hours each day. I know whereof I speak from having worked until we came to Jerusalem, and knowing how I rejoice now at being with our little dears all day, even when they drive me distracted with various tricks....

Danny really speaks Hebrew; he played by himself in the sprinkler when Pat was sleeping; so was Marion, and I

was sitting on a beach chair on the lawn. Danny paid no attention to me but was talking to himself—in Hebrew. He is useful to have around to talk with tradesmen or peddlers who come to the door or to ask questions for us when we are in the car. It is an odd sensation though, to be dependent on your five-year-old son in such fashion, and other people find it amusing. We had to have a doctor twice for Pat last week; he had a sore throat and a temperature and then the doctor came a third time because Danny fell and cut his knee, all on the mend now. We had a doctor who came from Breslau originally, speaks some English, though a little sketchily. He and Danny had a fine conversation in Hebrew. We are told that Danny speaks grammatically and with an educated accent; thank heaven for Beth Hakerem. Do you remember the Neumeyers at Mills? Their German was impeccable and they insisted that their son speak German at home; the result was they had no idea what his English was like and the Mills faculty used to laugh. Peter picked up his English from the children of factory workers who lived around Mills and it was definitely ungrammatical and with a factory-class accent. I know that is snobbish but I don't care; I am glad Danny's Hebrew is good. Now that Pat is in nursery school he has also learned a fair amount of Hebrew. It should not be long now until he speaks it.

TO GERRY BEE / *June 22, 1954*

...Last week I saw the Israeli Yemenite Dance Group, as they call themselves. They gave a recital in the YMCA auditorium, which is small enough so that one can see well from any seat and also small enough to make for the same kind of informality you find in university towns. This dance group is sponsored by a theatrical company called Inbal or Israel's Theatre Group. Inbal, according to the program we

were given, has been in existence about four years and during that time has concentrated on only two programs of seven or eight acts. The Yemenites, like other groups in Israel, want to preserve that which is worth preserving in their own tradition, but also to become integrated into the new Israeli nation.

It was a short recital; I hope I get to see the same group again. The first dance was called Sabbath Eve and the best of the three, though I enjoyed them all. The dance was a tableau and designed to reflect the feeling of peace, as well as the longing for spiritual beauty and love implied in the work "Shabbat." The women were dressed in long, brightly colored robes with white veils over their heads and looked like medieval paintings. I remember especially one girl with a perfectly oval face, dark hair and amazing grace. The men wore dark robes, over them the Jewish prayer shawls and small black caps worn by all men in synagogues. They moved with a light, pantherlike grace which only men dancers achieve. Esther Rosenne, who went with me, said they made the same motions Jewish men make while praying. They had a Chinese elegance and daintiness and the music also sounded Oriental. There was a dance called Queen of Sheba which had an element of pantomime, beautiful costumes, style and was also elegant. The last act, called the Shepherds' Dance, was wild, graceful and seemed to me like the kind of dance the Yemenites must put on for themselves just for the sheer joy and fun and release it would afford. I was all ready to stay for at least another hour....

TO VAN STANBERY / *June 23, 1954*

... Marion and I have just returned from a visit to the Little Triangle where we saw a peace-making ceremony (called *sulha*) between members of an Arab village and a nearby

kibbutz and also helped to eat the magnificent feast which always accompanies such an event. We were lucky; our Israeli neighbors are consumed with jealousy, as none of them has ever had such a chance. The Little Triangle is almost purely an Arab area, ceded to Israel in 1949 as part of the armistice agreement because the border had to be straightened in some way. It gets its name because it lies next to the area in Jordan called the Triangle, where lines drawn between the three principal towns, Nablus, Jenin and Tulkarm, form a triangle. Arabs in this part of Jordan launched many attacks upon Jewish settlements in Palestine before the War for Independence, and the Arabs in the Little Triangle are not the most peaceful or law-abiding element in present-day Israel. One can enter this area now only with a military permit: many parts of it are but a few hundred yards from Jordan. The Arabs who live there are all Moslems; there are Christian Arabs in Nazareth, Galilee, Haifa, Acre and Jaffa, but not in the Little Triangle.

We have become acquainted with the parents of Danny's friend Be'eri Mart. They are unusually hospitable, intelligent, fun to know, and, in typical Israeli fashion, most unassuming. We had no idea what Be'eri's father's job was, except that he was in the Army; yesterday we discovered, as the day progressed, that he is Military Governor of the Little Triangle. When we told people that we planned to go to the area, they had wondered how our host wangled permission. We found out. . . . Children can be a great asset.

We started early so as to have time to visit towns in the area before the midday ceremony. Soon after we entered the Little Triangle we passed Kalkilya, a town in Jordan only a few hundred feet from the border. We were so close we could see people busy with their daily tasks. It was a bit of a sensation as our host carried no arms of any kind. This is unusual for Israelis traveling close to the border so I asked about it and was told that for the Military Governor to be

armed would be a breach of trust in the Arabs of the Little Triangle. Marion and I agreed, but we also think he is a brave man.

At the farming town of Tira we saw a reservoir built for the Arab inhabitants by the Israel Government to bring more land under irrigation. So far they have steadfastly refused to use the water: to do so would imply agreement to co-operate with Israel. In time this resistance may break down; at least this is the hope.

The women working in the fields made a memorable picture, with their long orange, blue, purple and red robes against the green crops and the bright blue sky. It was here we saw two camels led by an Arab on donkeyback. This was my chance to have Marion photograph me against a backdrop of camels and I didn't pass it by.

We visited the largest town in the area, Tayibeh, where about 6,000 Arabs live more or less as they have for hundreds of years and as they live in the Arab countries. There is one notable difference; the State of Israel has brought comparative wealth to residents of the Little Triangle. Its land is fertile and the large immigration into Israel since 1948 has meant a wide market for products grown in this area. We saw many trucks parked in or near the larger villages, and the villages themselves looked clean and the people healthy. Be'eri's father told us that they are, on the whole, not happy to be part of Israel but certainly it has meant unexpected and welcome prosperity.

When the area was ceded to Israel the population was entirely Arab; now there are some Jews, living in settlements on hills close to Jordan. Israelis who come to this area are mostly pioneers and usually Sabras, or Jews who have lived for many years in the country. Life is not easy and fraught with dangers and hardships. It takes courage and idealism to live this way, especially if one has children. Shooting back and forth across the border is not uncommon.

At the appointed time we found a small convoy of Army jeeps waiting for us and we drove over a rough road to an Arab village. As we alighted we were greeted warmly by many Arabs dressed in shiningly clean robes and wearing spotless white kaffiyas with black abbayas. The Arab greetings were gracious, either a handshake or a hand touching their forehead and then their heart, accompanied by a slight bow. I was impressed also with the quiet dignity and natural gracefulness of Colonel Mart's greeting; sometimes he shook hands, but more often he also touched his forehead and heart and bowed slightly. The gesture as he did it was one I shall remember for a long time.

We were escorted into a hall where Be'eri's father as the Military Governor had the seat of honor, and I sat on his right. About fifty to sixty Arabs finally crowded into the hall and about twenty Jews, including Marion and me. I was the only woman and I felt as a camel (if it had human feelings) might feel being served tea in an elegant and crowded New York hotel. I felt so conspicuous that for once I subsided into respectful, downcast eyes, silence. I should add that not a single Arab looked at me curiously or disrespectfully; no one could have been treated more courteously than I by those men who disapprove of women at public gatherings.

While we waited for the sulha to begin, we were served Turkish coffee and those who smoked had cigarettes offered and lit for them by attentive Arab hosts. Never have I seen more gracious hosts. Be'eri's father told me that unless we go to an Arab country, we probably never shall see such a ceremony again.

From the grilled window directly in front of me I could see the backs of several Arabs, with their white kaffiyas, the blue sky and a stone wall; windows to the side looked out on seared brown hills, spotted with gray-green olive trees. It could have been a California landscape; Israel's brown hills always remind me of my birthplace.

Since nobody had been killed in this dispute, the ceremony was short. A member of a nearby kibbutz had quarreled in the fields with a resident of the Arab village; the kibbutznick had whipped out a revolver and shot the Arab in the arm. As a result of negotiations, the kibbutz had paid compensation to the Arabs to the tune of \$330. If this had not been done, members of the Arab village would have felt honor-bound to make life as miserable as possible for members of the kibbutz. If the Arab had been killed, unless suitable compensation were paid, villagers would have been compelled by their code to kill the kibbutznick responsible or, failing that, a member of his family, or a friend. Once compensation has been paid, however, all is forgiven and forgotten. The Arabs were hosts to the Jews and friendship was displayed on all sides. There were a few short speeches; as conclusion the two who had quarrelled shook hands amidst general rejoicing. Then we, the guests, filed into a dining hall, where one of the most sumptuous feasts I have ever seen was waiting for us. Only a few Arabs ate with us; the others were kept busy waiting on the table, plying us with yet more delicious food. There were a few forks and tablespoons but mostly we ate with our hands, wiping them on towels. When we could eat no more, we staggered out to the courtyard where our hosts poured soapy water over our hands.

We filed back into the first hall for more Turkish coffee, while those of our hosts who were not still busy passing out coffee and cigarettes went into the dining hall to eat what we had left. The invisible women who had prepared this magnificence ate later along with the children. I was sorry the women and children had to wait, but I was not worried; there was plenty for everyone in that village with enough left over for another day.

Despite the few Jewish settlements recently established in the Little Triangle, I felt all day as if I were in another world, certainly not in Israel. I did not need to remind my-

self, as I often have to do in the rest of this country, that we are in the Middle East. The verse I learned as a child kept going over and over in my head—"I touch my heart as the Easterners do; may the peace of Allah abide with you." I hope the peace of Allah does abide in this area and in the Middle East....

TO RUTH ROSENWALD / *June 24 1954*

The boys' recent small illnesses have meant visits from the doctor and as a result I have been thinking about doctors in Israel.... Last fall Marion and I were told by a man who is head of the Israel Research Council that there are plenty of doctors in Israel now in relation to most other countries, but their average age is about fifty; there are very few between thirty and forty, let alone younger than that, and the number being trained now is painfully small.

Just now conditions in regard to teaching personnel, premises, equipment and hospital beds do not permit the Hebrew University-Hadassah Medical School to have more than fifty students a year in the pre-clinical courses and seventy five in the clinical, and even these limited numbers have meant overcrowding and discomfort in the laboratories. There are plans under way to set up a new medical school in Jerusalem which will make possible the admission of 100 students a year. If these plans mature there will be enough doctors for the country's needs after the older ones are gone. If anything should prevent training for more medical students, then there might be some medical problems in a decade or two in this land which so far has had many doctors, at least elderly doctors.

The three doctors here whom I have had for one reason or another are each very different and I suspect each is more or less typical of a certain group of doctors who came

to Israel. Dr. Treu is an orthopedic specialist who came in 1927 from Germany and his letterhead has his name and address in the same three languages as Israeli street signs—Hebrew, English and Arabic. I shall never forget the first visit I paid to his office, which one enters through a tall gate, into a courtyard with an olive tree, down a few steps and into a dark, far-from-rich-looking waiting room. The room was filled with waiting patients, at least two-thirds of them wearing the garb of the extremely Orthodox, the men with earlocks and beards, the women with covered heads, long sleeves, dark hose and hideous shoes. There were some etchings on the wall that were either beautiful or showed someone had a picturesque sense of humor, or both.

Then into the room dashed a short, stocky elderly man with a brisk air, wearing what looked like a clean but well-worn butcher's apron. I assumed he was a clean-up man, thought it an odd time to have the office cleaned, but one never knew. It was at least twenty minutes later before I realized the clean-up man was Dr. Treu. He is an excellent doctor, quick, brusque, efficient, humorous and sympathetic. Goodness knows how many languages he speaks in the course of a day's work. Once I heard him use three in a single telephone conversation. When he hung up, I asked him what language he had been speaking. He looked completely puzzled, said "What?" He had no idea what languages he had just used; he turns from one to another as the occasion requires, just as other people turn their heads. Although he is a specialist himself, he tends to be skeptical of doctors who treat patients for one ailment without taking the whole person into account. No matter how busy he is, he assumes his patients have some intelligence and takes the time to explain why he has prescribed what he has, to show an Xray and explain it.

There is my friend Dr. Fanny Rabinowitz; she is for Israel a youngish doctor. She was born and brought up in Edinburgh;

has many brothers and sisters to whom she is devoted and who are also bright. She comes from a leading Zionist family, and from thirty-three generations of rabbis! Some of her ancestors include a Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem and Chief Rabbis in various cities in Scotland and England. Fanny is herself quietly religious; she does not travel on the Sabbath but she does see patients then. A few years ago she gave up an extremely lucrative and busy practice in London in order to come to Israel. She denies indignantly that she did this for idealistic reasons; her story is that she has ulcers, needed a rest, so gave up her practice to come to Jerusalem and lead a peaceful life for a while. Everyone with whom I have talked laughs about this story; they say nothing would make her admit it, but she came to Israel to help the new immigrants. In any event, a week or two after she arrived here for a long rest, she had a job in the Talpith Ma'abara, which is not exactly a rest cure, especially for someone who already has ulcers. She declared firmly she would not have a private practice, but our shikun residents, including the Clawsons, have been too much for her overwhelming kind heart. After she gets home from the ma'abara or before she leaves early in the morning, one or another of us is apt to be clamoring at her door. We feel mean, especially when she looks tired as she sometimes does, but we do it just the same. There is one serious difficulty about having Fanny as a family doctor; she makes it almost impossible to pay her. I had not the faintest idea what she should get and nothing would make her discuss money, so I compromised by leaving a check in her mailbox every month. Now that she has gone to England on a two months' visit I have found out how much is customary and hereafter I can leave her a check with some assurance I am not robbing her. A neighbor who is cleverer than I has managed to get bills from Fanny; she says it has been her custom to take Fanny's bill, double it, and know very well she has paid too little.

Dr. Walk is a general practioner who lives in Beth Hak-erem, works on a salaried basis for Kupat Holim and carries on a private practice outside of his regular working hours. He is a gentle, tall, slender, sensitive, kind-looking man with friendly but formal German manners. He came to Palestine from Breslau around 1936 when immigration was difficult; as a result he entered illegally. He was then between forty and forty-five. Because he entered illegally he could not get a license to practice medicine, and for three or four years he did manual labor, what is called here black labor and what we might call dog's work. Finally, the British needed manual laborers for work on the shore of the Dead Sea; the work was hard and living conditions almost intolerable so there were not enough workers. To recruit people the British decreed that a legal passport would be given to anyone who worked six months in this spot and thus Dr. Walk got a passport and could practice medicine. I have been told that during all these years not once did he complain; not once was he bitter or cynical, but kept faith that eventually he would get his license and all would be well....

TO MY MOTHER / *June, 25 1954*

... Our downstairs neighbor has just had her second child. Women in Israel are not given any anesthetic at childbirth (unless there is an emergency of some kind) and no one I have met makes a fuss about it. The doctors say it is better for the baby if the mother has no drugs and that settles it; no one would dream of asking for any, even if they were available. I have never forgotten my obstetrician in Virginia admonishing a roomful of pregnant patients: "Have your baby with dignity. Dogs do; horses do; Chinese women do." From all I can learn most women here also follow his advice.

The neighbor has many stories to tell about the other

women in the Hadassah Hospital maternity ward. Everyone except the very ill and maybe Very Important People of the most V.I.P. order has to be in a ward with a large number of other women. Her ward-mates all thought she was most unnatural to begin with because her boy is nine and here she was just having another child now. And then she had a girl after having only one boy and was plainly pleased as as could be. They wanted only boys; there was one exception, a woman who had just had her eighth child and was the mother of seven boys. She said she didn't mind a bit having a girl now; she really didn't. Almost every other woman in the ward had a baby a year or almost that many. The good Jews are as benighted, from my point of view, as the good Catholics; only here I understand it is not God's will if you continue to have children, but God's blessing. There was an eighteen-year-old whose husband never did come to see her; he was furious because she had a girl and moreover a girl so tiny it had to be put in an incubator. Her mother-in-law was her only visitor; she came once and spent the visiting time scolding the young mother because she had a daughter, adding: "What's the matter she is so small? Didn't you eat enough at our house?" The poor child was going back to live in her mother-in-law's house too....

Genia is leaving the end of this month: going to Tel Aviv to join her husband who has found work there, when he could not in Jerusalem. I shall miss her very much; for her help in the house and as a person. Not all the evil done by the Nazis was in wholesale deaths or even in wholesale physical crippling; in some ways the worst wrong is what has been done to the Genias who lived.

Like almost anyone today I have read about concentration camps, but it is different to read about them and to have Genia comment in a matter-of-fact tone about what happened there; usually the comment comes as a result of some household occurrence that reminds her of the camps. One day, as

can happen in Jerusalem (though not very often, thank heaven) our water failed for a few hours. As we were coping, Genia remarked casually that in the concentration camps they were brought a bucket of water every two or three days for ten women for all purposes. Another time my knees hurt and I complained about having to kneel to perform some chore or other. Genia said that in Auschwitz they were awakened about three A.M., stood at attention until five A.M., while various details were checked. If all was not exactly in order in a room, or cell, all the inmates had to kneel outside on stones in any weather for two hours with their hands over their heads. Then they crushed stones for hours and came back to their rooms to stand at attention once more. In some ways the most gruesome part of her story was Genia's flat remark to my exclamation of horror: "That was the method." Once when I was shaving my legs, Genia said that in the camps everyone was shaved completely from head to foot every two months. Genia has such pride and such a sense of privacy, it makes me ill to think about that. The washing is my chore and as I wash every day except Saturday, sometimes I do not have a full load in the machine, so I add some of Genia's wash to ours. Genia starches more things than I and she is fussy, hence I often have to ask what to starch. Not so long ago I asked her whether she wanted a worn blue denim apron starched. She laughed, said no and added that that apron was made from the last pair of pants she wore in the concentration camp. Ever since I have felt as if that apron were alive; I get a chill whenever I look at it.

Genia was meant to be an excellent wife and mother; she should have three or four children whom she would love dearly and discipline with firmness; she should have a handsome house or flat in Belgrade which she would keep spotless with little effort. With her tremendous vitality and former

excellent health, at forty she would look thirty and at fifty she would look thirty-five.

This is not Genia today in Jerusalem. Sometimes she is pretty and vivacious; sometimes she looks tired and ill. Always she has a bitter, suspicious look in her eyes. She is a first-rate cook and housekeeper; moreover she is conscientious and hard-working. Before the war she held an excellent job in Belgrade with an export-import firm and traveled over Yugoslavia and Hungary; she says she worked hard at that job and I believe it. She has also won records in high-jumping and has known many famous athletes. She has a gift for languages and speaks Serbian, Hungarian, French, German and English, as well as some Hebrew. Here the only work she can find is as a maid and she does not like it, but I respect her because she does her job so well and rarely with outward sullenness.

Genia is not what she was meant to be. She trusts no one; how could she; her life is an endless round of drudgery, a struggle with poverty and ill health. Her heart is bad; her legs pain her most of the time; she has severe headaches and she has rheumatism. Once when her legs pained her particularly severely she muttered: "It would have been better to have died in Auschwitz than to live as I do in Israel." When I asked her how she had the courage to endure the camps, she replied: "Then I had patience and hope; now I have neither." Many times she is gay and enthusiastic, but always she is bitter. This is what anti-Semitism has done to the lucky ones who lived.

I have hired someone to come the first of July; the catch is that she is a "lady"; so is Genia but she rose above it. Perhaps this one will too. There are two distinct types of maids in Jerusalem. They have in common only that they are Jews and most of them comparatively recent arrivals. The Yemenite, Iraqi, Moroccan or Kurdish Jews are usually barely, if at all, literate. They make excellent scrubwomen,

can clean chicken or fish, and get wash white. Some of them can be taught to do other things but it requires patience and an ability to speak Hebrew. Any of these women I know have a passion for water; they go barefoot and throw buckets and buckets of water around the house with gay abandon and disregard of your books, rugs and furniture. Our sons approve highly and have to be restrained from wading around, toy buckets in hand, spreading what they quite accurately call "the ocean" even further. About once a month the Moroccan maid, who works next door two or three days a week, comes in to wash windows and woodwork and the boys consider it a red-letter occasion. Some of these women are beautiful, especially the younger ones; many look as if they had been good-looking once but life has not been easy for most of them and they show it. The majority of these women are intensely religious; there is little they can eat in our house but coffee or tea, bread, raw fruit and vegetables, fruit juice and candy. It worries me as I suspect what they eat here is probably most of what they get all day.

The Europeans who are maids come principally from the middle class, even the upper middle class. They are apt to be well educated, speak several languages well, but not Hebrew, which is why they have to be maids. They read as much as or more than their employers and tend to be nonkosher, completely penniless and to resent bitterly the job they are now forced to do. I think it safe to say that without exception they have suffered greatly. . . .

TO ELEANOR AND WARREN ENGSTRAND / *June 27, 1954*

... Army Simon said to Marion today: "I didn't know that Pat speaks Hebrew." Marion replied that Pat did not, though he spoke a few words and understood quite a bit more. Whereupon Army reported that yesterday he had heard the

entrance door to our shikun banging, went out to investigate and found our youngest energetically slamming it, opening it, and slamming it again. Army said in Hebrew: "What are you doing?" Pat's reply came back in perfect Hebrew: "I'm not doing anything, and it's none of your business, you silly ass."

The other day I drove Hanna and a neighbor to Ein Karem to attend the graduation ceremony at the Gan where Hanna had taught for two years before she came to Beth Hakerem. Ein Karem is populated with Jews from about twenty different countries, mostly the underprivileged Oriental Jews—Iraqis, Yemenites, Moroccans—and Kurds and Eastern Europeans. The women bear "child after legitimate child," (as Marion would say) and grow haggard with virtue, the men have little work, and a child is no longer a baby after he is two.

There is an immense, spreading fig tree in the yard of the Gan and the room itself is large, cool, with plenty of light coming in through grilled windows. There is an attractive mural on the wall done by a local artist. A few good artists live in Ein Karem, the kind who are willing to rise, or have their wives rise, above lack of running water (carried from the town well) and lack of electricity for the sake of the undeniably beautiful surroundings. The children sang very well; they were plainly enjoying themselves and two of them took turns leading an orchestra of the children. A bit of a fair-skinned, dark-haired girl dressed all in pink had true musical sense; she kept a sharp eye, or ear, out to steer the others when it became necessary.

The room was crowded with mothers and grandmothers, not many fathers, as the graduation took place in the morning. Hanna showed me many of the children's paintings and crayon sketches, which had been saved and collected in books to give to each child. She pointed out things to me that I would not have noticed by myself; the majority of the paintings were realistic and in dark colors, black and brown,

dark-dark green or dark-dark red. From 1948 until 1953 Hanna worked with children of such parents as live in Ein Karem; she is an excellent kindergarten teacher and was especially selected for her ability to handle children of recent immigrants, so I respect her opinions. Such children, she says, almost always produce this kind of paintings; and the things they make with clay relate almost exclusively to babies. Of the thirty-five or so clay models on display, at least twenty-five were cradles holding babies. In the Beth Hakerem Gan the paintings tend to be much more abstract and few children use dark colors, though even in Beth Hakerem, our Danny is noted for his vivid and abstract colorings. . . .

Danny has his first diploma, a real one too, testifying in Hebrew that he has spent a year in the Workers' Children's Kindergarten of Jerusalem and that he is ready to go on to a higher grade. The play which the children put on was well done. Hanna wrote it herself and it was short, with group songs and much action. After the play was over and diplomas presented, there was a party in the garden. Many mothers, including me, made cakes and there was ice cream and candy and juice. The Gan was mobbed; there were eighty or more adults present. After all, a child's first graduation is an occasion, to parents. To me it was a particularly important occasion, one I shall cherish. Our eldest son, who owes his life to the skill of a Jewish doctor, is now linked to Jerusalem and to Israel. Even if Danny should forget his Hebrew, which I shall do my best to prevent, it will always be true that his first diploma is written in Hebrew, and presented to him in Beth Hakerem, Jerusalem, by an Israeli teacher.

TO NORMA HAZELTINE / *June 29, 1954*

. . . Fanny Rabinowitz' sister was behind me in the Tnuva store the other day when I was buying groceries; I did not see her. Presently I heard a giggle, turned around and found

her laughing. She said: "So this is how you manage to shop; I've wondered." She was commenting on my German, only she says that it is pretty much Yiddish and I guess she is right. After all, I have had a year's practice—Yiddish-German with many Hebrew words thrown in for good measure. . . .

Yesterday we took the Rosennes to an American Embassy party in Tel Aviv. It was given in the large garden where the *Chargé d'Affaires* lives; the Ambassador is not here yet. The newspaper reported there were 700 guests; I have no idea, but it did not seem unbearably crowded. We could walk around and view the people and the garden, and we had a glorious time doing it. . . .

Tel Aviv is certainly not Jerusalem; such outfits we saw: sleeveless, backless hussies with deep tans and dresses every color of the rainbow. We saw only one black dress and that was on a woman of fifty or more with ribbonlike straps tied with fetching bows over the shoulder to hold it up, bare back.

Then we took the Rosennes to dinner, at a kosher place, naturally, but a very good one and they took us to coffee at one of the Tel Aviv sidewalk cafes and we drove home fairly late. Those sidewalk cafes are attractive, and Tel Aviv has dozens of them; they remind me of the cafes on the *Kurfürstendamm* in Berlin, or ones all over Europe, for that matter. I mentioned Berlin first, probably because Tel Aviv has a German atmosphere. . . .

TO RENÉE AND MILLARD GALLOP / *July 3, 1954*

Who is it who advises people to live dangerously? We are following his advice these days all right. I suppose the Washington papers have reported that there has been shooting back and forth between the New and Old Cities of Jerusalem this past week. June 30th the Arabs began shooting over to this side and after waiting a brief time to investigate to be

sure the shooting was not just a trigger-happy Legionnaire, the Jewish side returned the fire. Marion's building was hit too; the shooting was heavy enough and close enough so that he moved his desk into the center of his office, well away from the window. A pedestrian was shot almost directly in front of his building; no buses ran to his office. He loaded an order of groceries from Haifa into our car, but in order to do it, he had to find a parking place which was safe from gunfire. Friends of ours in Rehavia, which is a fair distance from the border, were kept awake all last Wednesday night, and many parts of Jerusalem near the border were evacuated.

Thursday I drove Esther Rosenne to town; she wanted to go to the YMCA. We got turned back at Princess Mary Street; we got turned back at Rehavia, but I was stubborn so just wound around until we got there. It was not bright, probably, but I was not going to be intimidated by Arab shooting. Genia came from Tel Aviv today to visit us, and reported that they had a bad time their last night in Jerusalem, June 30th. Their flat here was right on the border; their windows were broken with shots; they sat up all night leaning against a wall. I would give a lot to know what the Arabs think this kind of thing will do; it will not frighten the Jews; they do not frighten that way.

I am thankful we live away from it all in Beth Hakerem. As it is, our boys have heard nothing about the shooting which was the worst since the cease-fire in 1948. Several people were killed and many injured, some seriously. My terrible worry about it all is that if there should be war, I do not want to leave Jerusalem. I mean that sincerely and after considered thought of what it would involve. I might decide to stay if I thought I could be useful, even if Marion left. I do not see how I could ever live with myself again if I left Jerusalem when it was in danger; I would feel like the most awful kind of coward. These may not be my people and this may not be my land. But I feel they are and it is, and I

would want to help. In the States I have always thought that in wartime I might be a conscientious objector if I were a man. Probably I have been influenced by my father's Quaker background. Deliberately I have never thought out what I would do, as I knew the problem would never arise. Here, as far as I am concerned, the line is clearly drawn and I would fight gladly. I do not want to die one bit, but if there were a war and I were killed defending Jerusalem, or helping people in Jerusalem, it would be in a worthwhile cause. The thought of dying that way does not frighten or worry me. At last I can see why some men go to war cheerfully; I have never understood it before.

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